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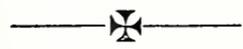
ANTIETAM to
APPOMATTOX

WITH

118th PENNA. VOL'S., CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT



With descriptions of Marches, Battles and Skirmishes,
together with a Complete Roster and Sketches
of Officers and Men, compiled from
Official Reports, Letters and Diaries



PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



WITH ADDENDA



PHILADELPHIA:
J. L. SMITH, MAP PUBLISHER
27 SOUTH SIXTH STREET
1892

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TO
APPOMATTOX.

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Charles M. Devost
" "

COL. 118TH REGT. P. V.

BREWER BRIG., GEN. U. S. VOL.

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1892

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TO THE
 CORN EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION,
 NOW
 THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE
 OF PHILADELPHIA,

WHOSE LOYALTY AND GENEROSITY CALLED THE 118TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS INTO EXISTENCE:

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE REGIMENT WHOSE
 VALOR AND PATRIOTISM MADE ITS HISTORY: AND
 TO THE FAMILIES OF ITS DEAD HEROES,

This Volume,

WHICH RECORDS ITS GALLANT SERVICE AND BRAVE DEEDS IN THE
 CAUSE OF AN IMPERILLED COUNTRY,

Is Dedicated.

Our List of 39 Engagements.

ANTIETAM, SHEPHERDSTOWN,
FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE,
ALDIE, GETTYSBURG,
WAPPING HEIGHTS, BRANDY STATION,
BRISTOE STATION, RAPPAHANNOCK STATION,
MINE RUN, WILDERNESS,
SPOTTSYLVANIA, LAUREL HILL,
PO RIVER, TODD'S TAVERN,
JERICO'S MILL, PEACH ORCHARD,
NORTH ANNA, HARRIS' FARM,
TOLOPOTOMY CREEK, MAGNOLIA SWAMP,
BETHESDA CHURCH, COLD HARBOR,
NORFOLK RAILROAD, JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD,
PETERSBURG, WELDON RAILROAD,
PEEBLE'S FARM, including Storming of Fort McRae.
PEGRAM'S FARM. CHAPEL HOUSE,
HATCHER'S RUN, RAID ON WELDON R. R.,
DAENEY'S MILLS, LEWIS'S FARM,
BOYDTON PLANK ROAD, GRAVELLY RUN,
FIVE FORKS, APPOMATTOX.

PREFACE.

IN this History, thirty years after, we fight our battles over again.

It is not a labor, but a pleasure. Nothing delights an old soldier so much as to live again in the stirring scenes, and on the battle-fields. But in these pages we do not pretend to write the history of the war. We only give sketches and incidents that came under the observation of the privates in the ranks. Of course the histories are all correct. They tell of achievements of great men who wear the laurels of victory, have great honor conferred on them, high positions in civil life.

Ponderous histories of the war have been written in which the generals were giants and the privates pygmies. But we believe that it was the patriotism and the sturdy valor of the private soldier that triumphed, rather than the skill and courage of the generals.

This book will tell of the men who did the drilling, standing guard and picket-duty, built breast-works, corduroy roads, stood firm when bullet, shot and shell were doing their deadly work, and making gaps in the line; who were wounded and killed for their love of Union. This book tells of these men, who drew thirteen dollars a month, rations, and the ramrod.

We only describe what we saw in an infantry regiment. We write entirely from notes taken at the time and letters sent home then and answered. You must remember that these

things happened thirty years ago—a long time in a man's life. Every man who clung to his regiment became a living part of it, and of its history. This volume is the life of the 118th.

To bring the past back clearly and vividly its scenes and events must be recalled. Many of the facts and incidents are drawn from the letters sent home of officers and men of the regiment. Notable among those who have assisted are: General Charles P. Herring; Surgeon Joseph Thomas; Major Joseph Ashbrook; Sergeant Alfred Layman, and Sergeant Samuel Nugent.

Thanks are due Sergeant Thomas J. Hyatt for revising the manuscript and adding a number of interesting and humorous incidents, as well as for the reliable picture of life in the prisons of the South from his actual experience and observation.

To Private Henry H. Hodges is due acknowledgment for his preparation of the admirable roster.

Acknowledgments are due to Col. John P. Nicholson; Col. George Meade; Major Thomas Ward, Asst. Adjt.-Gen. U. S. A.; ex-Senator A. G. Cattell; Col. O. L. Pruden, Private Secretary to the President.

Many works have been consulted; among them are: Humphrey's "Virginia Campaign of 1864-65;" Doubleday's "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg;" Palfrey's "Antietam and Fredericksburg;" Lt.-Col. Wm. F. Fox's "Regimental Losses;" Gen. Walker's "Second Corps;" Parker's (History of) "22d Mass. Regiment," and Warren Lee Goss's "Recollections of a Private."

In addition to the above, much matter of an important character from the hitherto unpublished manuscripts of Generals Warren, Griffin and Chamberlain on the later campaigns of the war, has been added.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is peculiarly agreeable to me to have this opportunity of bearing testimony to the soldierly character and honorable service of the 118th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

It was my good fortune to be more or less intimately associated with this regiment during its entire career in the field. On many occasions of special service, and at last permanently, it was in my own command. I had therefore opportunity to observe and occasion to test its qualities.

I was witness of the terrible initiation into the realities of war, which precipitated itself like an avalanche upon this gallant regiment within three weeks from its muster into the service, where, by the force of manly character which well supplied the place of long discipline, and by the principle of *noblesse oblige* which recalls the times of chivalry, it held its front against desperate odds and at fearful cost, long after the rules of war, and even the orders of the division commander, permitted it to retire with honor. This conduct won for it, while as yet almost the junior regiment in the corps, that respect which veterans give only to veterans.

I need only say that its whole career confirmed the prestige of this beginning.

The history of this regiment affords a notable instance of that strange and hitherto unexplained phenomenon so frequent in the experiences of our civil war, that those reared amidst

what are supposed to be the enervating influences of city life, when suddenly summoned to the privations and hardships of war, grew stronger under the test, and in multitudes of instances even surpassed in endurance and persistence of physical force men inured to outdoor toil, and whose stalwart and muscular forms on their appearance in the field made them seem invincible.

But whatever may be the hidden physiological law shadowed forth in this, the record of this regiment gave ample illustration of those other truths made clear in days of trial, that "blood tells"—that virtue is manhood, and valor, worth.

It was a fitting consummation of this faithful and gallant service that this regiment was one of those which won the triumphant privilege of forming that last line of battle before which Lee's army laid down the arms and colors of its surrendered cause.

These words are written for the brave men held in cherished memory and undying affection by one who shared with them the sufferings and glories of the field, following, or rather bearing forward, the blood-red cross which made way for the Nation's flag.

And I bespeak of the readers of this history that appreciative interest which is due to those who for the well-being of their country pledged and imperilled all that life holds dear, and in this devotion gave proof that there are things nobler than pleasure and greater than self, which men and women count worthy of bravest endeavor and supreme sacrifice.

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1887.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

CAMP UNION.

Resolutions of the Corn or Commercial Exchange—Organization of the Regiment—Interest taken in the Regiment by the Exchange—Letter from Governor Curtin, after Shepherdstown—Colonel Prevost—Camp Union—The First Guard—The Misfit—The Awkward Squad—Bacon, Hard Tack, and Salt Pork—The Battalion Drill—The Untrained Sentry—Absence without Leave—Roll Call—Rations—The Day's Work—Pranks—Divine Service—A Gift Dress Parade—Journey to Washington—The Soldier's Retreat—The Government Corral—Bivouac at Arlington Heights—Fort Albany—Enriched Water—The Meal Chest—Fort Corcoran 1

CHAPTER II

ANTIETAM.

The Regiment Brigaded—Colonel Barnes—"Comrades, Touch the Elbow"—The March from Fort Corcoran—Bivouac at Silver Springs—Diminution of Baggage—"Where is the 118th?"—Battle of "the Monocacy"—Sounds of Conflict—John Monteith—Charge upon the Hogs—"I Can't Eat a College"—Signs of War—Thirsty Soldiers—A Martial Display—Monument Hill—Moving Columns—The Army Loosened—The Battle—The Irish Brigade—Burnside's Charge—Horrors of War—An Uncomfortable Line—Sharp-Shooting—"Are There any Rebels About Here?"—Lee's Retreat—Carrying off the Wounded—Sharpsburg—Blackford's Ford 25

CHAPTER III.

SHEPHERDSTOWN.

The Advance—Fording the Stream—Ascending the Bluff—Hanging Horses—Order to Retreat—Steady Behavior of the Men—Galling Fire—Defective Enfield Rifles—Private Joseph Meehan's Description of the Guns; Colonel Prevost's Description—Number of Confederates Engaged—Close Fighting—Colonel Prevost Advances with the Colors—Colonel Prevost

Wounded—An Awful Scene—Death of Captain Ricketts—The Retreat—The Old Mill—Saving the Colors—Killed by Our Own Men—Incidents of the Retreat—Lieutenant White Killed—West's Close Call—Incidents of the Fight—"Oh! Captain Ricketts!"—Doubt About a Quinine Pill—"Give it to them, Boys!"—Lieutenant Crocker's Flag of Truce—"Shell and be d—d!"—Crocker and the Confederate General—Major Herring and the Regulars—Joseph Meehan's Story—Dr. Joseph Thomas's Narrative—Sergeant Peck's Experience as a Prisoner—The 1118th Regiment—One of Stonewall Jackson's Staff Visits his Folks 54

CHAPTER IV.

FROM SHEPHERDSTOWN TO FREDERICKSBURG.

Houseless and Homeless—Examining the Doctor—On the March Again—Bivouac at Bryant's Farm—Maryland Heights—Crossing the Potomac—In the Shenandoah Valley—A Rich Country—"Goose Creek"—Supplies Needed—Snicker's Gap—Court-Martial on a Pig—Yankee Trading—Empty Pockets—George Slow, and his Visit Home—The Famine at Snicker's Gap—A Life of Emergencies—Ostracism by the Southerners—On the March in a Snowstorm—White Plains—At Warrenton—A Chaplain's Call—McClellan Relieved of Command—Removal of Fitz-John Porter—"Red Warrior"—A Muddy Waste—Belle Plain 95

CHAPTER V.

FREDERICKSBURG.

Promotion to the Ranks—"Unloading Boards"—Signs of Battle—"Stafford Heights"—Marye's Heights—Attempts to Lay the pontoons—Crossing the River in Boats—The pontoons laid—Crossing—A Thrilling Scene—A Game of Euchre—The Regiment crosses the River—View of the Confederate position—Slaughter—Diving for Tobacco—Sack of the City—Charge over the plain—Scipio Africanus rises—Moving to the front—The Brickyard—Major Herring wounded—"This is what we came here for"—Coolness of Colonel Barnes—The corner store and something in it—Sunday morning—Sergeant Stotzenberg—A prohibition bullet—Losses in the battle—The Regiment relieved from the front—Retreat of the Army—Was it a blunder? 112

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER-QUARTERS—RICHARD'S FORD—RECONNOISSANCE—MUD MARCH.

A Military Town—Potomac Creek Bridge—Decorations—Fuel—Amuse-

ments—Military Etiquette and Loaded Arms—Weeding out Incompetents—Discipline—Colonel Gwyn in Command—Picket Duty—Preparation of a Virginia Family Dinner—Something Suspicious—Investigating the Country—A Cavalry Vedette—Scipio Africanus Receives the Parade—A Sad Ending to Scipio's Greatness—A Reconnoissance—Beans Cooked for Five Miles—Crossing the Rappahannock—A Treacherous Raft—A Wounded Girl—The Dame at the Spring—A Confederate Postman—The Return—The Old Year Out—A Battle-line of Ducks—An Army of Crows—Boxes from Home Sent by the Corn Exchange—Peculiar Tastes—An Unfinished Task—Mud March—The Second Deluge—Three Miles a Day—Stuck—The Wager and its Consequences—Campaign Abandoned . . . 140

CHAPTER VII.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Return of Colonel Prevost—Condition of the Army—General Hooker in Command—"Joe" Hooker is our Leader—Extra Clothing and Eight Days' Rations—Woollen Lined Roads—Crossing at Kelly's Ford on Canvas Pontoons—Fording the Rapidan—The Farthest Stretch—Travelling Through the Woods—The Chancellor House; Rescuing the Inmates—"Hospitalities of the Country"—Meeting the Enemy—A Quiet Stare—A Controlling Position—Disappointment—Dr. Owens Complimented by the Confederates—Army Head-quarters—General Hooker's Order—Egyptian Plague—Beginning of the Fight—Thompson's Tobacco—Withdrawal of the Brigade—Scipio Africanus Surrounded—Drawing in the Pickets—Rout of the 11th Corps—The Rebel Charge—Scarcity of Rations—Shelling the Hospital—General Griffin's Bowling—Wounded Horses—Woods on Fire—Casualties—Death of General Whipple—Peter Haggerty—Treed—Captain O'Neill's Eccentricity and Bravery—Retaking the Line—"A Bit of a Talk"—Explosive Cartridges—Captain O'Neill's Candle—The Storm—Withdrawal of the Army and the Pickets—Pursuit—March to Camp—Blue and Gold—Dropping Out—Chris's Ride—Another Blunder. 165

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER CHANCELLORSVILLE—CAMP AT GOLD MINE FARM—MID- DLEBURG—UPPERVILLE.

Scipio Africanus Vanishes—General Griffin and the Adjutant—The Captain's Jacket—Whoopers—Guarding the 25th New York—Presentation to General Barnes—"By George, Sir, You're an Orderly"—Retirement of Colonel Prevost—Strong Picket Line—Gold Mine Farm—Cavalry Fight at Brandy Station—A Compromise on Fence Rails—Manassas Plains—Intense Heat and Scarcity of Water—Goose Springs—Goose Creek Again—

Fight at Aldie—Middleburg—Capture of Stuart's Horse Artillery—Cavalry Charges—The "Hooker's Retreat"—Mosby's "Happy Hunting Ground"—Dark Days 210

CHAPTER IX.

GETTYSBURG.

Suspense at the North—March to Gettysburg—"An Army with Banners"—Leesburg—Fording the Monocacy—A Remarkable Spring—"Old Four Eyes"—Frederick City—Region of Abundance—Disobedience Means Death—General Sykes and the Irishman—In Pennsylvania—York—Hanover—Visitors—A High Private—The First Day's Fight—A Canard—In the Fight—Holding Little Round Top—The Wheat-Field—The Roar of Battle—Bigelow's Battery—An Unwilling Recruit—Steady Work—Change of Front—Orderly Retirement—The Trostle House Fight—Death of Captain Davids—Georgia Prisoners—Major Herring and the Colors—Charge of the Pennsylvania Reserves—Dr. Thomas's Description of Second Day's Fight—The Last Day—The Devil's Den—Seminary Ridge—A Confederate Officer's Mistake—Horrors of Battle—The Crisis—The Charge—The Repulse—The Victory—"Go and Fight Somewhere Else"—A Famous Rabbit—Bigelow's Battery—Brady's Hundred Rounds and his Gun—Importance of Battle of Gettysburg 229

CHAPTER X.

FROM GETTYSBURG TO WARRENTON.

General Barnes Wounded—Delicacies for Confederate Prisoners—Surgeon Thomas's Order—Indignant Visitors—Identifying a Leg—Corporal Smith and the Goose—A Missing Father—The Goose is Cooked and Taken to Camp—Attempts at Carving—The Goose Victorious—Advancing—Quartermaster Gardner—Chaplain O'Neill and General Meade—Lieutenant Binney—Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching—Recruiting—Keystone Battery—Up the Mountain—Fighting for over Fifty Days 272

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND WARRENTON—BEVERLY FORD—EXECUTION OF FIVE DESERTERS.

Sunday-morning Inspection—Wrong Ammunition—A Facetious Bugler—Recruits for the Regiment—Bounty-jumpers—Quaker Recruits—Heat and Insects—A Dangerous Bath—Heroic Rescue—The Five Deserters—Their Trial—Sentence—Death-watch—Execution—Horse-racing—Captain

Crocker's Mansion ; it is Warmed—Captain Donegan's Picket Line—General Sykes and the Picket—" You're got Moseby!"—A Brave Deserter—The Patton House, Reception at—Jealousy and its Consequences . . . 290

CHAPTER XII.

LEE'S MOVEMENT, ETC.

Fight at Bristoe Station—Raccoon Ford—The Maple Grove—Captain Donaldson and the Lady—The Captain's Confederate Brother—Information Gained—Brandy Station—General Griffin and the Battery—Beverly Ford—Martial Display—Back to Brandy Station—A Busy Day for the 5th Corps—Stuart's Cavalry Mixed up with Union Forces—Attack at Broad Run—Monaghan, of "I," and the Ditch—Movement of the 2d Corps—Centreville—Fairfax Court-House—Shields, of "H"—Bull Run Battle-field—Uncovered Remains—Grave of Colonel Fletcher Webster—Captain Bankson's Album—Buckton—The Road that did not go—Major Herring's promotion—Chilly Times—"Joe" Hooker's Retreat 312

CHAPTER XIII.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

The "General"—Destruction and Ruin—A Lunette—Signs of Approaching Conflict—Captain Sharwood—M'Candless Wounded—"The Guide is Left! the Guide is Left!"—A Feint—The Assaulting Column—"Drop that Lanyard"—Capture of the Position—Killed and Wounded—Fifteen Hundred Prisoners, Four Guns, Seven Battle-Flags—The Devil in Command—"Odjutant, dot Horse no Colic got"—"Hard Tack"—Major O'Neill—His New Uniform—"This is the Way we used to Dress in Ingee"—An East Indian Parade—Battalion Review—"Halt, Disperse, and be d—d to you" 335

CHAPTER XIV.

MINE RUN.

The March—French's Blunder—"Look Sharp, Kelly!"—Stealing a Wagon Train—A Spy Dies—Flankers—The Regiment Lost—An Abandoned House—Rations—A Comfortable Night—A Lost Pig Found—Connecting with the Enemy's Pickets—Pocketful of Flat Irons—A Delicate Position—Colonel Throop in Command—Finding Persimmons and the Enemy—DeVille—Mine Run—Cold Comfort—A Shell, Chaplain O'Neill, and a Cup of Coffee—Orders for the Charge—A Solemn Time—James W. Hyatt Lifted by a Solid Shot—Walter's Reconnoissance—The Retreat 353

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP BARNES—THE WINTER AT BEVERLY FORD.

Third Winter of the War—Soldiers' Fibs—The Sudden City—The Chapel—Amateur Theatricals—The Light of Cincinnati—Dainty Dishes—A Cube Meal—An Indignant Cook—Rats—Sergeant Nugent's Campaign—Albert DeVille's Sword Hand—Godwin's Musket—"The Homespun Dress"—Corporal Smith—"The Trusty Soldier and the Canteen of Whiskey"—Larry Mullen's Suavity—Captain Crocker Resigns—Captain Donegan Resigns—The Brigade Broken up—General Bartlett—Lincoln and the Generals—The Encampment Ends in Smoke. 376

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WILDERNESS—LAUREL HILL—SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The Army Moves—Crosses the Rapidan—Movements of the Division—Griffin's Division Opens the Fight—General Bartlett's Narrow Escape—"K" persuades a Battery to Remain—Colonel Gwyn Wounded—Loss of the 118th—A Fruitless Fight—A Woful Night—Forest Fires and the Wounded—General Wadsworth's Death—Musketry Fighting—Colonel Herring and the Johnny—The Army Unwinds Itself—Colonel Herring Commands the Pickets—March by Brock's Road—Movements—Colonel Herring Successfully Resists a Desperate Charge—Makes Arrangements to Retain his Position—Severe Loss—Sergeant Fryer Wounded—General Warren's Compliment to Colonel Herring—General Sedgwick Killed—From the Wilderness to Spottsylvania—A Touching Incident—Movements on the 10th—Country around Spottsylvania—Damp Reflections—"Where's the 118th?"—Heavy Fighting—Success—Carrying Ammunition—Despatch to Colonel Herring—Night of the 13th—Halt in the Night March—A Vivid Contrast—The Ny—Enemy's Entrenchments—Picket Firing—Peculiar Skirmishing—Visitors to the Front—Wray's Experience—Advance of the 18th—Tapping the Corps—Imprudent Johnnies 395

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTH ANNA—BETHESDA CHURGH—COLD HARBOR.

The 5th Corps Moves—Both Armies Moving Southward—Telegraph Road—An Air of Comfort and Ease—Capturing a Major—Successful Foraging—Paddy Mulchay and the Goose—Dog Robbers, Pot Wrestlers, Coffee Coolers—A False Real Alarm—Ned Wolfenden and the Mule—Corporal Smith to the Front—The Enemy's Advance Checked—A Decoy and Vengeance—Matthew's House—Cutting the Virginia Central Railroad—"By the Left Flank"—Mongolick Church—Henry Clay's Birthplace—Entrenching—

Advancing and Covering—Heavy Skirmishing—A Resolute Attack—Cold Harbor—Bethesda Church—An Interrupted Dinner—"Mark Time, Kelly!"—Lenoir's Battle—Corporal Smith to the Rear; and with the Regulars—Capture of the Fairies—Colonel Herring Covers his Regiment—A Tremendous Battle—Walter's Captures—Lieutenant Ware—Successful Ruse—Shady Grove Church Road—Ashbrook and Moore—Chickahominy Swamp—Shelling the Wrong Place—Friendliness 434

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETERSBURG—WELDON RAILROAD—PEEBLE'S FARM.

A Long Wait—Feint towards Richmond—Failure to Seize Petersburg—Crossings of the Chickahominy—Pontoon Bridge—Looking after River Front—Water Famine—Washing in Creation—A Dig for Cover and a Dig for Water—Assault on Petersburg—Beauregard's Withdrawal—The Hare House—"Piles of Dead"—Colonel Chamberlain Wounded—Commencing the Siege—Works around Petersburg—Sergeant Nugent's Well—Friendly Pickets—A Fac-simile Letter—A Cowardly Act and its Punishment—"Yanks, Don't Fire! the Hull Thing's a Mistake"—Breastworks—Fort Hell and Fort Damnation—Building Bomb-proofs—An Improved Construction is a Failure—Pud's Supper—Desertion by Brigade—Amnesty Proclamation—Careless Exposure—Artillery Practice—Burnside Mine Explodes—Sergeant Nugent's Wisdom—The Colored Troops—Dodging—Movement to Weldon Railroad—Brutality—Artillery to the Front—Flowers House—A Deserved Reprimand—Major Hopper's Account of Engagement—Smith and the Grape Jelly—Buzzing Bees—Horse-Racing—Sheridan Routs Early—Fort McRae Captured 471

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HATCHER'S RUN OF OCTOBER, 1864—HICKSFORD AND BELLEFIELD, WELDON RAILROAD, RAID—DABNEY'S MILLS.

General Warren's Report—An Early Start—Forest Fighting—Colonel Herring Commands Skirmishers, and Checks the Enemy—Deceived Innocence—The Capture and Escape—Disguised—Notice to Quit—Move to Destroy Railways—Destruction—Confederate Artillery Driven Off—A Barrel of Sorghum: Sergeant Paschall Bathes in it; Likewise Tom Gabe—A Social Time—The Colonel's Traps and their Fate—Dew of the Orchard—Done—Guerillas—General Order 65—Furloughs—Executions—Robert Ruffin—Composition of Brigade—Intercepting Supplies—Turkey Chase—Hatcher's Run—The Enemy Driven—The Regiment Engaged—Captains Scott and Bayne Wounded—Colonel Herring Wounded; He Loses his Leg—Cold Comfort—Extract from General Warren's Report—Getting Ready for the Final Plunge 526

CHAPTER XX.

WHITE OAK RIDGE—GRAVELLY RUN—FIVE FORKS—
APPOMATTOX.

The Beginning of the End—Griffin's Division—An Abominable March and Successful Fighting—Taunting the Johnnies—Five Forks and Nothing to Eat—A Break through the Brigade—Brigade Joins Sheridan—Capture of Return Works—Capture McGregor's Battery—118th Looks after Prisoners—Corporal Fletcher Killed—Griffin's Captives—The Sound of Battle—Unfortunate Sutlers—The Famous Race—High Bridge—Despatch from Sheridan—General Chamberlain—Report of Surrender—Lee's Surrender—Microscopic Rations—Confederate Arms—"Didn't we Give it to you at Shepherdstown!"—The Foolish Wise—Remembrance of John Brown—Gathering Arms and Stores—Seasoned Meat—Relics—The Last Picket Line—Empty Hopes and Stomachs—Assassination of the President—Difficulty with Colored Troops—Hodge's Diary—Closing Thoughts 560

CHAPTER XXI.

SOUTHERN PRISONS.

Confederate Sanitary Commission—Close Quarters—A North Carolina Conscript—Conscience and Corn Cakes—Andersonville—Shelter—Location—Rations—The Stockade—Cook House—Water—Filth—Belle Islanders—Dead Line—Cleanliness—Soap—Tents—Thousands Shelterless—Broadways—Vendors—Running the Blockade—Gambling—Theft—Execution of Raiders—Punishment of Thieves—Escape—Tunneling—Wells—Wood Rations—Sickness—Doctor's Call—Medicines—Dead House—Dead Wagons—Burial Ground—Increase of Prisoners—Addition to Stockade—Ovens—Beans and Bugs—Fourth of July—Scene at the Gate—Prison Hospital—Death of Fullerton—Removal of Prisoners—Stockade at Millen—Black-shear—Florence—A Lost Dog—Christmas Dinner—Hospital at Goldsboro—Now or Never—Our Flag

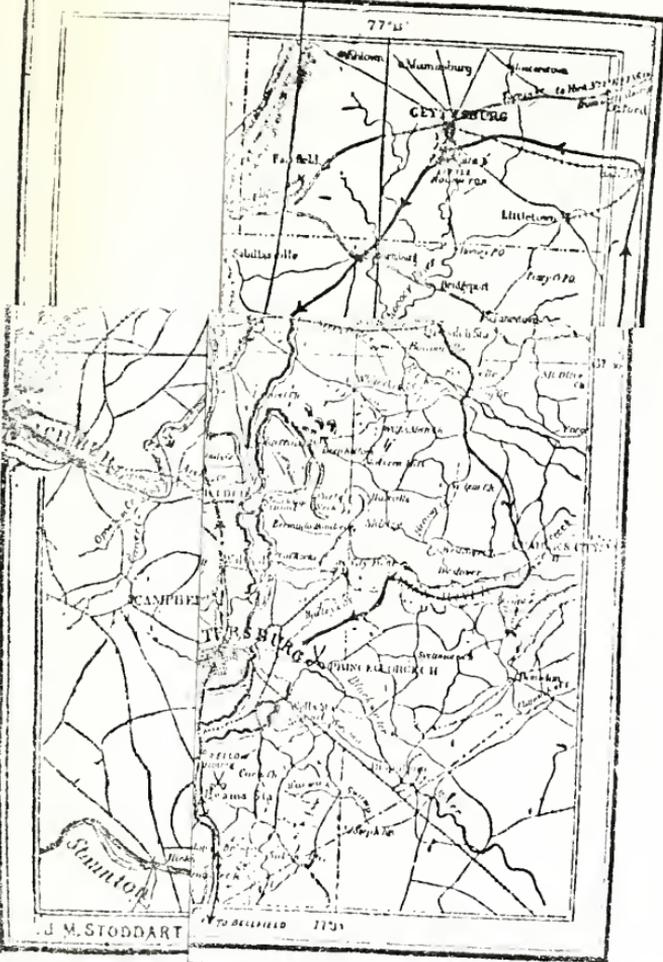
APPENDIX.

Laurel Hill and Sheridan's Raid—A Few Prison Reminiscences—William H. Henning's Prison Experience—Religious Aspect of the 118th—Brief History of the Army Hospital and its Work—Gettysburg *versus* Waterloo—Appetite of an Army Mule—A Strange Premutation—Old Big Feet—April Thirteenth, 1865—Who was the Color-Bearer?—The Surrender of General Lee—Flag of Truce at Appomattox—The Private—Circular 657

ROSTER 681

SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION, 118TH COEN EXCHANGE REGIMENT, P. V. 744

77° 15'



J. M. STODDART

TO BELLFIELD 1175

MAP
OF THE REGION
IN WHICH

GETTYSBURG, AND
APPOINTON COURT HOUSE, VA.

SHOWING THE BATTLE FIELDS AND ILLUSTRATING
THE MARCHES OF THE

118TH REGT. PENNSYLVIA.

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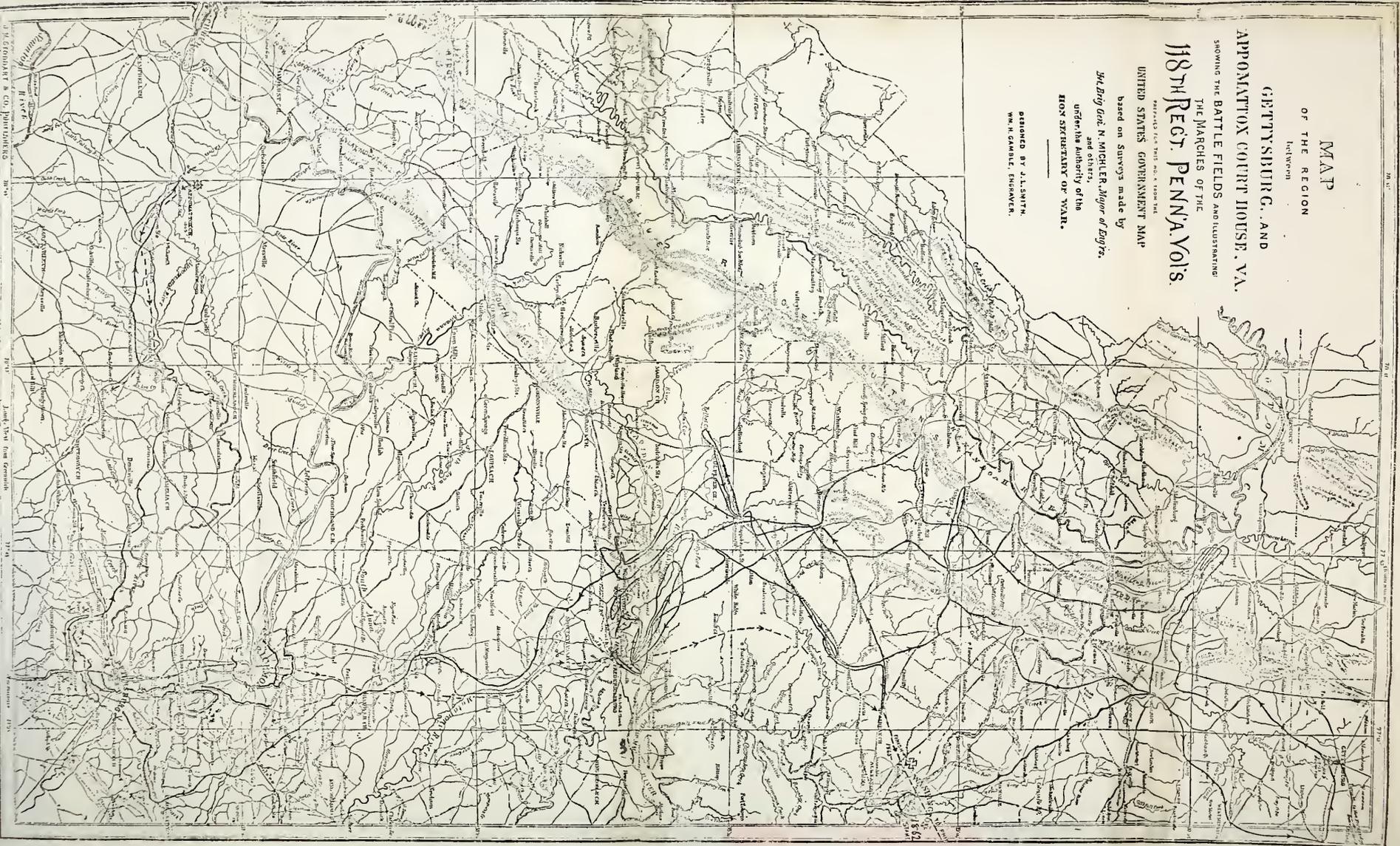
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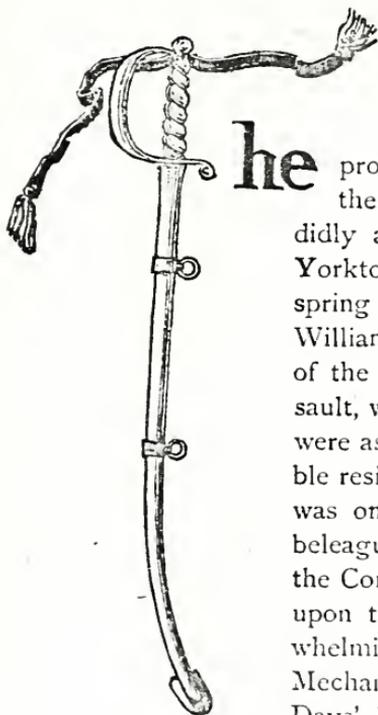
FROM ANTIETAM TO APPOMATTOX

WITH THE

118TH PENNA. VOLS.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION — CAMP UNION —
FORTS ALBANY AND COCHRAN.



he promising results anticipated from the majestic advance of the splendidly appointed Potomac Army from Yorktown to the Chickahominy in the spring of 1862 were speedily dissipated. Williamsburg had tested the capacity of the Union soldiery for vigorous assault, while Fair Oaks and Seven Pines were assurances of ability for indomitable resistance. Then for a month there was ominous quiet, while the lines of beleaguerment were maintained about the Confederate capital, when suddenly upon the exposed right fell the overwhelming shock of Gaines' Mill and Mechanicsville. The famous Seven-Days' battles followed, with all their

valor and all their fatalities, and concluding resultlessly at Malvern Hill, the leaguers went a-summering on the banks of the James.

An anxious people viewed the situation with alarm. The Government, stirred to renewed activities, called again upon the gallant North to recuperate the depleted ranks of her sorely-pressed soldiers. Disaster had not abated enthusiasm, nor failure diminished zeal. Emergencies are the opportunities of heroes, and the patriotic freemen of the North, the East and the West again promptly responded with their sturdy volunteers. It was this condition of public sentiment that gave birth to the 118th Pennsylvania.

The Corn Exchange of Philadelphia, now better known by the more significant name of the Commercial Exchange, was composed of a membership conspicuous for their loyalty to the Union and their zeal and liberality in sustaining the Government in all its efforts to put down the Rebellion.

On the morning of the 15th of April, 1861, when the telegraphic announcement had reached the North of South Carolina's defiant insult to the American flag by opening fire on Fort Sumter, the busy hum and bustle of the every-day life of the association was arrested to give voice to their indignation. The members gathered around the speaker's rostrum with anxious faces and sorrowing hearts, and after some preliminary proceedings, including stirring addresses by Alexander G. Cattell and others, it was unanimously resolved "that the Room Committee be instructed to purchase immediately and cause to be extended the insulted and still-beloved flag of the United States in front of their building, and to keep it flying there under all circumstances until the Rebellion was subdued."

Upon the minute-book of the association of that day may be found the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Armed rebellion has raised its hand against the Government of the United States, and is now engaged in infamous outrages upon the honor, integrity and safety of our beloved country; and,

WHEREAS, It is the duty of all true men, in a crisis like the present, to express their devotion to the sacred cause of their country, and their firm determination never to abandon her to her enemies; therefore

Resolved, That the Corn Exchange Association, in the manifestation of their unreserved and entire sympathy with the administration in this trying hour, and of their earnest desire to do all that men may do in behalf of their country, do now instruct their Room Committee to purchase immediately, and cause to be extended, the insulted but still beloved flag of the United States in front of their building before sunset, and to keep it flying there under all circumstances.

Both the letter and spirit of this resolution were faithfully kept. Before the sun had sunk behind the western hills, the old flag was waving in the breeze, and there it continued to wave, in sunshine and in storm, through summer's heat and winter's cold, until its honor was vindicated and its supremacy and rightful authority were recognized all over the land.

Nor did this patriotic commercial body stop with sentiment, patriotic and assertive as it was. In the first year of the war its generous treasury was lavish with contributions, and its individual members were liberal with their private means to sustain the Government, and aid the soldier to meet the emergencies the country had been so unexpectedly called upon to encounter.

In the summer of 1862, still fervent in its unflinching loyalty, and abreast with the time, the Corn Exchange resolved, as its response to the call for three hundred thousand volunteers, that it would give its money and lend its strength and influence to furnish an entire regiment of Pennsylvania soldiers, to discharge in part the obligation put upon the good old Commonwealth by this other call for troops.

At a meeting of the association held July 24, 1862, the following action was taken, as appears by the minutes of that day. Mr. Cattell offered the following:

WHEREAS, Some of the members have taken the preparatory steps towards the organization of a regiment, under the auspices of this Association, and have indicated for the colonel of said regiment Captain C. M. Prevost, a gentleman and a soldier; and

WHEREAS, The Governor of the Commonwealth has signified his great pleasure in view of our proposed action; therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association, declaring their undying devotion to the country, and their willingness to bear their full proportion of the duties which now devolve on every good citizen, hereby pledge themselves to give their sympathy, aid and co-operation to the prompt formation of a regiment, to be commanded by Captain C. M. Prevost.

Resolved, That to carry out this purpose a committee of twenty-one be appointed by the chairman, to collect, by voluntary subscription, the amount of means necessary to organize said regiment, and to consult with and aid in all proper ways the officers that may be selected to put the regiment in fighting trim.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting, that the duty of the hour requires of all loyal and true men to aid, by their influence, their counsel and means, the prompt enlistment of Pennsylvania's proportion of the new call for troops.

The preamble and resolutions, as read, were unanimously adopted.

It was also moved by Mr. James, and seconded by Mr. Budd, that the funds in the hands of the treasurer of the association be contributed to the above object, which was also adopted unanimously.

In accordance with these resolutions, a committee of twenty-one of the most substantial members of the association were appointed at this meeting to further and insure the project—and most successfully did they fulfil their mission. The names of the gentlemen composing the committee were as follows:

ALEXANDER G. CATTELL, *Chairman.*

CHARLES KNECHT,	EDWARD G. JAMES,	SAMUEL L. WARD,
JOSEPH W. MILLER,	PHILIP B. MINGLE,	ALEXANDER J. DERBYSHIRE,
SAMUEL L. WITNER,	JOB IVINS,	JOSIAH BRYAN,
JAMES STEEL,	HENRY WINSOR,	W. DUKE MURPHY,
SAMUEL F. HARTRANFT,	ARCHIBALD GETTY,	JAMES BARRATT, JR.,
HENRY BUDD,	LEWIS G. MYTINGER,	FRANK K. SHEPPARD.
GEORGE A. MCKINSTRY,	HUGH CRAIG,	

The committee entered at once upon the work assigned them with great zeal and energy. They offered a large special bounty in addition to that given by the Government, with other inducements, to secure a high grade of volunteers, and in the incredibly short period of thirty days a regiment numbering nine hundred and sixty men had been recruited, officered and drilled at Camp Union, on the banks of the Schuylkill—had broken its camp of recruitment, and was on its way to the front to do its part to meet the then impending crisis in the nation's fate.

Each private of the regiment was provided with a rubber blanket, and many other articles of convenience and comfort

for the soldier, at the expense of the association, and it is questionable whether any regiment that went to the front during the war was more generously provided with all things needed to minister to the comfort of the private soldier

From the inception of the work to its close, when this magnificent regiment, fully and elegantly equipped, left for the field, the chairman and other members of the committee gave almost their entire time to the work, not only devoting the hours of the day but often the entire night in pushing forward and perfecting their arrangements. The chairman of the committee, Alexander G. Cattell, an earnest and efficient supporter of the Union cause from the beginning of the war, who was afterwards United States Senator from New Jersey, was conspicuous in the work of the committee. Giving up attention to his private business almost entirely, he could be found at almost any hour of the day or night, either at the rooms of the committee, or at the recruiting stations, or the camp, pressing forward the work of recruiting and organization. Indeed, so marked were his services, that he acquired the honor of being called the "Father of the Regiment," and his interest in the "Survivors' Association" thereof, of which he is an honorary member, shows that even at this late day, after a quarter of a century has passed away, his interest in the regiment with which he was so closely connected has not abated.

Mr. Samuel L. Ward, the treasurer of the fund subscribed for the purpose of raising the regiment, was also conspicuous for his devotion to the work and endeared himself to all by the faithful discharge of his duties and his uniform courtesy and kindness to all with whom he came in contact. Indeed, the entire committee, with a zeal worthy of all commendation, worked faithfully and in entire accord for the accomplishment of the purpose which the association had committed to their hands.

It is worthy of mention that when the camp wherein the troops had lain during the time of their organization was broken up, and the regiment had gone to the field, his fellow-members of the committee, recognizing Mr. Cattell's valuable

services, voted that the old flag-staff under which the regiment had been formed should be presented to him; and when it had been planted upon the lawn of his country-seat at Merchantville, New Jersey, where it still stands, a handsome flag was, with appropriate ceremonies, presented to him by the association as a body.

Nor did the work of the committee and the association end, or their interest in the regiment cease when it had gone to the field. They followed with intense interest and anxiety, mingled with pride, each step of its progress through all its varying fortunes to the close of the war. Their interest was manifested by frequent visits of committees to the front, carrying words of cheer and bearing gifts for the men; by their ministrations to the sick and wounded, notably after the calamity of Shepherdstown, and by faithful attention to the wants of such needy families as were left behind, whenever such wants were made known, and also by generous contributions to the widows and orphans of those who fell on the battle-field. More than one hundred thousand dollars were collected and expended by the association and its members in their patriotic work of sending men to the field and of providing for the needy families connected therewith. Although technically called the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, the regiment was known throughout the war as the "Corn Exchange Regiment of Philadelphia," and the association has ever felt a just pride in the valor and achievements of the brave boys that bore their name.

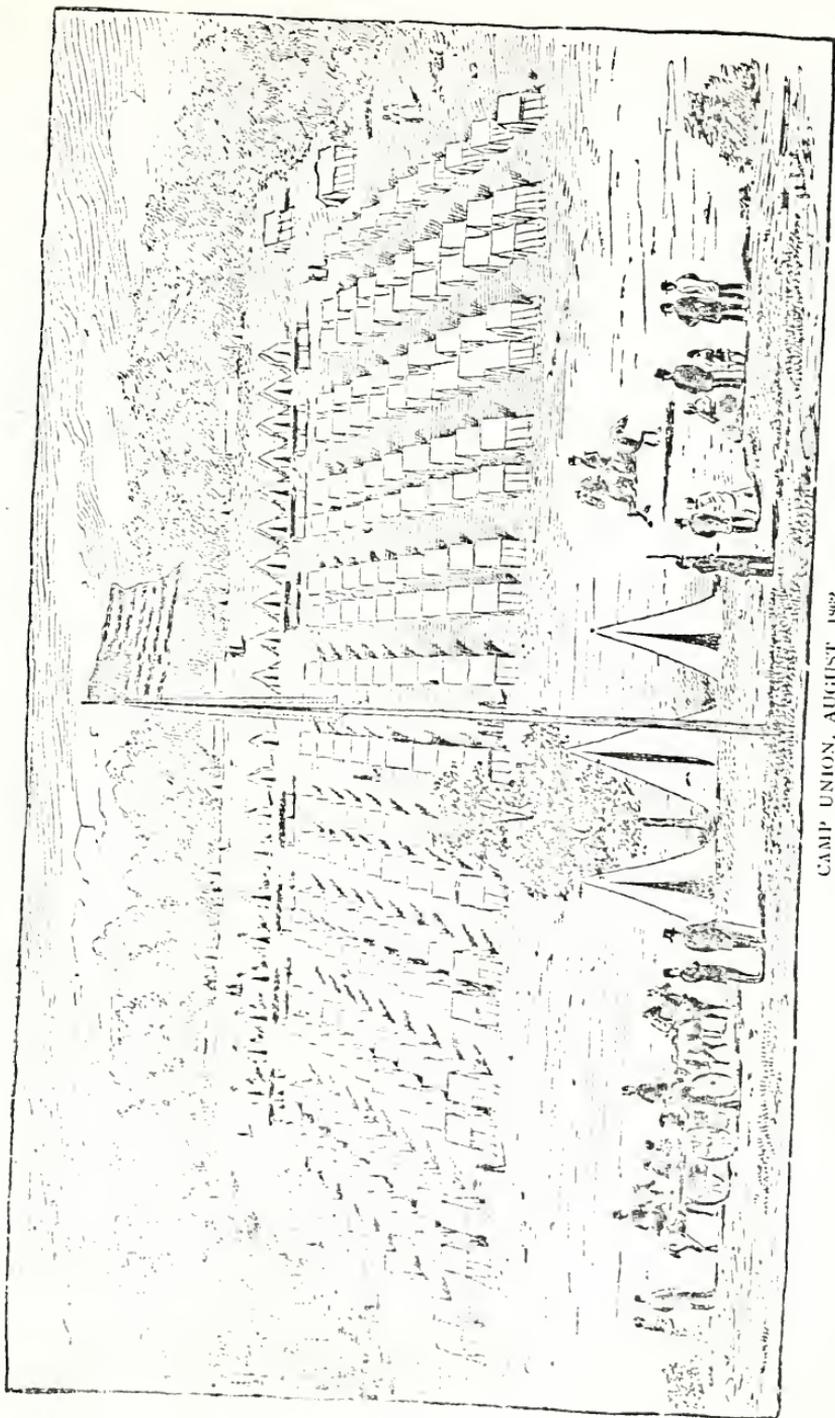
At the close of the war the survivors of the regiment deposited with the Corn Exchange the worn and tattered battle-flag carried at Shepherdstown, and from there to Appomattox. It was afterwards presented by the association to General Prevost, as its rightful custodian and guardian. In the course of his graceful speech of acceptance, in reply to the presentation remarks of President Hinchman, he did the association the honor to say: "It is my duty, as well as pleasure, to say for myself and for my brother-officers, that we feel that whatever character we have made as soldiers, whatever distinction we

have earned; we are largely indebted to this association for giving us the opportunity. It was your patriotism and liberality that placed the Corn Exchange Regiment in the field; and you, gentlemen, are sharers in the glory it earned. Nor did your liberality end there. Your donations were placed in the hands of such devoted men as Hoffman, Ward, Knecht, Hartmanft, and others, who were untiring in their devotion to the wounded and dying, and smoothed the path to the grave of many a brave fellow; and widows and orphans have reason to bless the Corn Exchange Association for your liberal donations dispensed by these gentlemen."

Since the Corn Exchange took their patriotic action in connection with the regiment a quarter of a century has passed away, and many, indeed most of those who bore an active part in this loyal work, have passed to that "bourn from which no traveller returns." Of the committee of twenty-one there are but eight survivors. But the loyal men of the association of that day sowed broadcast the seeds of patriotism in their organization which have ripened into an abundant harvest, and the flame of liberty burns as brightly in the hearts of their successors, "The Commercial Exchange," as it did in the parent body. And if ever the nation is again imperiled by foes from without or within, it will stand by the Government with the same zeal and fidelity as did its predecessor, "The Corn Exchange," on the 24th day of July, 1862.

Already the spirit of the old has been reproduced in the new organization, as shown by their recent generous contribution for the erection of an elegant monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg, to commemorate the part which was taken by the regiment on that memorable field.

The following letter from Governor Curtin, written on a special occasion after the disaster at Shepherdstown, in which this regiment suffered largely, will be read with interest, as, in addition to his words of sympathy, he speaks of the connection of the Corn Exchange with "the 118th Pennsylvania" in very complimentary terms:



CAMP UNION, AUGUST, 1862.

destinies; to him they intrusted its reputation and theirs; to his skill they gave its training; to his soldierly judgment they consigned its military keeping. But six other officers, Gwynn, Donaldson, Batchelder, Hand, Walters and McCutchen, had been in actual battle. Many others, among them Colonel Prevost as a captain and Major Herring as a lieutenant, had been well schooled in tactical instruction in the Gray Reserves, a regiment of high repute in the Pennsylvania militia. From the ranks of this organization the line of the 119th Pennsylvania, as well as the regiment the history of which we are now writing, was supplied with some of its best commissioned officers. It still bears distinguished place in the service of the State as the 1st Regiment Infantry of the National Guard.

The authority to recruit was received early in August. The substantial aid supplied by the Corn Exchange lent an impetus to the labor, and the work was prosecuted with unusual vigor. Recruiting stations were opened in the most available locations: A at 727 Market street, and D at Eighth and Market; B Walnut below Second, C at 833 Market, and G on the north side of Market below Ninth; E at the Girard House, F at the north-east corner of Broad and Race, and H on Fifth above Chestnut; I at 513 south Second, and K at 241 Race street. A was the first to fill its quota to the maximum. Although several other regimental organizations were in active competition, the 118th was the first to fully complete its quota. In fact, before any of the others had actually completed theirs, the emergency became so pressing that they were hurried to the front with the required maximum still incomplete.

Major Herring was placed in charge of the camp of rendezvous and instruction. It was located on a most attractive spot on the west side of Indian Queen Lane, near the Falls station, on the Norristown branch of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, and designated as "Camp Union." From the forty-seven men, with which the encampment started,

the daily acquisition of recruits soon swelled the number to respectable proportions. Guard-duty and a practical application of the principles in the school of the soldier were taught as well as the opportunities would permit. But few officers could be spared from the recruiting stations. Lieutenants Binney, Moss and West were among those on duty at the camp. The first guard ever mounted in the regiment was in charge of Sergeants Charles Silcox, Company F, and Hillery Snyder, Company K, consisting of the following privates:

Company K—Thomas J. Hyatt; Wm. H. H. Davis; Wm. B. Mayberry; Jos. P. Davis; August Sigel; Ambrose Schwoerer. *Company F*—Wm. Genn; Robert Harnly; Wm. H. King. *Company G*—Thos. O'Donold; John Coonan; Henry Craig; John Werntz; James Dougherty. *Company A*—Joseph Hess; Thos. H. Bullock; Lewis G. Hoffman; G. W. Wainwright; Samuel N. Robertson.

Sergeant J. Rudhall White, who shortly afterwards was promoted to a lieutenancy, was detailed as clerk to the commandant. The supplies, tolerably fair, were furnished with reasonable regularity. There were but few breaches of discipline, and the men, in a spirit of commendable contentment, cheerfully accepted the change from the comforts of home to the inconveniences necessarily attending a newly-organized camp.

A few days after the camp was formed, the men then on the ground were furnished with uniforms. As the garments were not made to order by fashionable tailors, and were handed out somewhat indiscriminately, the effect, in some cases, was peculiar. A tall, slender man exhibited himself to the quartermaster and requested a size adapted to his shape. The attempt to accommodate him was a failure. The bottoms of his pantaloons were three inches above his ankles, with a corresponding declension of the top from his waist, while the roominess in other ways was marvellous. At the same time, in the next tent to that from which the tall volunteer had emerged, a stout little chap had pulled on a pair the waist of which was almost to his armpits, while his toes had not yet appeared at the bottoms. Justice compels

the statement that all the fits were not as bad as these two, the fact being that some one, whose sense of duty had been throttled in a spirit of mischief, had adroitly changed the indispensables. Nevertheless, a gentle shade of melancholy stole over many faces as their owners looked down upon the shapeless mass of cloth that hung over the manly limbs, the contemplation of which had theretofore been a pride and satisfaction. The coarse, ponderous brogans, given out with the uniforms, were also a vexation to vanity. One, to whose lot fell a forage cap that covered his ears, was assured it would shrink to proper proportions in the first rain-storm, while another, whose cap sat nattily upon the very tip of his crown, after the manner of the British soldier, was consoled with the assurance that the August sun would soon expand it to suit his comfort and convenience.

The uniforms having been donned, and the brogans relegated to the obscure recesses of the tents for the time being, it became incumbent upon the aspirant for military fame to assume the position of the soldier. The men were taken out upon the parade-ground in squads, and there the squads were separately informed that "the position of the soldier should be one of grace and ease." Whereupon, naturally or unnaturally, each individual portion of each squad became about as ungraceful and stiff as was possible. This, combined with a burning inquisitiveness on the part of every one in the line to see whether the others were graceful and easy, produced an



effect the reverse of soldierly. The drill in the "facings" disclosed the fact that many, otherwise intelligent, were not certain as to which was their right hand or their left. Consequently, when the order "Right, face!" was given, face met face in inquiring astonishment, and frantic attempts to obey the order properly made still greater confusion. The drill in marching and wheeling resulted in tortuous, uncertain lines and semi-circular formations that were ludicrous caricatures of the results intended to be produced.

This was the beginning. These were the ripples upon the surface of the volunteer's life. Beneath was the deep resolve to act well the part assigned them in the great tragedy of the Rebellion.

The record of the conduct of the regiment on many a battlefield, the graves in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, the armless sleeves, and the folded pantaloons of numbers of the survivors, bear witness to the faithful execution of that resolve.

The greater part of the month of August was spent in fitting the volunteers for the life before them and, among other things, to accustom them to the sight and taste of boiled salt pork and bacon. The day of hard-tack had not yet come. The evil hour of salt pork was put off for a time, as "rations" were purchased from the stores in town, and of the pedlers who visited the camp. Supplies were also obtained from the homes of the volunteers.

After the men had been drilled in squads and companies, the field-officers determined to have a battalion drill, in a field that sloped down from the side of the encampment. On the afternoon of a clear August day, the regiment was formed into a battalion, front on the brow of the slope, and the order, "Forward, march!" given.

It was a delightful and inspiring sight. The men moved down the slope with steady, ringing tread, in perfect line, the bright rifle-barrels, with the bayonets on them, gleaming and shimmering in the sunlight. They seemed invincible. As

they marched on, the band playing, the colors flying, a martial spirit in the very air, some unfortunate trod upon a yellow-jacket's nest hidden in the grass. There was music in the air. On, on, regardless of the stings of the indignant buzzers. But another nest was disturbed, and still others; the music increased. The yellow-jackets made a spirited attack. The regiment hesitated, faltered, wavered, fled!—fled in confusion, covered with stings instead of glory. The Corn Exchange Regiment had suffered its first defeat.

It was a dearly-bought victory for the yellow-jackets. Towards evening scouts were sent out to ascertain the positions of the enemy. Camp-kettles filled with boiling water were hurried to the front, and ladlefuls discharged into the nests. No quarter was given. The yellow-jackets were annihilated.

The regimental surgeon had not yet arrived in camp. A volunteer from the country, Charles F. Dare, afterwards selected as hospital steward, who had had some previous experience in warfare with the winged, stinging foe, assumed the position, and, with becoming gravity, treated his wounded comrades with mud plasters, while their unwounded friends gave them unlimited chaff.

There was no more than the usual awkwardness that usually attended a first military venture, but some of the incidents were highly ludicrous. Prompt and efficient sentinel-duty seems to be slow of acquisition. The corporal of the guard is sometimes prone to exercise his brief authority with unusual severity. The untrained recruit views his approach with dread, and is rejoiced when he is relieved of his presence. Colonel Gwyn, who, seated in his tent, had for some time noticed the exceptional awkwardness of a sentry in his vicinity as he passed his beat, finally approached him and relieved him of his musket. The colonel was entirely unknown to the sentry, either by name or rank. The sentry submitted quietly to his disarmament, and, as the colonel walked off carrying the piece with him, he turned and anxiously said, "Say, you—what shall I say to that 'bossy fellow' when he comes around?"

It was the fierce and martial corporal that alone he feared, and if the colonel could supply him with an explanation that would have been satisfactory to the "bossy fellow," he was at liberty to do what he pleased with his piece. He learned better afterwards.

On one occasion Corporal Ferguson, in a spirit of mischief, concocted a happy scheme to elude the guard and pass beyond the line. He happened on the south-west side of the camp, overlooking the Falls of Schuylkill, where a sentry was on duty, who appeared neither wise nor vigilant. It was in the early evening, and there was a positive prohibition against passing the camp-limits after dark. Fifteen or twenty men were in the vicinity, and, without communicating his purpose, Ferguson, in a loud and authoritative tone, commanded, "Fall in!" It was promptly obeyed, and, after exercising his squad in a few manœuvres, he deliberately marched it, without challenge or interruption, over the beat of the sentry. As they drew farther and farther from the reach of the sentinel's voice, Ferguson's purpose became apparent, and then, with a wild hurrah, the whole party broke for the village. Their liberty was of short duration. They ran suddenly upon an officer returning to camp, who, quickly conceiving from their actions and numbers that something was wrong, hustled them back without giving them opportunity to invent a story to deceive him.

Every morning, as the August sun rose from his bath in the Atlantic, he looked warmly at a mass of hastily and not over-completely dressed, yawning, sleepy-headed fellows, with tumbled hair, who had just risen from their heaps of straw and emerged from the shelter of their tents to answer the imperative roll-call. In each company were one or two sluggards who appeared in undress uniform—that is, fatigue-caps on their heads, dress-coats pulled on over their under-clothing, their feet clad in nature's adornments. For obvious reasons, and to the honor of the regiment, these spectacles clung closely to the rear rank.

From a more elevated position the sun saw the company-cooks, invested with all the dignity of their important position, dealing out coffee, bacon and soft-tack (baker's bread)—the coffee in quart tin mugs, the bacon on tin plates, and the bread into outstretched hands. A study of the faces of the men, as, seated on the grass, or surrounding improvised tables, they partook of their morning meal, revealed content, discontent or indifference. Some, blessed—or cursed, as short rations in the field at times subsequently proved—with the century-famed and chestnut-storied appetite of the ostrich, and the robust health of the anaconda, ate with a relish and avidity that told of the peaceful complacency of easy digestion. Others were certainly longing, not for the flesh-pots of Egypt, but the pepper-pots and other mild appetizers of their Philadelphia homes. Still others ate as though eating were simply part of the business of life; something that, like other things, had to be done, and might as well be done at that time as at any other.

Getting still higher in the sky, the bright-eyed master of the day gazed upon the men at company-drill. Some companies were evolving the mysteries of "shoulder arms," "present arms," "carry arms," "right shoulder shift," and loading and fring. Others were marching by the flank, wheeling, fronting, facing and perspiring—the last without orders.

At noon the sun looked straight down upon the soup, boiled beef, vegetables and half-melted cooks; later, from his westerling place, glanced at the complicated and hurrying movements of the battalion-drill; and still later, just before he disappeared behind the hills, reviewed the regiment as they stood drawn up on dress-parade, with great satisfaction, as well he might.

So the days went by in single file, each carrying its load of work: in the manual of arms, and in squad, company and battalion-drill. Gradually the heterogeneous was moulded into the homogeneous. Metaphorically licked into shape, the volunteers became—or looked, at least, like—veritable dogs of

war, ready to be let loose. Enforcement of discipline and obedience to orders; the yielding up, to an extent, of individuality and personal will, compacted the regiment into that essential state in which it could be wielded by one man as a weapon of offence or defence—ready to be hurled against an enemy to overwhelm, or to stand as a breastwork to bar the advance of an approaching foe.

In the summer evenings, after the sun had given place to near-sighted twilight, in the range of whose vision all sorts of pranks could be played without being noticed, many of the men changed into boys, and did whatever mischief their hands found to do. One, who had an inventive turn of mind in the direction of practical jokes, gathered every toad that he could find within the limits of or near the encampment. These he confined in a pen in the woods, concealed by some underbrush. After his comrades slept, he would introduce two or three of his toads into each of the two tents adjoining that in which he was quartered. This proceeding, for several nights, was without proper effect. A night came, however, on which he was delighted with the results.

“Jim!” screamed one of the occupants of the next tent; “Jim! get up, quick! There’s a snake in the straw!”

The four sleepers were awake, up in an instant, and out of the tent. Once outside, they interrogated the alarmist:

“How do you know there is a snake there?”

“I was turning over and put my hand on him.”

This was most conclusive proof. The proprietor of the toads came out of his tent and obligingly offered to furnish a candle to throw light on further investigations. Arming themselves, they cautiously pulled the straw out of the tent, little by little, and with raised sticks watched at the entrance, while an extended arm, with the light, was held inside. The night scene was an interesting one. The rays from the candle revealed two solemn-looking toads, squatted on their haunches, apparently wondering what the fuss was all about. The presence of toads in the tent on the other side of the joker having been discov-



James Guy

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL 115TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

ered, suspicion was, somehow, directed to him. The boys watched, and detected his little game without his being aware of it. One morning, in dressing, he found the bottoms of his pantaloon legs neatly pinned and a half-dozen or so of toads in each. Not confounded, he only said sadly: "Boys, I didn't think you'd be guilty of toadying to me in this way."

Sunday, August 10th, the camp was visited by several hundred persons. In the afternoon there was divine service under the auspices of Samuel L. Ward and James Barratt, Jr., at which the Rev. Mr. McConnell and Rev. Wm. R. McNeill officiated. The former gentleman delivered a most impressive and patriotic address.

Sunday, August 17th, divine service was held at camp by Rev. Dr. Jackson, whose eloquent and forcible remarks at the war meeting in Independence Square so electrified his hearers.

By August 20th there were over nine hundred men enrolled and distributed among the companies as follows: A, 98; B, 97; C, 98; D, 89; E, 95; F, 92; G, 98; H, 98; I, 50; K, 94; and at roll-call that evening 674 privates answered to their names. In addition to that number, 100 were on guard, 18 sick, 20 on special service, and 18 were missing. During the day Major Herring drilled the regiment at the tap of the drum.

More than usual was accomplished in the short season of instruction at this camp of organization. To one officer nearly the whole credit of the good results there obtained was due. In season and out of season Major Herring was constant, watchful and attentive, and no detail escaped his observation, no fault passed without notice. He instilled a duty, obedience and discipline that bore rich fruit, as upon this elementary training was grafted the severe and graver responsibilities of a soldier's life.

Sunday, August 24th, was a memorable day. In the morning Rev. Kingston Goddard delivered a very eloquent discourse, which was attentively listened to by nearly 1,000 uniformed soldiers of the organization and some 2,000 visitors. A fine

quartette attached to Company C greeted the reverend gentleman on his approach with some familiar and finely-executed sacred music, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion. In the afternoon it was computed about 5,000 visited the camp. There was no disorder—the behavior of all was in keeping with the day.*

On the 28th Companies H and K made a short street parade from 12th and Girard streets, under Captain Donaldson, accompanied by a band, and made a creditable display.

On the 29th dress-parade was held at 5 P. M., after which the Rev. John Walker Jackson presented to each man, on behalf of the members of the Corn Exchange Association, a Bible, a hymn-book, and a blanket. The presents were received by the Rev. Charles E. Hill, the chaplain of the regiment. At the same time Miss Anita Ward, aged ten years, a daughter of Samuel L. Ward, the treasurer of the fund, gave each man of Company E a pincushion, the product of her own industry.

* One of the most eligible and picturesque camps which has yet been established in this vicinity is that of the Corn Exchange Regiment, Colonel Prevost, out near the Falls of Schuylkill. It is visited daily by thousands of people, and the roads leading to it are lively with vehicles all day and evening. About 1,000 men are in camp, which is beautifully arranged in a large field, surrounded on three sides by groups of forest trees. Last evening an interesting ceremony took place at the camp. Lieutenant L. L. Crocker, of Company C, was presented with a beautiful sword, sash, belt and accoutrements. His company, which is one of the finest in this or any other regiment, was drawn up in line in its company street, and in a few graceful remarks Mr. Stephen N. Winslow, on behalf of the donors of the beautiful weapon, presented the sword. Mr. Winslow complimented Lieutenant Crocker highly, as from a fifteen years' acquaintance he was able to do nobly, and he spoke in warm terms of the soldierly and gentlemanly bearing of the men of Company C, many of whom he had known in social and business relations before they had been called on to defend their country with the musket against this wicked Rebellion. Mr. Winslow's spirited and eloquent address was greeted with nine cheers by the company. Lieutenant Crocker appropriately responded. At the close of the speaking the company marched to the Falls and indulged in some pleasant singing and other agreeable exercises, after which they bade good-bye to them and returned to camp. Yesterday the regiment at 3 P. M. received their Enfield rifles. At 5 P. M. the men were put through the manual of arms with distinguished accuracy on dress-parade, when Adjutant James P. Perot acquitted himself handsomely.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, August 26, 1862

Beck's band was in attendance, and a lively and enjoyable time was had.

On the Sunday before the departure the regiment was honored by the distinguished presence of Parson Brownlow, the renowned Union clergyman, statesman and soldier of East Tennessee. He preached a memorable sermon, that thrilled his hearers with fervid patriotism.

August was near its end. Whispers and rumors circulated through the camp to the effect that the regiment had been ordered to the front. The whispers and rumors were true. On the last day of August the regiment was divided, half starting on that day and half on the next. For the first time many of the men fully understood the import and consequences of the step they had taken in enlisting. The hour for separation from all home associations was at hand. As it drew nearer and nearer the laugh and the jest were checked on many a lip, and few, indeed, were they who did not see more clearly the serious and dangerous side of the undertaking. Hope told of easy victory and renown won. But, somehow, the other side would turn up and show a reverse of ugly wounds, of sudden death, of defeat and disaster. One was leaving a tearful-eyed wife, who, at their parting, would bid him God-speed with a brave smile, and then, turning in at the open door as he was lost to sight, give way to the bitter sobs and tears that she had repressed for his sake. They would meet again—when? Another would part with his wife and his boy—his pride, his hope, a part of himself, it would seem, when the wrench came. Another was going away from his mother, and she was a widow. Sisters would cling around the neck of a brother at the parting. All had one or more bound to them by the closest, tenderest ties, from whom they were to be severed by time and distance. No wonder, then, that sad reflections filled their minds and threw grave and anxious shadows upon their faces.

The good-byes were over. The men were on their way through Wilmington and Baltimore to Washington. Some sat, with tremulous lips and tears forcing themselves from their

eyes, in the shadow. True-hearted they were, and tender. Afterwards, and often, when the hail of bullets swept the field, and the shrieks of shells, like the moans of demons, filled the air, these same men marched in the front with faces so stern and lips so set that none could dream that thoughts of love or pity had ever entered their hearts. Some were moody, some laughed with a ring that wanted something to make it honest, and some—let it be said under the breath—were jovial with a joviality that brought headache in the morning.

The 31st of August, 1862, had been a disastrous day for the Union arms. All the hard blows Pope had received culminated in the hardest, and Bull Run, destined only for fatality, again recorded a Confederate triumph.

The gravity of the situation called for every available recruit. All the regiments organizing about Philadelphia were hurried to the front. By ten o'clock in the evening Camp Union was abandoned forever, and at midnight the 118th, or most of it, was at Broad and Prime street depot awaiting its turn, among the others, for transportation to Washington. The limited supply caused a tedious wait, and it was five o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September before—packed on the inside and crowded on the roof of overladen box-cars—a full start was made for the destination.

Reasonably fair speed was made for the character of the train, and by two o'clock in the afternoon the command was debarked at the President street station in Baltimore, and promptly marched to the Washington depot, on Camden street. There the indications were, from lack of transportation, of a weary and uncomfortable all-night's delay. Fledglings in the service, a number of the officers surreptitiously hied away to the Eutaw House for a substantial meal and better rest. They had arranged to be communicated with should the regiment move unexpectedly, and left instructions with the clerk that, upon the receipt of such intelligence, they were to be at once notified.

At the supper table the somewhat boisterous conduct of a

few of them drew forth frowning, disapproving glances from old General Wool, of Mexican fame, at that time commanding the city, who happened, with his family, to be occupying seats in the dining hall. After ten o'clock the noise rather increased, and the hotel corridors resounded with a good deal of roystering. A few, a very few, really did retire; when, about midnight, those who had sought repose were aroused from their slumbers, and the others who had not were interrupted in their frolic, with the summons to hurry to the depot, that the regiment was in motion. It was obeyed with all the hurry and excitement incident to its peremptory character. Neither, however, was necessary; for, upon reaching the station, instead of finding active preparations going on for departure, every man was soundly wrapped in slumber.

It was asserted that General Wool had taken this method to rid the hostelry of its noisy, undesirable guests. Whoever it was, the ruse was successful, and chagrined, and disappointed, those who had sought to steal the comforts denied their fellows found poor consolation in fretting away the balance of the night chafing over a lost opportunity. Nor did the train move out until ten in the morning. It was a slow run to Washington and four in the afternoon before it reached its destination.

The regiment was marched to the Soldier's Retreat to be fed. A most distinguished misnomer, if by the term retreat was meant ease, repose and comfort; and a travesty on subsistence, if it was intended by feeding to imply that those to be fed were to be furnished with a nourishing, substantial meal. Sour bread, coffee-colored water, decomposed potatoes, decayed beef were in such striking contrast with the comforting, well-served supplies furnished by the Volunteer and Cooper-Shop Refreshment Saloons in Philadelphia, that the soldiers howled a unanimous dissatisfaction.

The night was spent in the Government corral. Famished mules howled discordantly, teamsters yelled their imprecations as wagons came and went. In the intervals of quiet there was a little rest.

On the morning of the 3d of September the regiment crossed the Long Bridge, and bivouacked on Arlington Heights, at Fort Albany. The journey, which began on the 31st at midnight, with its frequent and lengthy interruptions, was at last concluded.

Other dry and healthful-looking unoccupied sites were in view, but the location assigned for our encampment was a veritable swamp. Here and there a little fast-land afforded better accommodations to those to whose good fortune it fell to occupy it; but the camp was mainly on soft and miry ground. Such inconveniences were soon but little noticed; any place was good enough if the column would only halt.

The discomforts were insignificant contrasted with the sorry plight in which were some of the brave but shattered battalions of the Potomac army encamped around and about the vicinity, recuperating from the hard work entailed upon them by the Bull Run disaster.

A very handsome silk national standard, of the size prescribed for regimental colors, had been presented to Company H by one of its admiring lady friends, before it left Philadelphia. Up to this time the regiment had been provided with the State flag only, and the captain of H, with appropriate ceremonies, very gracefully devoted his national colors to supply the deficiency. Whilst here a detail of the regiment, under Lieutenant Walters, was detached to the Balloon Corps, and remained absent from the command for some weeks.

Hard practical work occupied the four days the regiment remained at Fort Albany. Drills of every character followed each other at intervals so close as to leave but little opportunity for leisure or aught else. On the last day of the encampment on the low ground, the men, suspecting from its taste, that the water of the creek from which they obtained their supplies for drinking and cooking was not of the purest, commissioned a squad to find the source of the creek and report. They went and returned. Some quarter of a mile or more up the stream they found a carcass of a horse lying. Still farther

up they discovered a regiment encamped on both sides of the creek, some of the men washing their garments in its waters.

The tribulations of inexperience come to the soldier as they do to the collegian. Men are as prone to gibe and twit as are the youths of the academy. No prohibitory regulation restrained the bent of inclination, and the early history of all regiments is rife with many practical pleasantries perpetrated at the expense of the readily susceptible.

Often the victim lays the snare for himself, in his own guileless innocence.

A young officer standing by the roadside; in the first camp his regiment ever made, noticed on the covers of the wagons of a passing ammunition train the designation of their contents, "Cal. 58." Carried away with enthusiasm for what he believed evidenced such unselfish practical patriotism in his fellow-citizens of the Pacific coast, he gave vent to his appreciation in the expression: "Great heavens, has California, so far removed from the scene of hostilities, already furnished so many regiments to the Union army!" Such unusual verdancy offered a tempting opportunity, and it was not long before his brother-officers had him fully persuaded that the Government, solicitous to encourage amusements to while away the hours of leisure, would supply, upon a duly approved stationery requisition, an annual allowance of playing-cards. So firmly was this young gentleman convinced that he had been honestly informed as to rights of which he was ignorant, that he filled out a requisition for two decks of cards, one whist, one euchre, and presented it to the colonel for approval. Upon finishing the explanation which was, of course, demanded, he was bade to acquaint himself more familiarly with the regulations and not permit himself to be so trifled with in the future.

It is quite questionable whether all, or nearly all the officers of the 118th were not victims of what, if not a practical joke, was certainly a practical mistake. Most of the three officers of each company supplied themselves with a mess-chest of the most ponderous proportions, large enough to cover nearly

half the bed of an army wagon. This they stored with all the desirable appliances of kitchen and table furniture in prolific quantities. With such a multiplication of *impedimenta* throughout an army, its field-operations might as well be suspended. Those who had the experience of active service advised against such investments. Their advice was not only unheeded, but it was strongly intimated that it was prompted by motives of parsimony. These mess-chests, though, really got farther on their way than those better acquainted had expected. It was confidently believed that the depot at Washington would see the last of them. Some, however, reached Frederick City. There the last survivor was abandoned. One by one they had been dropped along the road, and were never heard of afterwards.

On the 8th of September, the command moved to a dry, sloping hill-side, in the vicinity of Fort Cochran. Another four days of similar exacting instruction followed, and then began the sterner calls of duty. All else was soon absorbed in the march, the picket, the battle and bivouac; and so it went until the end had accomplished the full purpose of the soldier's mission, and he had once more found his home in a citizenship he had helped make secure.



Charles Henning

MAJOR 118TH REGT. P. V.

BREVET BRIG. GEN. U. S. VOLS.

CHAPTER II.

ANTIETAM.

ON the 12th the regimental individuality was measurably lost through its absorption into the combinations necessary in the management of great armies and the conduct of grand campaigns. The brigade to which it was allotted had borne the crucial test of the Peninsular battles and the Second Bull Run, and the laurels it had gathered were not to be dimmed by the conduct of the 118th, which so soon showed its valor in the hard fighting at Shepherdstown.

The brigade, the 1st of the 1st Division of the 5th Corps, was commanded by Brigadier-General John H. Martindale, the division by Major-General George W. Morrell, and the corps by Major-General Fitz John Porter. The brigade was composed of the 22d Massachusetts Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. S. Tilton commanding; the 18th Massachusetts, Colonel James Barnes; the 13th New York, Colonel E. S. Marshall; the 25th New York, Colonel Chas. A. Johnson; the 1st Michigan, Colonel Ira C. Abbott; the 2d Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel George Varney.

The 22d Massachusetts had obtained celebrity from the name of its distinguished statesman-colonel, the Hon. Henry Wilson, senator from that State. Its march through Philadelphia under his personal command, during the very early days of the war, may yet be recollected by the citizens of that day. This was about all of the senator's service with troops. His great abilities and unflinching patriotism could not be safely spared from the halls of Congress, where they were most in requisition and where his countrymen demanded his continuous presence.

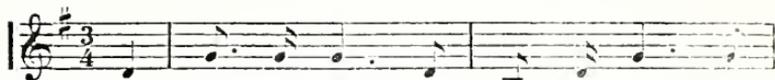
Colonel Barnes, of the 18th Massachusetts, and Colonel Marshall, of the 13th New York, had both been educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and Colonel Barnes, by virtue of his seniority, in the absence of General Martindale, was temporarily in command of the brigade.

The old song, "Comrades, Touch the Elbow" (which will be found on pages 27 and 28), that sang its stirring melodies through all the war, and yet awakens the echoes of the olden times, had its birth in this brigade. It was here General Martindale, with his facile pen, caught his inspiration for its authorship. And that these brigade associations were never severed except by casualties, is convincing that the author was not mistaken when he intuitively caught his notions of soldier-fellowship from his early associations with this command. The work of the 13th and 25th New York and 2d Maine was done, and well done, and they passed out of the service at the expiration of their term. Otherwise there were no changes in the organization save additions, except that the 22d Massachusetts a few months before the conclusion of its three years' service was transferred, but not away from the division. The brigade remained continuously in the same division and corps; its only change was in designation at the opening of the Wilderness Campaign, from the 1st to the 3d. This change came about through the general consolidation of the other corps of the Army of the Potomac into the 2d, 5th and 6th. All the troops of the 1st Division, nine regiments, well tried and true, were made the 3d Brigade. To the other two brigades, regiments were mostly assigned that were not before a part of the division organization. The proud badge of distinction was always the red cross.

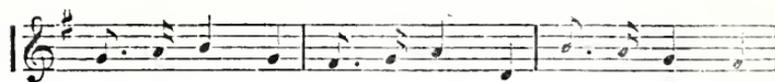
It was as early as seven o'clock in the morning when the order of the assignment was executed, and promptly at that hour the brigade began the march from Fort Cochran over the Potomac, by the aqueduct bridge, and into the city of Washington. Hither and thither it wandered, up and down its broad, dusty highways, apparently without aim or purpose. Its citi-

Comrades! Touch the Elbow.

Words by Gen. J. H. MARTINDALE.



When bat - tle's mu - sic greets the ear, Our



guns are sight - ed at the foe, Then nerve the hand and



ban - ish fear, And, com - rades, touch the el - bow.



CHORUS.



Touch the el - bow! now, my boys, Comrades, touch the el - bow.



Nerve the hand and ban - ish fear, Then, comrades, touch the el - bow.



2.

Home and country patriots fire,
Kindle your souls with fervid glow,
The Southern traitors shall retire
When Northmen touch the elbow!—CHO.

3.

Though many brave men bite the sod,
And crimson heart's blood freely flow,
Shout, as their spirits soar to God.
On! comrades, touch the elbow.—CHO.

4.

Now show the rocks of which you're made,
The general signals, march! Holloa!
Then double quick-step, first brigade.
Charge! Comrades, touch the elbow.—CHO.

zens were conspicuously absent from the thoroughfares, and its dwellings and mansions wore a forsaken, deserted look. The bustle and disorder attending the Bull Run disaster had measurably subsided, but there was evidently still lacking convincing assurance that all things were well. The men had grown heart-sick and weary of this aimless tramp, when the column, ultimately turning into the Seventh street road, gradually left the hot, dusty city behind it.

Passing through the formidable earthworks on the north of the city, then garrisoned by the 2d Pennsylvania Artillery, it bivouacked for the night at Silver Springs, an indifferent hamlet in Montgomery county, Maryland. Though the march had been a long and weary one, the actual distance accomplished toward any definite destination was but seven miles. Wholly unused to such fatigues, and totally unacquainted with reducing their loads to the minimum by dispensing with useless appendages and trappings, the march told upon the men severely. The heat was intolerable, the air, unruffled by the lightest breeze, stifling, and the huge volumes of grinding dust impenetrable to the eye and overpowering. The Washington thoroughfares, upon which most of the tramping had been done, were not the fine, smooth, even-paved highways of to-day, but no better than country dirt roads, and from their continuous use, were less suitable for heavy pedestrian operations. The experienced soldiers of the brigade tramped along stolidly and leisurely, encumbered with no such ponderous, heavily-laden knapsacks as bore the men of the 118th down to the very depths of exhaustion. Their personal baggage had simmered to the few indispensables conveniently transportable over the shoulder in the light and readily adjustable blanket-roll. This contained their house and home and what little extra apparel the few changes in the fashions of the day demanded. Their migratory households were at all times available, with canvas or the canopy skies for their dormitories, as weather, time or inclination indicated. Their diet was a movable feast or a transitory famine, according as a rich farming country furnished the edibles,

or a scant *commissariat* meagrely supplied subsistence. This day's lessons in burden and carriage from their older brethren were not lost. Necessities and comfort are cogent factors to tuition. Example and illustration in this connection were better teachers than the remoter methods of the pedagogue. In a very short time the 118th had shed itself. The cumbrous knapsack had been abandoned for its less military substitute, and the roll of blanket, gum-blanket and shelter-tent found its place by a practical adaptability in experiences, without delays, recommendations or intervention of advisory boards, quartermasters or ordnance officers. With their bronzed faces, battle-trying valor of Shepherdstown and tact in adjusting their appendages, they were soon indistinguishable in general appearance from the men who had the longest training. They had learned to eat and sleep and rest with satisfaction and comfort with whatever advantages there were at command, and having acquired with facility the axiom that they were never to lose anything, the soldierly appointments others had were habitually at their disposal.

But the results of the day's march were shocking. Overburdened, worn and weary, man after man, yielding to the inevitable, had dropped by the wayside, or straggling, broken and dejected, was struggling to reach the goal of his apparently endless journey. The sergeant and the color-guard fell in complete exhaustion, and the colonel himself bore the standard to the bivouac. Three men to a company, as the "strength present for duty," was a most creditable showing when the final halt was made.

One weary, dusty private, trudging solemnly and slowly along the road, near nightfall, struggling against the heat and his own demoralized condition, met General Morrell, and, touching his hat, said:

"General, can you tell me where the 118th Pennsylvania is?"

"Certainly, my man," replied the general, seriously; "everywhere between here and Washington."

The saddest thing about the matter is, that the general told

the truth. Reclining against fences, or meditating under apple trees, the 118th averaged about one hundred to the mile.

The invigorating shadows of nightfall revived many, and one by one during the night they gathered about their more fortunate fellows who had fully completed their task. But when the "general" sounded next morning, not more than half the battalion responded. Major Herring was despatched over the route travelled, to collect the scattered remnants of the other half, and shortly had returned them to their companions and restored the regimental symmetry.

This scattering on the first march out from the national capital was not peculiar to the 118th. The early part of the month of September, 1862, was unusually oppressive, and the new troops, who joined the army about that time, in their earlier marches lined the streets of that city and the adjacent roadways with many of their numbers who fell by the wayside. Nor was the straggling confined solely to the fresh levies; so persistent had the offence become with the older soldiers, about this time, that severe and ignominious punishments were resorted to to correct the abuse, and with the old fellows there was nothing to be said in mitigation. Toughened and seasoned in previous campaigns, they were not forced to abandon their standard from physical exhaustion. There was design and method in their conduct, and what they did was with purpose and deliberation. Happily, though, time and circumstances set all things right, and the brilliant achievements at Antietam restored the Army of the Potomac to all the vigor of its original cohesion.

On the 13th *reveille* sounded at daybreak, and the morning meal disposed of, and articles to be transported and carried hurriedly gathered and packed, the column moved at seven o'clock. There was no improvement in temperature—the sun beat down relentlessly, and the dust rose in the same thickening, suffocating masses. The route, though, lay through a fresh, charming, arable country, with farms and fences and buildings indicating thrifty husbandry.

The bivouac was made half a mile beyond Rockville, the shire-town of Montgomery county, sixteen miles from Washington and some thirty from Baltimore. It was a smart-looking little hamlet, with the usual court-house and jail, a fair complement of churches, and a population, when at home, of some four or five hundred. The women stood about the doorways curiously gazing upon the marching men, but there was a notable scarcity of males. This, with no highly demonstrative or publicly expressed union sentiment, produced the uncharitable inference that they had gone to "Ki-yi-yi*" in the other band.

Sunday, the 14th, was pregnant with events and gave birth to the annals, historic and reminiscent, of South Mountain and Crampton's Gap. Through sultry, suffocating heat and clouds of permeating, choking dust, the column bowled along uninterruptedly from seven in the morning until six in the evening; the wearisome journey concluded on the banks of the Monocacy, near a village of the same name with the stream, four miles from Frederick City.

This ground became famous subsequently, in the summer of 1864, as the scene of the battle of "the Monocacy," where Ricketts, with his 3d Division of the 6th Corps, aided by Lew Wallace with troops from Baltimore, gallantly checked Early's formidable advance upon the national capital. The stream, flowing transparent over its rocky bed, the old stone arches of the turnpike bridge, the deep-green, gently sloping fields, extending their vegetation right to the water's edge, and the timber, with open grassy sward between the trees, made the spot especially adapted to forgetful repose. Exhausted by their continuous tramp of eleven hours, the weary men soon sank into restful sleep.

The startling rumble of far-off cannonading during the morning hours broke sullenly upon the ear. These indications of distant conflict were an early initiation in the sounds of bat-

* The well-known yell of the Confederates.

tle. As the day advanced and the distance shortened it grew intense; the heavy, thundering, portentous roar was convincing that an affair of some magnitude was in progress. And so it was; the day's work dislodged the enemy from the gaps in the South Mountain range, and opened the highways to the broad valleys beyond.

John Monteith, a corporal of H, was a strong, well-proportioned man, yet in his twenties. He was full of a generous, genial flow of spirits; his whole manner was catching. Whether fresh and well-fed, or tired and hungry, he could stimulate his companions to hilarity that would stir them, when weary, to renewed energy and activity, or hugely entertain them when occasion afforded opportunity for amusement. His abilities and industry indicated a promising future and speedy advancement. His sad end, so soon to follow, cut off a career bright with the promise of a successful soldier life. He had a rich, melodious voice, clear, round and ringing. The column had trudged along to that degree of weariness when a painful stillness follows real fatigue. Monteith had noted the situation. Suddenly his ringing voice rolled out amidst the quietude, in notes full, free and true, in the melodious strains of the entrancing song, "I Came from the Old Granite State," each verse concluding with a chorus, ending in "boom, boom, boom!" The effect was instantaneous and the inspiration catching. Gradually the regiment caught the strain, fatigues were forgotten, and the whole air was sonorous with the melody. It spread beyond the regiment, through the entire column of the brigade, and as the "boom, boom, boom" died away in our command, another took it up until, at last, it subsided in the distance. The effect, manifested by enlivened spirits and quickened step, was marvellous. It continued through the remainder of the journey and brought the command to their destination a better, brighter set of men.

There happened in the late afternoon a chance to indulge in a sort of "movable feast," that, as has been suggested, was opportune only when a productive country was the source of

supply. As it was a Sabbath day's journey that had just been accomplished, it was aptly fitted to such an opportunity. Our men were young as soldiers, but already fair foragers.

After the bivouac was made the still-lingering daylight kept animate objects moving about the wooded hillside beyond the camp, well in view. Their location for the night definitely fixed, a number of the men, prompted by a desire for investigation, or with a view to better their diet, had, with rifle in hand, strolled about in the near vicinity. Some hogs had broken their cover and were straggling through the woods, seeking a sustenance which their owners, to encourage domes-



tic habits as well as realize, on them when fairly fattened, would have gladly furnished. It required but a slight effort of the imagination, even in this thickly-peopled, well-tilled country, to treat such strolling beasts as wild. Fresh pork was a succulent morsel when contrasted with the daily issues of its salted sister. Shots rang out sharply on the evening air, and two well-rounded porkers fell victims to unerring aim. Pork boiled, fried and toasted "ruled the roost," and many of the 118th, that way inclined, gorged themselves to restfulness with fresh pig before the evening shadows faded into the depths of night.

The march of the 15th began so late as eight o'clock. A few miles out the column passed through Frederick City, forty-

five miles from Washington, and the county-seat of Frederick county. It is a borough of some interest, with clean highways, well-paved sidewalks, and its streets all laid out at right angles. The stores and mansions are well-built substantial brick structures, and indicate it to be a town well grown in years. It is nestled in a fertile, prosperous country, and its citizens had been a well-to-do, thrifty people. There are the usual courthouse and jail and some eight or ten places of worship, some of them quite attractive.

Chief among the objects for which the soldier hungers is glory, and next comes a good dinner. From behind the curtains of an open window of one of the houses a matron in Quaker-like garb was peeping, when one of the men, desirous of reaching some degree of certainty as to the character of his next meal, approached the window, and lifting his cap politely, inquired anxiously:

"Madam, what is there in the village?"

"A college of some reputation, sir."

"Great heavens, madam, I can't eat a college!" he said, testily, and marched on.

But there was no halt for extended investigation, and the observations noted were in the hurry of a pressing march.

The movement continued beyond the town along the turnpike, with the sun as hot as ever and the dust as thick as usual. This roadway had been well travelled by heavy columns of marching men, artillery and trains. Most of the Confederate army and several corps of the Union had, the former preceding and the others closely following, gone over it. The stones were ground into dust. Each side of the road in the fields was well tramped out by the infantry, the main thoroughfare having been left for the trains. The fences were down entirely. *Dibris*, broken wagons and abandoned property were strewn about everywhere. Telegraph poles and wires were cut and destroyed, and it was quite apparent the only purpose of pursuers and pursued was to get along as rapidly as possible, regardless of what was lost, mutilated or forgotten.

From the journey of the day before and the appearances on the next, the merest tyro could conclude that if the enemy waited long enough anywhere, something momentous was sure to occur, and somebody certainly was bound to be hurt. Occasional discharges of artillery were heard during the day and intelligence was received that General Reno, a corps-commander of prominence and distinction, had fallen at the battle of South Mountain just as the engagement had nearly terminated.

The march concluded at six o'clock and the bivouac was made for the night close to the eastern base of the Catoctin range of mountains, upon the other side of which, near at hand, was the borough of Middletown.

Between six o'clock on a bright morning in middle September and the break of day there is but little margin for preparation for a hard all-day tramp. But at that hour on the 16th the column was all out on the roadway and, stimulated by the invigorating morning air, had soon crowned the summit of the Catoctins. The autumn shadows had not yet tinged a single leaf, and there, in the distance, parallel with the Catoctin and sweeping from the north to south, away beyond the range of vision, rose the more prominent South Mountain belt. There it stood, clothed in all the grandeur of its patriarchal forests, dim and majestic in the misty distance. Beneath, for miles, lay the broad, beautiful valley, dotted everywhere with barns and houses. Its stacks of garnered grain, its tall, waving corn, and bright green pasturage, told of the plenty of a toiling, prosperous community. Along the western base of the Catoctins the little stream which bore their name threaded its way—cool, refreshing, silent—through its sloping, meadowed banks. Middletown, almost a mile in length, with the turnpike for its only highway, lay motionless near where the mountains ended and the valley began. The scene, broadening in the scope of its grandeur, was a rare landscape of mountain and valley, hill and dale, stream and village.

Middletown, a quaint, old-fashioned village of a few hundred

inhabitants, was eminently suggestive of the old-time country loafing-place. Now, there were no loungers about the grocery, and the tavern stoops were deserted. The wayside gossip had been lost in the thunders of war on the Sunday just gone by. The mighty hosts contending for the mastery on its western boundary had left this peaceful vale a charnel-house.

The handles had been removed from all the pumps in Middletown. This aroused much indignation with threats of vengeance from the thirsty soldiers. Their anger subsided when it became known that the measure was resorted to only because the inhabitants feared a permanent loss of their water supply. The demand from such a wonderful and sudden increase of population had taxed the wells beyond their capacity. Some, however, had vented their spleen by loading them with stones, earth and rubbish, before the reason for disabling the pumps had been made known.

The distance across the valley was soon covered. The turnpike, the old national road, up the mountain through Turner's Gap, is a gradual, easy rise, and on either side of the roadway the lands, on the eastern slope, almost to the very summit, had been cleared and were under tillage. Most of the hard fighting on the 14th had been done to the right and left of the pike, the scene concealed from view by the timber. Besides the many new-made graves, and the dead gathered in heaps and piled by the roadside, there were other evidences of heavy fighting on the road.

From the summit there was a martial display which, for concentration of great masses of soldiery, all in full view at the same time, was probably never equalled at any time during the war. From the mountains to the Antietam, a stream flowing to the southward, and moving directly parallel with them, is a distance of from eight to ten miles. Within this area, over plain and valley, deployed, massed, in column and by the flank, some moving and others at rest, was nearly the whole Army of the Potomac, its infantry, cavalry, artillery and trains. With the exception of Franklin's Corps on the left, concealed from

observation, in Pleasant Valley, in the vicinity of Maryland Heights, the entire army was within the range of vision to an observer standing on the top of the mountain. The day was perfect, the air clear and still, the sun bright and dazzling. Near the foot lay the hamlet of Boonesboro', a town apparently of more thrift and enterprise than Middletown, a good-sizeable, comfortable village of some six or eight hundred people. The day before the Union cavalry had sent the Confederate rear through the place rather precipitately. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, a number taken prisoners and an entire battery of artillery captured. It was a spirited affair and was the cannonading previously noted as "occasional discharges."

From the mountain to the bluffs and knolls which line the banks of the Antietam westward, and southward to the spur which makes the western boundary of Pleasant Valley, the whole country was in full view. To the right and northward the arable open lands rolled off, with earth and sky united in a horizon miles and miles away.

Noticeable to the right on the mountain-top stood Monument Hill, the highest peak of the range. It derived its name from a monument erected there by the patriotic citizens of the neighborhood many years before, to the memory of Washington. Except the base, which still stood, it was all in ruins; since the war the same patriotic sentiment has reconstructed it.

Lacking the prominent mountain-sides for its boundaries, the valley was not so distinctly marked as that through which ran the Catoctin. It was evidently as rich, fertile and productive as the other, but as the ground was almost wholly concealed by the great mass of men and the paraphernalia of war, which literally covered it, its thrift and fertility were better indicated by the substantial character of the houses and out-buildings, and the size of the farms. The houses were solid and massive, some of brick and some of stone, and the barns of stone, large and commodious, much after the pattern of their Pennsylvania neighbors.

Miles to the right and front, climbing the hills and sinking over them out of view, were columns upon columns of infantry, attenuated by the distance to widths so narrow as to but little resemble a moving mass of human beings, and reduced in size to patterns so pigmy as scarcely to be distinguishable as men. They seemed to writhe and crawl, until the heavy body, designated for some determined purpose in that direction, had passed entirely out of sight. But with all its strength, as it simmered away, the withdrawal of this column seemed in the distance to make no perceptible diminution in the vast numbers that still remained deployed, halted or shifting for position, over the whole surface of the valley below. Smoke twirled from miniature camp-fires kindled for a little noon-day bite; stacked in "line of masses," the sun softly glistened from the bright barrels of the muskets, or flashed on the pointed bayonets; batteries were parked with their divisions; squadrons stood to horse with their battalions. Quarter-masters, wagon-masters, teamsters detaching the ordnance from the other wagons, gathered their trains into park. Surgeons, ambulances, stretcher-bearers, separated from the combatants, and the whole countryside—roads, fields, and timber—swarmed with manœuvring soldiery.

That a great battle was imminent was plain. Nor could the 118th stand longer in wonderment and gaze admiringly upon the splendid military display passing in the valley before it, as if in panoramic appointments for its especial entertainment. It passed down the mountain-side and was soon lost amid the legions shaking off their *impedimenta* preparatory to the struggle of the morrow.

There was inspiration everywhere; It culminated in open demonstration in the sonorous melody of the "boom, booni, boom" again, as the column passed through Boonesboro', and the inhabitants joyously told of the demoralization of the enemy that followed the dash of the Yankee cavalry through the town on the day previous.

During the afternoon the whole army loosened itself, and by

five o'clock the regiment went into bivouac in line of battle at the foot of a ridge just beyond the village of Keedysville. The road from Keedysville crosses the Antietam by "Porter's Bridge," a name derived from the neighboring hamlet of Portertown. The ridge overlooked the creek and the country for some distance beyond. A battery in front was in action when the regiment came upon the ground, firing with deliberation, at extended intervals. Each shot brought its response, and though the practice was poor, that indescribable screech of the shells, heard for the first time, produced just a perceptible tremor of anxiety. Artillery at long range soon ceases to terrorize, and the men shortly treated the exploding missiles as familiar acquaintances. But away off to the right Hooker's Division was having it tremendously. The roar of the musketry was unceasing, the discharge of the batteries continuous. Close enough for at least a full appreciation of the noise of a great battle, it was here the desperate struggle of the cornfield and Dunker church was in progress, terminating the next morning in, probably, as many casualties, for the numbers engaged and the space and time covered, as any other field of the war.

The eve of a great battle is a wonderful curiosity-breeder. Naturally inquisitive, danger, anxiety, novelty, doubt, but more particularly the irresistible desire for information he has no business with, all impel the soldier to search for material to aid him to shape his resultless conclusions. And such they habitually are. Truth and rumor, fact and fancy, are moulded together to produce wonderful items of news, which are given forth as indubitable facts, but prove to be the opposite of real results. The stores of assumed wisdom, boastfully communicated to willing, susceptible listeners, are prodigious. Our regiment, new to such things, utterly bewildered with all the fugitive gossip manufactured for the occasion, awoke on the morrow to find these deceptive fancies lost in the portentous happenings they had not even remotely conceived.

The morning of Wednesday, September 17, Antietam's

fateful day, dawned with a clear and cloudless sky. The regiment was pushed a little farther to the front, in support of a battery of the 1st New York Artillery, still occupying ground commanding a view of a wide expanse of country upon the other side of the creek. Through the night the army found its positions, and as darkness disappeared before the daylight it unfolded vast deployments of lines of battle arrayed for the contest soon to be precipitated everywhere. Troops yet arriving upon the ground poured in one continuous stream to where the battle waged wickedly on the right. There, from earliest break of day, the musketry rolled and thundered and roared incessantly. The desperate intensity of its terrible crash was magnified to the real depth of its deadly purpose from the almost total silence of the batteries. The lines of the combatants impinged or struggled at range so close that the guns on either side stood dumb for fear their punishment would fall upon friend and foe alike. No shout or cheer or yell relieved the one all-absorbing, terrible sound; all else was hushed in awe before the deep and deafening roar, increasing in intensity and developing in extent as fresh battalions lent their energies to the deadly fray. It really never seemed to cease, but was absorbed as it extended to the left, and as the day grew apace came nearer and nearer to our own immediate front.

The whole of the corps, the 5th, had come upon the field. It lay stretched to the right and rear, impressive from its numbers, awaiting its allotment to the front, as the progress of the fight demanded that wavering lines be strengthened, or columns of assault assisted. Still to the rear, massed farther down the valley, the lances of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, not yet abandoned, with their bright red pennants, were distinctive in the distance. And away off on top of "Elk Hill" the active operations of the signal-flags told of communications of moment that the exceptionally clear atmosphere and their position of such especial prominence gave them opportunity to gather and transmit.

The guns of the New York battery were served with more

rapidity than on the previous afternoon. Danger will not suppress curiosity, and the proximity, within call in case of movement, prompted some of the more inquisitive to stroll around the guns, anxious to seize, thus early, opportunity to closely observe artillery in action. It was a place where none had business except those whose duty called them there, and death or wounds resulting from unnecessary and improper exposure are not the honorable scars that add laurels to the chaplets of renown.

The battery commandant, competent to manage his own affairs, jealously insisted that the ground he occupied was as sacredly his as if he were its owner in fee, and he peremptorily bade the trespassers be off. He also vouchsafed to say that a major of a New York infantry regiment, brought there only by curiosity, had been killed within his battery lines only a little while before. Nor did he propose that knots or groups should stand about among his guns to draw the enemy's fire, and thus uselessly expose his own men. A ricocheting round-shot, uncomfortably close, strengthened his objections, accelerated the pace, and the bunch of inquiring minds dispersed suddenly to where they properly belonged.

At noon the combat raged in all its fierceness. It was near this hour when General McClellan, with his large and imposing staff, rode upon the ground occupied by our division. The deep and abiding enthusiasm that habitually followed him promptly greeted him. Shouts, yells, and cheers of appreciation rent the air. This unusual noise, so loud that it was borne above the din of battle to the enemy's line, brought on a vigorous and persistent shelling. Regardless of the flying, bursting missiles, there he sat astride his splendid charger, glass in hand, calmly reviewing the mighty hosts, whose discomfiture with his trusted legions he was bent upon that day accomplishing. Intent, no doubt, on securing some permanent advantage at this particular point, he turned suddenly to Colonel Webb, the engineering officer of his staff, who subsequently won imperishable fame in command of the Philadelphia Brigade at Gettys-

burg, and, after a few moments of hurried instructions, despatched him on his mission down into the valley—down into the very jaws of death. The smoke of the conflict soon enveloped him and he was lost to view entirely.

The perilous duties of the intelligent staff-officer, so frequently demanding such severe and unusual exposure, so forcibly illustrated to the men of the regiment thus early in their career, in this gallant ride of Webb's, aroused in them an admiration for him which ever afterwards, when he was seen or heard of, caused his name or presence to be most enthusiastically received.

As this rider was shortly followed by the famous charge of General Meagher's Irish Brigade, now historically considered as among the most telling of the war, it was fairly concluded that the purpose of Webb's mission was to direct it. This notable charge took place in full view from the knoll occupied by the regiment. The ground over which they were about to move was rough and uneven, and in the distance appeared to be a freshly ploughed field.

The enemy's line upon which the advance was to be made was in plain view just outside the edge of a belt of timber. It was flanked by several batteries, whose active work of the morning had much improved their practice. They were said to be part of the celebrated Washington Light Artillery of New Orleans, whose fame as artillerists was coextensive with their service. From the formation of the ground the preliminary preparations could not be concealed; the enemy caught them in their very incipency and gun and musket belched forth their vengeful volleys with telling accuracy. But the gallant Irishmen moved into battle-array with the precision of parade. The sun glistened upon the bright barrels of the rifles and the colors fluttered vauntingly in the breeze. Prominent in its place beside the national standard the green harp of Erin was distinctly observed. As the advance progressed and the scathing fire cut out its fearful gaps, the line halted with deliberation to readjust itself. The dead and wounded strewed the ground,

thickening as the distance from the enemy lessened. Twice and again the green standard, more distinctly noticeable than the regimental color, fell, but only to be promptly seized again, still to be borne gallantly onward to its goal. Vast curtains of smoke concealed the enemy, rising at intervals, disclosing him; yet unmoved, holding firmly to his post. But nothing diminished the courage, nothing could stay the onslaught, of these determined men. The deadly moment of impact came, the lines impinged, and the enemy, in irreparable confusion, broke for the friendly cover of the timber. The Irishmen, still maintaining their organization with commendable exactitude, pressed them in their helpless flight, until finally, with shout and cheer, friend and foe were lost to view in the wood the enemy had sought for safety. The unerring fire of Meagher's men had told severely upon his adversary. As he disappeared his abandoned line was distinctly marked by a long array of dead and wounded who had fallen where they stood. It was not the Irishmen alone who entirely did the work, but the brigades of Caldwell and Brooks added their valor to the enemy's rout.

These splendid movements, typical of so many of equal gallantry during the war, to new troops, who had yet participated in no such deadly fray, was an excellent lesson in object teaching. It bore its fruits subsequently in many a desperate encounter, when the metal of the Pennsylvanians was tested with a like severity.

During this advance of the Irish Brigade a battery of the enemy, manned by specially skilled artillerymen, by its rapidity and accuracy had caused them much annoyance. Its shells, bursting with remarkable precision, had become fatally effective. When the charging line had about half covered the distance between its starting-point and the enemy's position, the fire was so destructive that an artillery movement seemed essential for its diversion. Promptly a battery galloped to position between the main lines of the two armies, directly in rear of Meagher's advance. It was unlimbered and in action in a trice. Out in the open plain, in full view, with a perfect range, and

"CAISSONS TO THE REAR!"



almost upon a dead level, it was an assignment of unusually severe exposure. In a moment it was wholly obscured; limbers, pieces, caissons, men and horses were entirely lost in the impenetrable clouds of dust and smoke that rose about it. Every shot, solid or explosive, was planted right within its midst, just where the expert gunnery controlling the opposing battery intended it should be. It was silenced instantly, limbered and withdrawn with an alacrity only equalled by the commendable enterprise with which it assumed its perilous task. Lashing, spurring and belaboring the startled animals, the remnants emerged from the smoky obscurity, and still followed by a few parting malignant shots they found the nearest convenient cover for rest and repairs. It had, however, fairly accomplished its purpose and diverted the fire for the moment from the soldiers who had so fearfully borne its brunt.

The day was waning, but the battle-roar continued until total darkness stopped the strife. It was evident, though the enemy still maintained, generally, the lines it held from the beginning, that the advantage had been with the Union forces, and that their adversaries had been severely worsted. Wherever the attack had been pressed with vigor, they had been much discomfited and forced to yield their ground. Such was the assurance of success, that our soldiers rested comfortably through the night in the blissful belief that they had won the day. The regiment did not become actively engaged, but remained all day in support of the battery, and bivouacked on the same ground it occupied in the morning.

On the morning of the 18th the command was moved off some miles towards the left, in the direction where Burnside had made the desperate fight for the stone bridge, the story of which, so often told with thrilling effect in pamphlet and essay, has crowned its grand heroism with the laurels it so justly deserves.

Some of the route was over a portion of the field where the battle had waged fiercely. The unburied dead lay around. Many of the bodies, struck by the heavier missiles, were horri-

bly torn and mangled. There was a leg, with its ragged, bloody edges, severed near the thigh, evidently by a solid shot; another, in its garment, separated from its unseen trunk, lying in a fence-corner. By a broken-down frame building, that had been a field hospital, arms and legs, hurriedly amputated, were scattered here and there.

Down the slope of the road, approaching the bridge, the numbers of the slain increased; abandoned muskets and cartridge-boxes lay everywhere, and the ground, furrowed and upturned by shot and shell, showed the heavy work of the enemy's guns. Just at the entrance of the bridge a man lay stretched upon his back, unconscious, but moaning, a minnie-ball imbedded in his forehead.

These evidences of mortal combat were to become familiar. Seen in such a volume of horrors, so soon away from peaceful homes, the impressive silence with which the sights were viewed was conclusive that the men had a full appreciation of their early realization of the terrors of a battle-field.

The bridge was of stone, with three arches, of the pattern of such country structures so usual in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Upon the thither side the bodies of the dead Confederates showed that they, too, had received some punishment. On the right bank of the creek, which was that occupied by the enemy, the heights rose abruptly, deflecting but little from a true perpendicular. Between their base and the creek there was but width sufficient for a wagon roadway. With these heights manned by the enemy and the main roadway over the bridge wholly under his control, the attempt to carry it seemed but desperation, and its success almost miraculous. Such were the conclusions these untried soldiers of ours reached when they first saw the ground and knew of the work of the previous day.

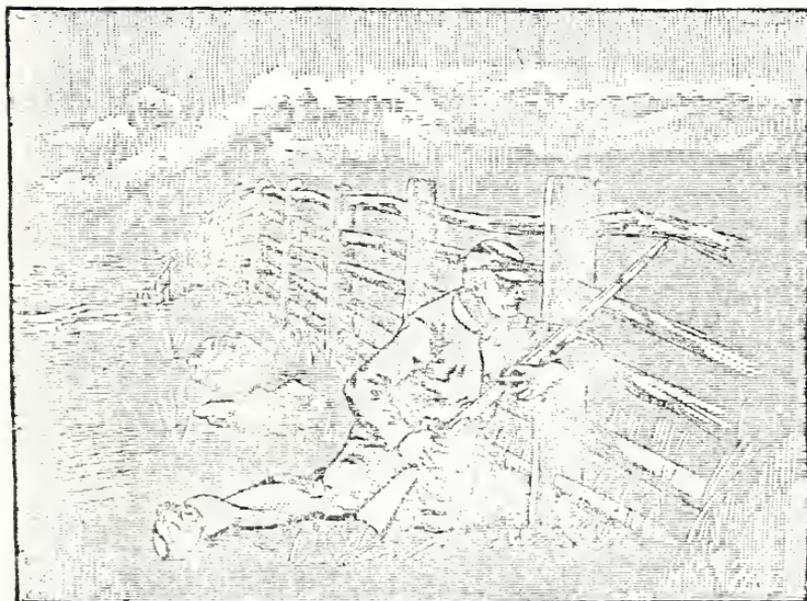
Debouching from the bridge, the narrow roadway beneath the heights leads both up and down the stream, along which the brigade at once deployed, and without delay clambered the bluff, that the line might be established along the upper edge.

It was a position of much personal discomfort, as the men had literally to hang to bush or bough, or rest on stones, to hold their places. The ascent was so steep that in many instances the officers were forced to use their swords and the men their bayonets to better secure their foothold. A stake and rider fence ran along the bluff but a short distance from the edge, bordering the fields and open country between the heights and the town of Sharpsburg, in full view and within easy rifle-range. The preservation of this fence on ground occupied for full twenty-four hours, first by one side and then by the other, was evidence that they had been more than usually employed with most important work. The straggling houses upon the edge of the town were filled with the enemy's sharpshooters, who, aware that the bluff was occupied, kept up an incessant firing. The exposure of a single individual drew it with direct aim. He was rewarded for his temerity by a disabling shot or returned ignominiously to his cover.

There was an angle in the fence grown about with shrub and bush, however, which afforded safe concealment and full observation. A careful reconnoissance from this point discovered a house, well in advance of the others and farther out of the town, where shingles had been removed from its roof, and from which, through the holes, evidently came the most persistent and annoying shooting. The enemy inside seemed to have cutely drawn their rifles so far in under the roof, resting them upon the rafters, that the smoke was actually retained within the building. They had been engaged so long it probably became stifling, and had caused a window to be opened below for freer ventilation. The officer who had been cautiously and suspiciously watching this house from the place of concealment in the fence-angle, still closely scrutinizing it, noticed, as he believed, smoke delicately twirling from this open window. To be convinced his conclusions were well-founded, he directed several shots to be fired at the roof. This continued for a few moments, and then a number of the men moving to the top of the hill delivered several volleys. For the time the

enemy's fire was silenced, but it was still doubted whether the rebels could *affect* such Yankee aptitude as to so effectually conceal themselves and their shots. A disaster, however, which shortly followed, was conclusive in the matter.

About this time General Burnside, entirely alone, unattended by staff-officer or orderly, rode along the narrow road that ran by the side of the creek. General Burnside's face was of that fresh, inviting nature that, even with his distinguished rank,



seemingly permitted interrogation. Prompted by his kindly look, some one inquired: "General, are there any rebels still about here?" probably more for something to say than anything else, as it had been quite apparent that at least a few were yet around. "Still about? Why, there are thousands of them just over the hill, and they will be coming for you pretty soon." And then he continued, laughingly: "In the meantime I am going to get out of this, as it is no place for me—I don't want to see any more of them;" and so, with another

hearty laugh, generous good-bye, and kindly wave of the hand, he rode away. The presence of a general officer with such high command, particularly away out in the front, is always an occasion for much animation; but the general's gentle salutation and happy, laughing reply, and the troops not at all of his command, was a moment for special gratification.

The doubt as to the character of the occupants of the house where the shingles had disappeared from the roof, and the purpose of their occupancy, was now wholly removed. Corporal Sanford, of Company E, not yet convinced, mounted the fence either for more perfect observation or to tempt an expert marksman. His illusion or temerity cost him dearly. A shot went crashing through his thigh, shattering the bone; amputation immediately followed, and his permanent disability speedily terminated his soldier-days. This was our first casualty.

This event started the enemy to renewed activity, and they kept up such a lively fusillade until nightfall that the more desirable quarters were well down under the protection of the bluff. The bickering fire which had continued most of the day, when darkness set in grew wicked and incessant. Upon the right it grew so in volume as to assume almost battle proportions. A determined attack in force was anticipated, and the watchful care needed to meet it caused the hours of the night to pass in wearisome anxiety. In fact, a short distance to our immediate right a direct assault with decided persistency resulted in gathering in some hundred of the pickets. Just before dawn, without any gradual subsidence, the firing ceased suddenly and abruptly.

When day broke on the 19th the purpose of the continuous fusillade was quite apparent. The enemy had entirely withdrawn, using the firing to conceal and the darkness to cover the movement. He had disappeared from the north of the Potomac, and the invasion of Maryland was a failure.

Details were made from the regiment to carry off the wounded, who had been lying on the ground between the Union and Confederate lines for twenty-four hours, without

water, save what a few of them had caught in their rubber blankets during a shower. One of the men whom they found had been wounded through the fleshy part of both thighs. He belonged to a Connecticut regiment. He was carried to a large farm-house in the neighborhood, which the surgeons were using as a hospital. As they were about to take him into the house he said: "No, boys; lay me down out here; there are others wounded worse than I am—take them inside."

The regiment moved up onto the plain, and the colonel, utilizing every moment of leisure, exercised the command for some time in battalion manœuvres. Singularly, his attention was devoted almost exclusively to the "on right by file into line," a practice soon to be tested in actual combat with fatal effect.

If the improved tactics, uniting the fours, ignoring the right and left, dispensing with the positive adhesion to front and rear, and the consequent absolute dependence upon the slow and dilatory "on right by file into line" had not been necessitated, it is quite questionable whether, with these new tactics, the fatalities might not have been materially reduced or possibly every life been saved.

The drill had not concluded when, called to again resume the march, the column moved off to and through Sharpsburg. Whether our brigade was the first of the Union troops to enter the town after the enemy had abandoned it, was not definitely determined. The reception that awaited them would indicate they were. Demonstrations of joy and hearty greetings resounded everywhere. Men, women and children vied with each other in according a generous welcome. Such a greeting was a fitting rebuke to the flaming proclamation that the mission of the Army of Northern Virginia was to liberate the citizens of Maryland from the thralldom of the Union of the States, and conclusive that, in this locality at least, there was no sympathy with such a purpose.

The town is a pretty little hamlet of some thousand people, beautifully located a few miles from the Potomac, overlooking the Antietam. It contained its proper complement of stores

and churches, but all identity of the purposes for which these buildings had been used was lost; everything had been absorbed for the moment in one universal hospital. Houses and out-buildings were filled, and lawns and gardens covered with the Confederate wounded. Nor were these suffering men the only reminder of the great battle that had ended. Few were the houses that had not been pierced by solid shot or shell. One of the inhabitants said that he and his family were about to sit down at the dinner-table, when a solid shot crashed through the wall, and, falling on the table, spoiled the



“And when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay, ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.”

dinner and the dishes, and, he added, quaintly, “also our appetites.”

Passing beyond the town the regiment halted before noon near the Potomac, in the vicinity of Blackford's Ford. A fringe of timber hid the river and concealed the troops from the enemy, who, with his batteries planted on the bluffs on the other side, occasionally dropped a few shells. Towards night they ceased their fire, leaving their guns still in position, unsupported and even without their own battery-men. It seemed a fitting opportunity to effect a capture, and the corps-commander called for one hundred volunteers from each regiment of the brigade to carry out the design. The response

from the 118th was so hearty, it was more difficult to select from the volunteers than it would have been to order a detail. Captain Ricketts was assigned to the command, and the detachment marched off to report to General Griffin, who had been placed in charge of the movement. They returned about midnight, having been eminently successful in the enterprise. Five pieces of artillery and some of their appurtenances were taken, one of which was a gun of a regular battery which had been lost at the First Bull Run.

The halt and rest continued through the night, and the days and doings of "Antietam" were ended.



CORPORAL WILLIAM L. GABE.

CHAPTER III.

SHEPHERDSTOWN.

BLACKFORD'S FORD crosses the Potomac just below the breast of an old mill-dam. It bears the name of a family who for several generations occupied the residence and owned the lands in the immediate vicinity. Above the dam three lonely piers marked the site of the bridge that formerly spanned the stream, and had been the highway leading to Shepherdstown and Martinsburg. On the Virginia side the ford road runs along the lower extremity of a high bluff off into the country, and another extends along the foot of the bluff, between it and the river, in the direction of Shepherdstown. The bluff rises precipitously, is almost perpendicular, and is dotted with boulders and a stunted growth of timber. The roadway, a short distance from the Ford, passes a gap or ravine, obstructed and concealed by underbrush and passable with difficulty. Two gate-posts marked its entrance, indicating it as an abandoned private lane. From the ravine, a path led up to the high table-land above. Along the face of the bluff, near the glen, were several kilns or arches, used for the burning of lime. The river road passes over the kilns, the bluff still, as it passes over them, continuing to rise precipitately. Another road passes down from the bluff around and in front of the kilns.

The dam-breast, some ten feet wide, had been long neglected, many of the planks had rotted away or been removed, and water trickled through numerous crevices. The outer face, sloping to its base, was covered with a slippery green slime. On the Virginia side, some twenty feet had been left for a fish-way, through which flowed a rapid current. The river was

low, and the fish-way easily fordable. Along the river shore, on the Maryland side, ran the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

On the morning of the 20th of September Major-General Fitz-John Porter was ordered to send two divisions over the river to co-operate with a cavalry advance, and scour the country in the direction of Charlestown and Shepherdstown. In obedience to these instructions, Sykes, with his division, composed of two brigades of regulars and one of volunteers,



THE DAM AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

was directed to proceed in the direction of Charlestown, and Morrell, with Barnes's brigade leading, in the direction of Shepherdstown. The cavalry did not, however, reach the Virginia side until Sykes's pickets were in close proximity to the advancing foe.

Sykes crossed the river early in the morning, and Lovell's 2d (regulars) Brigade skirmishers, advancing a mile into the country, soon developed the enemy, some three thousand

strong, approaching with artillery. Warren's 3d Brigade was immediately thrown over in support and formed on Lovell's left, Lovell having meanwhile been directed to fall back slowly; and Barnes's brigade, arriving at the same time, on its road to Shepherdstown, was directed to connect with Lovell's right. The other brigades of Morrell's division did not cross. At the request of General Sykes, Barnes suspended his movement towards Shepherdstown, and supported Sykes. His brigade was deployed under the bluffs. None of his regiments reached the summit, except the 118th.

General Sykes, aware "that the Virginia side of the river was no place for troops, until a proper reconnoissance had been made, and reports from citizens indicating the belief that a large force of the enemy was moving upon us" (him),* communicated his opinion to General Porter, who, agreeing with him, directed the immediate re-crossing of the troops.

The withdrawal actually began before the whole of Barnes's brigade was over the stream. The regulars and all of his brigade, except the 118th, successfully accomplished their retreat with but slight, if any, loss. Colonel Barnes, in his official report, unfairly, if that be not too mild a term, states the severe loss attending the affair as having fallen generally on all the regiments of his brigade, when, in fact, it fell entirely on the 118th Pennsylvania, which alone of all his regiments was actually engaged. The disaster which befell it, in this its first battle, has not, heretofore, been fully or fairly related. It is the purpose of this chapter to faithfully unfold it.†

The day was bright and clear. The sun shone with mellow

* General Sykes's official report of the action.

† Major-General Fitz-John Porter, in his report of the fight at Shepherdstown, says: "Under cover of our guns the whole command recrossed with little injury, except the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, a small portion of which became confused early in the action. Their arms (spurious Enfield rifles) were so defective that little injury could be inflicted by them upon the enemy. Many of this regiment, new in service, volunteered the previous evening, and formed part of the attacking party who gallantly crossed the river to secure the enemy's artillery. *They have earned a good name, which their losses have not diminished.*"—[The italics are the author's.]

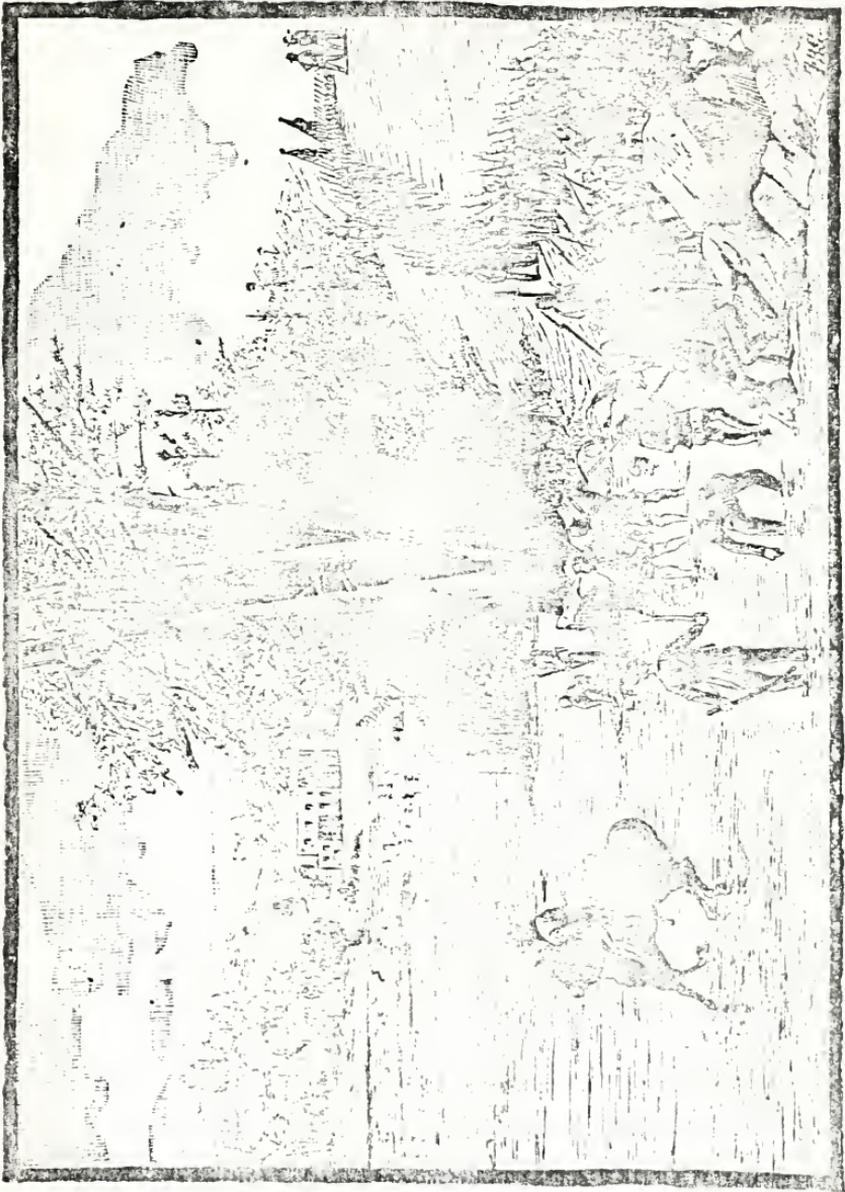
Autumn radiance. Dew glistened on grass and leaf, and the old Potomac, calm and placid as if it had never known strife, visible for a considerable distance, swept on its course tranquilly. The landscape, varied with its valley and hillside, its meadows and woodlands, sprinkled with barn, house and garden, was peacefully picturesque in the refreshing sunlight of a soft September morning. There were no harbingers that by noon-day the regiment should suffer casualties, severer for a single combat than probably ever fell to the lot of soldiers, even in the heaviest battles of the war.

An early breakfast was interrupted by orders to move. The meal completed, the brigade started in the direction of the river. With a few hurried personal preparations, some of the men removing their shoes and stockings, the column at 9 A. M. began the passage of the stream at Blackford's Ford. There was a good deal of pleasant shouting as the troops splashed through the stream, and roars of laughter greeted those who, less fortunate than their fellows, stumbled and fell headlong into the water.

Just before the head of the column entered the ford, a brigade of Sykes's regulars appeared upon the thither side, marching back again from the same reconnoissance with which Barnes's movement was intended to generally co-operate. The columns passed each other midway in the river. The regulars gave the information that there was "no enemy in sight."* It was evidently twittingly said to encourage the volunteers, whom they held in no very high esteem, for at that time their rear skirmishers were actually engaged.

Though it was clear that the situation was a grave one, yet the 118th Pennsylvania was permitted to mount the cliff with its front entirely uncovered. No skirmish-line protected its advance until its right company was detached, and when it was deployed the enemy were pressing so hard that its de-

* Comrade M. Shaughnessy, of Post 14, G. A. R., Department of Pennsylvania, who, at that time was an enlisted man of Battery C, 3rd Artillery—known as Gibson's battery—was one of those who twittingly gave this information.



FORDING THE POTOMAC.

ployment answered no purpose. The commanding officer had a right to expect that, thrown out in a direction where an engagement was imminent, he would find himself at least covered by skirmishers well out in front of him.

The similar surroundings—high bluffs in front, a wide river in the rear—recalled the Ball's Bluff disaster vividly.

The brigade took the road that followed the base of the bluffs; and, as the head of the regiment approached the ravine or glen which led to the summit, a staff-officer dashed up hurriedly to Colonel Barnes, who rode at the time beside Colonel Prevost, and reported the enemy approaching in heavy force. Some vigorous action being instantly necessary, turning to Colonel Prevost, Colonel Barnes said: "Can you get your regiment on the top of the cliff?" "I will try, sir," was the prompt reply, and dismounting, he conducted the head of his column into the narrow, unfrequented path that led through the glen.

At this time not more than one-third of the regiment were across the river. General Barnes rode into the water and said to them: "Men, hurry up—you are wanted on top of the hill." In a few moments they were all across. As they climbed the hill by the narrow path, they found, near the top, a battery wagon, with its four horses still in harness, that by some mischance had fallen from the path, which was here just wide enough for it. It had caught on some trees and brush and hung between the path and the bottom of the ravine. The horses, tired of rearing and prancing, were quivering and suffering from their vain attempts to extricate themselves. Ricketts, noble, generous soul, fated to be a victim in the coming contest, could not restrain his impetuous humanity, and jumping from the ranks he cut the traces of the struggling animals and released them from their peril. The wagon had evidently belonged to a Confederate battery.

From the top of the bluff it was open country for a mile or more, with occasional cornfields; then the fields changed to forest, and a wide belt of timber skirted the open lands. Farn-

house, barn and hay-stack dotted the plain, and to the right in the distance were the roofs and spires of Shepherdstown.

The report of the staff-officer that the enemy were approaching in force met with ocular confirmation. In front of the timber the musket-barrels of a division, massed in battalion columns, gleamed and glistened in the sunlight. To the right, not half a mile away, a whole brigade was sweeping down with steady tread, its skirmishers, well in advance, moving with firm front; and ere the head of the regimental column had scarce appeared upon the bluff, they opened a desultory, straggling fire.

The teachings of the battalion-drill near Sharpsburg on the day previous now had practical application. In tones indicative of an urgency that demanded speedy execution, the voice of the colonel rang out with clear deliberation: "On right by file into line." Company E, with Lieutenants Hunterson and Lewis, was promptly deployed as a skirmish-line. Advancing but a short distance, it was soon severely engaged, and, unable to resist the heavy pressure, very shortly fell back upon the main line.

At this point Lieutenant Davis, the acting assistant adjutant-general of the brigade, on his way to the right to withdraw other regiments specially assigned to him to retire, observing that the 118th was making no movement to withdraw, but actually becoming engaged, called up the ravine to Lieutenant Kelly, the officer nearest him, to "tell Colonel Prevost, Colonel Barnes directs that he withdraw his regiment at once." The duty of communicating the order to the 118th to withdraw had been delegated to an orderly, a duty which he appears never to have discharged. This information Kelly promptly communicated to his captain, Bankson, who directed him to immediately report it to Colonel Prevost. He went along the line, and finding the colonel in front of the centre—the left was not yet in place—advised him of what he had personally been told.

"From whom did you say you heard this?" inquired the colonel.

“From Lieutenant Davis, of the staff of Colonel Barnes,” replied Kelly.

“I do not receive orders in that way,” was the colonel’s sharp reply; “if Colonel Barnes has any order to give me, let his aid come to me,” and he continued to conduct the formation, the business he was engaged in when Kelly interrupted him.

The formation had been completed only to the colors when the action commenced in earnest. “Before one-half the regiment had gotten into line, with the river in our rear, the enemy began to fire upon us, advancing by battalions in all directions.”* From the beginning the fire of the enemy was tremendous; the rush of bullets was like a whirlwind. The slaughter was appalling; men dropped by the dozens.

Until the alignment was fully perfected from the colors to the left, as the men came into their places under fire some confusion followed, but when the line was completely established the behavior was gallant, orders were obeyed with alacrity, and the soldiers stood up handsomely against a dozen times their number.

About this time it became lamentably apparent that the muskets were in no fit condition for battle. The Enfield rifle, with which the regiment was originally armed, was at its best a most defective weapon, and of a decidedly unreliable pattern. Some of the weapons were too weak to explode the cap. This defect was at first unnoticed in the excitement; cartridge after cartridge was rammed into the barrel under the belief that each had been discharged, until they nearly filled the piece to the muzzle. A few charged cartridge with the bullet down and exploded cap after cap in a vain attempt to fire. Others, after a few shots, with pieces foul and ramrods jammed, instead of seizing the abandoned ones, crowded about the field-officers anxiously inquiring what they should do, while many, calm and free from excitement, were coolly seated upon the ground picking the nipple to clear the vent.

Private Joseph Mchan thus quaintly describes the situation

* Colonel Prevost's official report.

at this time: "I had broken the nipple of my gun and had picked up another gun lying near me, but, as with the first one, I had great trouble in getting it to go off. It made me very angry. I felt that I would give all the world to be able to shoot the advancing foe. I had fired but about a half-dozen shots, where as many again could have been got off had the guns been good for anything. I had taken a pin out and cleaned the nipple, and had raised my rifle for a shot, when I felt what seemed like a blow with a heavy fist on my left shoulder from behind. I did not realize at first that I was shot, feeling no particular pain, but my almost useless arm soon told me what it was."

In Colonel Prevost's official report he states: "We returned their fire as fast as possible, but soon found that our Enfield rifles were so defective that quite one-fourth of them would not explode the caps. Notwithstanding this discouraging circumstance men and officers behaved with great bravery."

Such was the regiment put upon this hill-top to do battle against the veterans of A. P. Hill and Stonewall Jackson. With but twenty days' experience in the field; with no opportunity for drill or instruction, it bravely withstood their onslaught, and with lines intact, except where a murderous slaughter had thinned them, valiantly battled for over half an hour against those overwhelming and tremendous odds. Nor did it yield until the punishment it inflicted was largely commensurate with what, great as it was, it had itself received.

"Nine or ten Confederate brigades took part in this affair, and the Confederates seem to believe that it ended with 'an appalling scene of the destruction of human life.' Jackson, whose words these are, must have been imposed upon by A. P. Hill, who had charge of the operation, and whose report contains these assertions: 'Then commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account

they lost 3,000 men killed and drowned from one brigade alone.*

“‘Or art thou drunk with wine, Sir Knight?
Or art thyself beside?’

“The reader with a taste for figures will observe that this tale of deaths in one brigade alone wants only ten of being a thousand more than all the men killed in the Army of the Potomac on the 16th and 17th of September.”†

The enemy had now succeeded in pressing as close to the front as fifty yards,‡ and the hot fire at such close range was increasing the casualties with frightful fatality. At the same moment he succeeded in developing a regiment across the ravine, completely covering the entire right. The two right companies, under the immediate supervision of the colonel, promptly changed direction by the right flank and gallantly checked the manœuvre. This movement, mistaken by the hard-pressed centre for a withdrawal, induced it to break temporarily, and with the colors in the advance move in some disorder to the rear. Colonel Prevost caught the disorder in time to promptly check it. Heroically seizing the standard from the hands of the color-sergeant and waving it defiantly, he brought the centre back again to the conflict and completely restored the alignment. He was still waving the flag in defiance at the enemy when a musket-ball shattered his shoulder-blade and he was borne to the rear by Corporal Francis Daley, of Company E. The severity of his wound forced him to withdraw entirely from the action.

The command now devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn, to whom the colonel, as he passed him in retiring, formally turned it over. As he withdrew the enemy's lines developed in increased strength. His red cross battle-flags were waving in every direction to the front, and the air was

* He reported his own loss as 261.

† Palfrey's "Antietam," page 129.

‡ Colonel Prevost's official report of the action.

resonant with his peculiar, piercing, penetrating yells. In restoring the line it had been advanced somewhat, and the engagement was thus brought to still closer quarters. The horrors of the battle were intensified. The dead and wounded rapidly increased in numbers; the scene was an awful one. Shouts, cheers and orders were drowned in the roar of musketry and the defiant yells of the foe, who, confident in their overwhelming strength, were sure those who still survived would surrender.

After Colonel Prevost had passed through the ravine, he met Colonel Barnes on the road by the river. To prevent mistakes Colonel Barnes was following up the orderly whom he had directed to carry the orders to "retire." It was a fatal interval between the attempt to prevent mistakes and what had been a most grievous one.

"Where is your regiment?" Colonel Barnes earnestly inquired.

"Fighting desperately on the top of the hill, sir, where you placed it," was the colonel's response.

"Why, I sent you orders to retire in good order."

"I never received them, sir," he replied, "and I am sorry I am too seriously wounded to take them off, for they are suffering dreadfully."

"I will do so myself," replied Colonel Barnes, and hurried away to execute his purpose.

John Siner, of Company C, stated after the fight that while he was retiring through the ravine, wounded in the arm, he met a mounted staff-officer, who, inquiring the whereabouts of his colonel, was told by him he was on the bluff fighting with his regiment. "Go tell him," said he, "to retreat in good order, by order of Colonel Barnes." The kind-hearted fellow, considerate for the welfare of his companions, assumed to do the duty which the staff-officer so improperly delegated to him, and returned to the field to execute his mission. He delivered his message to the first officer he met, but by the time he had communicated it, the regiment had already

broken, and was making the best of its way back to the river. For his pains, Siner was again wounded in the leg, but ultimately managed to escape capture.

Just as Colonel Gwyn assumed the direction of the fight, a rout was imminent. To steady the line and strengthen its weakening confidence, he gave the orders to fix bayonets. To those who heard it, it had something of the desired effect, but in the increasing confusion and unsteadiness it was heard by but few. Where it was heard, it was promptly obeyed.

The officers were untiring and persistent in their efforts to hold their men together. At this critical moment, Captain Courtland Saunders and Lieutenant J. Mora Moss were instantly killed, the former with a musket-ball through the head, and the latter with one through the heart.

Here, too, Captain Ricketts fell while in the act of discharging his pistol. Staggering, he was saved from falling by Private William L. Gabe, who started to assist him to the rear.

"Leave me, Gabe," said the captain, "and save yourself."



LIEUTENANT J. MORA MOSS.

But the brave, generous Gabe would not desist, and again both were shot down together, Gabe wounded, and this time the captain killed. As he fell to the ground he cried, in agony:

"My God! I am shot by my own men."

"Not so," said Gabe, "but by the 'rebs,' who are right on top of us."

And then the enemy's line swept over them, and the captain lived just long enough to know that he was mistaken.

The enemy's stragglers, who followed his advancing lines, stooped over the prostrate body of Ricketts and, against the earnest protest of the wounded Gabe, who still zealously clung

to the body of his fallen chief, proceeded to rifle his pockets. They took his watch, diary, money and everything belonging to him, appropriated his sword to their own use, and stole his coat, vest and boots. The diary, the short *résumé* of his few days' service, they conceived of no use, and considerably returned it to Gabe.

Ricketts was a strong man. His energies were untiring, his sense of duty supreme. He had had a military training; was skilful as a tactician. What he knew, he knew thoroughly. He had fully grasped the principles of his teachings and was apt and ready in their application. His generous sympathy was evidenced by his readiness to relieve the suffering horses, and



CAPTAIN RICKETTS.

his heroic death attested his eminent courage. Fitted for an advancement which the casualties of war would have soon brought him, he was destined thus early in his career for the most honorable of all the soldier's epitaphs: "killed in action."

First Lieutenant William M. McKeen was about this time in the action also most seriously wounded. A shot passed

through his body involving a vital organ. His life was for a long time despaired of. He recovered subsequently, however, to again take a prominent place in the business community.

The enemy also suffered. The 14th South Carolina (A. P. Hill's Division) lost 55 killed and wounded in front of the 118th regiment.

The order to retire, which, with the thickening disasters, had been long hoped for, came at last. The welcome direction, communicated through the loud voice of Adjutant James P. Perot, was repeated hurriedly all along the line. The scene that followed almost beggars description. The brave men who

had contended so manfully against these frightful odds broke in wild confusion for the river. Perot, unable from an injury in early life to keep pace with the rapidly retiring soldiers, remained almost alone upon the bluff. True to the instincts of a genuine courage, he stood erect facing the foe, with his pistol resting on his left forearm, emptying it rapidly of all the loads he had left, when he was severely wounded and ultimately fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Charles H. Hand, who afterwards succeeded him as adjutant, and a number of men were captured with him.

The greater part of the regiment made furiously for the ravine, down which they dashed precipitately. Since the march up, a tree, in a way never accounted for, had fallen across the path. This materially obstructed the retreat. Over and under it the now thoroughly demoralized crowd jostled and pushed each other, whilst, meanwhile, the enemy, having reached the edge of the bluff, poured upon them a fatal and disastrous plunging fire. The slaughter was fearful; men were shot as they climbed over the tree, and their bodies suspended from the branches were afterwards plainly visible from the other side of the river.

Others, who avoided the route by the ravine, driven headlong over the bluff, were seriously injured or killed outright. Among these was Captain Courtney O'Callaghan, who, badly disabled, was never again fitted for active field-service.

An old abandoned mill stood upon the ford road, at the base of the cliff. It completely commanded the ford and the dam-breast. When the last of the fugitives had disappeared from the bluff, the enemy crowded the doors, windows and roof and poured their relentless, persecuting fire upon those who had taken to the water. Numbers, observing the telling effect of the fire upon those who had essayed to the venture of crossing, huddled together and crowded each other in the arches at the base of the bluff; whilst others, hoping to escape the fatal effect of the avenging bullets, took to deeper water and crossed where the stream was deep enough to cover the entire body and leave the head alone exposed.

It was here that Lieutenant Lewis, having previously had his pistol-holster shot away and a musket-ball through the sleeve and another through the skirt of his coat, as he was taking to the water at the breast of the dam, was severely wounded and sent headlong into the stream. Regaining his feet, he ultimately succeeded, with the assistance of Private Patrick Nicholas, in making his way across without other mishap.

In the midst of the rout and confusion the colors had been borne to the water's edge near the dam-breast. At the sight of the terrible fatality attending those preceding him the bearer hesitated to cross. Time was invaluable; the least delay would place the standard in hopeless jeopardy. Major Herring was opportunely at hand. He seized the staff and placing it in the custody of Private William Hummell, of D, directed him to enter the stream. Covering the soldier's body with his own, with the color unfurled and waving with daring taunt, as if defying the enemy to attempt its capture, he successfully made the Maryland shore. A conspicuous mark, it drew towards it a fire resentfully wicked, but both the major and Hummell escaped unscathed.

At this moment a battery from the Maryland side opened heavily. The practice was shameful. The fuses, too short, sent the terrible missiles into the disorganized mass fleeing in disorder before the serious punishment of the enemy's musketry. It was a painful ordeal, to be met in their effort to escape an impending peril by another equally terrible. Shell after shell, as if directly aimed, went thundering into the arches, bursting and tearing to pieces ten or twelve of those who had crowded there for cover. A cry and wail of horror went up, plainly heard above the din and roar of battle. Waving handkerchiefs fixed to ramrods, they endeavored by their signals to warn the gunners to desist, but to no avail; the fatal work continued. Hoping for better treatment, numbers turned with their white insignia of truce towards the enemy and, again ascending to the hill-top, surrendered. The artillerists continued to pound away with an ardor indicative of satisfaction, until Captain B. F.

Fisher and Lieutenant L. R. Fortescue, two officers of the Signal Corps, fortunately detected, with the aid of their long-range telescopes, the damage inflicted, when lengthened fuses and better practice brought their aim more directly towards the accomplishment of its intended purpose.

The dam-breast was still crowded, and here and there across it were the dead, wounded and dying. As the last of the survivors were nearing the Maryland shore, Berdan's Sharpshooters appeared. Deploying hurriedly in the bed of the canal, shouting loudly to those still exposed to seek what cover they could, they opened vigorously with their usual unerring and effective aim and soon almost entirely cleared the other bank. Those who had not yet fully accomplished the entire journey across were thus enabled to complete it in comparative safety. As an officer among the last to cross picked his way over the loose and broken boards, the overcoat that had been fastened around his shoulders by a faithful member of his com-



LIEUTENANT J. RUDHALL WHITE.

pany was firmly grasped by a poor, wounded fellow, who in piteous tones called out: "Help me, captain; for God's sake don't leave me here." Without stopping, he unfastened the coat and left it in the soldier's death-grip, saying he couldn't help him then, but would send after him as soon as he could; but before the captain reached the other side the man's life had fled.

Ephraim Layman, of I, had escaped from the bluff uninjured. While hurrying along the edge of the river he was shot through the body and fell with his feet in the water. He lay in the same position until the following afternoon, when, under the flag of truce, he was removed to the Maryland side and subsequently taken to the hospital at Sharpsburg. There, a few

hours after the ball had been extracted, he expired. Layman had not yet reached his majority. He was of excellent family, and enlisted from motives of the purest patriotism. His early training, earnest purpose and firm determination to be foremost in answer to all demands of duty, were indicative of a promising future.

One of the saddest incidents of this disastrous day happened after the action was really over. Lieutenant J. Rudhall White had passed through the desperate dangers of the contest and had safely landed upon the Maryland shore. As he reached the top of the river-bank he stopped and said: "Thank God! I am over at last." His halt attracted attention and a musket-ball, doubtless directly aimed from the other side by an experienced marksman, ploughed through his bowels. The wound was almost instantly fatal; he died as he was being borne-away.

White was a handsome, soldierly young man of scarce twenty summers. A native of Warrenton, Virginia, at the breaking out of the war he was a young lieutenant in the Black Horse Cavalry, a command subsequently famous in all the campaigns of Virginia. Differing in sentiments from his friends and his family, sacrificing the ties of home and friendship, he determined to defend his convictions with his sword. Firm in his belief that the unrighteous attempt to disrupt the Government should be suppressed, imbued with the purest and highest patriotism, he sought service in the Union army. Instinctively a soldier from principle, his sad and early death interrupted a career that promised the brightest prospects. His short service had secured him the confidence of his superiors and the respect of his soldiers.

The mortality which attended the mess of Ricketts, Moss, White, McKeen and West was singular. They had all been associated as members of Company D of the Gray Reserves, and hence grouped themselves for the closest associations after they took the field. Ricketts, Moss and White were killed outright. McKeen's death subsequently resulted from his

wounds, and West, who now alone survives, escaped a very close shot. A musket-ball cut his coat across the stomach, severing the garment as if by a knife, the lower flap falling to his knee.

The fight was a sad and purposeless affair, with a most disastrous and fatal termination. Yet it secured for the regiment a reputation among its new associates for staying qualities which, maintaining it thoroughly, as it did, down to the very end, bore most excellent fruits.

Experienced soldiers, jealous of their hard-earned glories, are prone, until their mettle is tested, to receive their inexperienced brethren with no boisterous, cheery demonstrations of hearty welcome. This treatment was more pronounced when the soldiers of 1862 joined the Army of the Potomac, as the impression was abroad that their enlistment was prompted solely by a moneyed consideration. Of course, this soon wore away, and the entire army was, as in the beginning, one harmonious whole in feeling, sentiment and purpose.

The 118th's reception in the brigade was not attended by any joyous, gladsome shouts, nor was it exempt from the intimation that its presence at the front was largely due to the paltry shekels. The stolid indifference it met at every hand during the few days' previous to the fight was frequently accompanied with epithets apparently intended to be enduring: "Here come the \$200 boys from Philadelphia," and others of like import. The affair at Shepherdstown, though, wiped everything out. That was a crucial test, and one which conquered the prejudices of men whose trials of battle fitted them to judge of the worth of their fellows. Opprobrious allusions were changed to plaudits, and, for months afterwards, the command was pointed out everywhere to strangers as "the men who fought at Shepherdstown."

Madison, an enlisted man of H, had a sorry experience. Past the prime of life, he was still of wiry, nervous energies. He never shirked duty, and, seeking neither cover nor concealment, had stood up manfully through the heat of the action,

escaping unharmed. In common with many of his fellows, he selected the more exposed dam-breast as a means of more rapid transit over the river. He seemed to be chosen as a special mark for the enemy's resentment. They dealt with him in no unstinted way, and before he had reached the Maryland side five balls had passed into or through his body. The last shot struck him as he almost made the shore and had turned sideways to take a resentful glance at his persecutors. Entering his cheek it passed through both jaws, between the tongue and roof of the mouth. With the pluck and energy of desperation, and maddened to a towering rage, he vented his anger in a frightful howl, and facing squarely about gave his enemies the last shot he ever fired in the army, for his wounds terminated his service, but not his life. He is still a hearty, vigorous man.

Joe Kiersted, of H, was an uncouth, rough, turbulent sort of a fellow, but without bad propensities and a man of brave and generous impulse. He had passed safely through the fight, and successfully made the passage across the river. As he reached the bank on the Maryland side, he called to those around him that Corporal John Monteith was still upon the other side, lying seriously wounded near the edge of the river, and announced a half-formed purpose to return again and bring him back. The Berdan Sharpshooters, overhearing his remark and prompted to encourage such a generous intention, called to him, "Go it, my boy; try it—we'll cover you." Thus strengthened in his kindly purpose, he dashed into the stream, and was soon after seen bearing his wounded comrade back again. He successfully landed poor Monteith upon the shore, and left him to the care of his sympathizing companions.

Kiersted served with his regiment until 1864, when he was transferred to a battery, and killed, gallantly fighting with his guns at Spotsylvania, in May of that year.

Monteith had an ugly wound through the lungs. He had worthily won himself into favor, and was universally known and appreciated throughout the entire command. His injuries

were fatal; he sunk rapidly, and in a few days died at the hospital established at the Episcopal church in Sharpsburg.

Sergeant Joseph Ashbrook, of Company C, was among the badly wounded. A few minutes before the retreat he was shot in the stomach. Believing that he was fatally hurt, and suffering very much, he sought a place to lie down. In doing this he fell half-way down the bluff. In this short time the enemy had advanced to the edge of the bluff and were firing down on the heads of our retreating men. Sergeant Ashbrook, although disabled by his wound and fall, reached the river, where he met Captain Sharwood, of C, who advised him by all means to escape across the river. With difficulty he gained the slimy, half-submerged dam, and while near the Maryland side was again shot, the ball passing through his left thigh. His wounds were so serious that for some time his recovery was doubtful. After an absence of five months he returned to the regiment, joining it at Falmouth. He had not entirely recovered, but was induced to return by the offer of a second lieutenancy in recognition of his gallantry at Shepherdstown. He was afterwards promoted to a first lieutenancy, and finally to the captaincy of Company H; and was brevetted major, to date from July 6, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of the Wilderness and Bethesda Church, Virginia, and during the present campaign before Richmond, Virginia." He also served on the staff of General Bartlett, commanding the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps; and as ordnance-officer on the staff of General Griffin, commanding 1st Division, 5th Army Corps; and in the latter position was detailed to receive the surrendered arms at Appomattox Court-house.

John R. White was first sergeant of G. It had with it but two commissioned officers, Captain Saunders and Lieutenant J. R. White, both of whom had fallen in the Shepherdstown action. After the engagement Sergeant White was summoned to corps head-quarters, where General Fitz-John Porter, after handsomely commending the gallantry of the regiment for the fight it had made, and expressing regret at the severe casualties

that attended it, announced to him that as he had been recommended for promotion by his immediate superiors, he would at once place him on duty as second lieutenant. It was a rather unusual distinction to be placed in virtual commission before muster, but one which White well deserved, and which he subsequently proved his fitness for by rising to the rank of captain.

The announcement of the death of poor Rudhall in the Philadelphia papers threw the two Whites into rather curious confusion. The two names exactly alike, the publication of that of John R. White among the list of killed, brought grief and sorrow to the home of the survivor, and two of his friends, anxious to secure his remains, started immediately for the front, with a pine box prepared for their reception. They made the journey with fitting gravity, and had reached Hagerstown before their solemn countenances were enlivened with the information that the White they were hunting was alive and well, and would be decidedly indisposed to tenant the contracted quarters they had provided for him. Abandoning their undertaker's accompaniment, they continued their journey to the regimental camp, where, after a few days of suitable entertainment, they returned, well satisfied from ocular demonstration that their friend needed no such services as they had proposed to render.

The battle had its humorous side as well. In the early part of the fight one of the members of Company K received a flesh wound in the thigh. The members of the company were startled by a yell that would have done great credit to an Apache, and the beseeching exclamation: "Oh! Captain Ricketts! Oh! Captain Ricketts!" repeated again and again. Looking around to find from whom the exclamation came, the wounded man was seen holding one hand upon the spot where the ball had struck, while, the other hand meantime waving wildly in the air, he was hopping around the field in an impromptu war-dance upon one foot, occasionally letting the other touch the ground. The boys, who, for several reasons, did not just then feel especially mirthful, were compelled to laugh at

this grotesque and singular exhibition. The wound was a comparatively slight one.

Another member of Company K, John Burke, got a buck-shot in his leg. He went, after the fight, to the surgeon, who extracted the shot and gave him a quinine pill. "What shall I do with it, doctor?" said John. "Shall I put it in the hole?"

A captain of one of the companies, seeking comforts not suitable to the occasion, during the fight ensconced himself behind some scrubby bushes near the top of the bluff, with his back to the regiment. As the bullets began to whistle by he thought he had stirred up a yellow-jackets' nest. Waving his sword with one hand, shouting at the same time, "Give it to them, boys!" he kept the other hand in vigorous and unremitting motion, brushing the supposed yellow-jackets away from his face and ears.

The next day, Sunday, the sun shone brightly and the soft air of early autumn caused a lassitude peculiar to the latitude and location.

It was too soon for reminiscence, but thought and talk ran free and full of the stirring moments of yesterday. There was a better comprehension of the individual heroism with which all had so nobly borne for the first time such a desperate shock of battle. There was a fuller realization of the loss of those who, in the service of their country, the fates had summoned thus early to sacrifice their patriotic lives.

A picket-detail was posted upon the river-bank, in full view of the bluff on the opposite shore and the battle-ground. Occasional shots required tact and activity to find cover from exposure, or called for careful marksmanship to silence the more experienced adversary. The silent forms of the dead, killed in the fight, were in plain view. It was a sorrowful sight. The ground being within the enemy's line, there was no opportunity to effect decent burial or to administer comfort and consolation to a possibly ebbing life.

An incident of the day, unusual in the story of wars, is worthy of exhaustive mention.

The sensibilities of Lieutenant Lemuel L. Crocker had been aroused by the necessary abandonment of the dead and wounded, left uncared for and unattended in the precipitate withdrawal. He entreated Colonel Barnes so earnestly for permission to go and care for the forsaken ones, that the colonel, fully comprehending the impropriety of the request, at last reluctantly consented to present it to General Fitz-John Porter, the corps commander. It met with a flat, emphatic refusal. There was no communication with the enemy, and it was not proposed to open any. War was war, and this was neither the time nor the occasion for sentiment or sympathy. But Crocker was not to be deterred in his errand of mercy, and, in positive disregard of instructions, proceeded deliberately, fully accoutred with sword, belt and pistol, to cross the river at the breast of the dam. It was a novel spectacle for an officer, armed with all he was entitled to carry, to thus commence a lonesome advance against a whole army corps. Bound upon an unauthorized mission of peace and humanity, a little experience might have taught him his reception would have been more cordial if he had left his weapons at home. Still, it was Crocker's heart at work, and its honest, manly beats bade him face the danger.

He found the bodies of Saunders, Ricketts and Moss, and Private Mishaw badly wounded, but still alive. He was bearing them, one by one, upon his shoulders to the river-bank, when he was suddenly interrupted by an orderly from General Porter, who informed him that he was instructed to direct him to return at once or he would order a battery to shell him out. His reply was: "Shell and be damned!" He didn't propose to return until the full purpose of his undertaking had been accomplished.

The orderly thus abruptly disposed of, he continued his operations, when he was again interrupted by an authority which, if it failed to command respect, could enforce obedience. He had carried all the bodies to the bank, and was returning for the wounded Mishaw, when a Confederate general—whom

Crocker always thought was Lee, but in this he was evidently mistaken—accompanied by a numerous staff, came upon the ground. An aide-de-camp rode up, inquiring, with some asperity—explaining that no flag of truce was in operation—as to who and what he was, his purpose in being there, and by whose authority.

Crocker's work, which he had conducted wholly himself, had put him in a sorry plight. He was of large frame, muscular, and finely proportioned. He had carried the bodies over his left shoulder and was absolutely covered with blood and dirt, almost unrecognizable as a soldier, and his voice and form alone indicated his manhood. His reply was prompt and ingenuous: he had been refused permission to cross by his corps commander, to whom he had made his purpose known; the dead and wounded of the regiment that fought on that ground yesterday were of the blood of Philadelphia's best citizens, and, regardless of the laws of war and the commands of his superiors, he was of opinion that humanity and decency demanded that they be properly cared for, which, no one else attempting, he had determined to risk the consequences and discharge the duty himself. The simplicity and earnestness of this reply prompted the further interrogation as to how long he had been in the service. "Twenty days," responded Crocker. The gentle "I thought so" from the lips of the veteran general showed that the ingenuousness and sincerity had wholly captured him. He bade him continue his labors until they were fully completed, pointed out a boat on the shore that he could utilize to ferry his precious freight across the stream, and surrounded the field with a cordon of cavalry patrols to protect him from further molestation or interruption.

But Crocker had a host of troubles to face upon his return. He had openly violated the positive commands of his superior; he had been shamefully insulting to the messenger who bore his superior's instructions, and had acted in utter disregard of well-known laws governing armies confronting each other. Still, there was something about the whole affair so honest, so

earnest, and so true, that there was a disposition to temporize with the stern demands of discipline. And he had fully accomplished his purpose—all the bodies and the wounded man were safely landed on the Maryland side. However, he was promptly arrested.

Colonel Barnes, who had watched him through all his operations, was the first of his superiors who was prompted to leniency, and he accompanied him to corps head-quarters to intercede in his behalf. They were ushered into the presence of General Porter, who, shocked at such a wholesale accumulation of improprieties, and angered to a high tension by such positive disobediences, proceeded, in short and telling phrases, to explain the law and regulations—all of which, if Crocker didn't know before he started, he had had full opportunity to gather in during his experiences.

Then followed moments of painful silence, and the general inquired whether he had seen a gun which the regulars had left upon the other side the day before, and if so, what was the likelihood of its recovery. Crocker replied that he had not, but had noticed a caisson, and that he did not consider it likely it would ever come back. Returning to the subject, the general continued his reproof; but, considering his inexperience, unquestioned courage, and evident good intentions, he finally yielded, concluding that the reprimand was sufficient punishment, and released him from arrest and restored him to duty.

As incidents in Crocker's career appear from time to time through these pages, it will be noted that these early manifestations of his daring, pluck and energy intensified as the years grew and the occasions thickened.

During the first tour of picket-duty performed after the Shepherdstown fight, an incident occurred which brought Major Herring, who had command of the line, into rather a stormy word combat with a couple of officers, who subsequently identified themselves as of the regular army, and aides on the staff of General McClellan. The line extended along the banks in the direction of the stone piers of the old bridge.

Everything was remarkably quiet when Herring, about noon, received word that two officers, representing themselves to be from army head-quarters, and claiming to be under a flag of truce, were desirous of crossing the river. Presenting no evidence of their authority to enter the enemy's lines, personally unknown, and with no identification, they were held to await instructions. Lieutenant Hess, of the 13th New York State

Capt. Custer of Genl. Mc. Chellan's
Staff. with flag of truce desires to pass.
Aerol. has no pass. and don't like
to wait for orders from H'd Q. no
one here can identify him
C. D. sleep

Let 13th N.Y.S.V.

If he has anything to identify him as
a bearer of despatches or what he represents
himself. Let him pass. Capt Custer is an
aide of Genl Mc Chellan. F. J. Porter
Maj. Genl Comd

FAC-SIMILE OF THE COMMUNICATION.

Volunteers, on whose front they first approached, to expedite matters, before conducting them to Major Herring had sent a written communication to corps head-quarters for advice. When they reached Herring their detention had aroused their ire, and one, who announced himself as Captain Custer, of the regular army, afterwards the general of famous cavalry repute, became very abusive of the volunteers. Their incompetency and unfitness for outpost duty was what he most dwelt upon, and as the

delay increased his language and manner grew more offensive. But Herring, who was really lenient in not arresting them, calmly repelled their insinuations and bade them content themselves, for until he should be advised as to what to do with them, with him they must remain. Meanwhile General Porter's message to let them pass, if they could be properly identified, came to hand, but as yet there was no means of identification. While the parley continued, Custer insisting and Herring refusing, Captain Peters, also of the regulars, whom Herring knew, rode up, and addressing Custer by name, the affair concluded in a very friendly spirit by the two being permitted to continue their journey.

The following from the pen of Joseph Meehan, of Company A, is quaintly and truthfully earnest. So honest a description of a battle experience has rarely appeared :

"Towards evening on the 19th our colonel rode up to our front and called for fifty volunteers to take a rebel battery, across the river, five being wanted from each company. I responded the second man from my company. I gave my watch and purse to our sergeant to keep for me, my kit to a comrade, and, with a general hand-shaking all around, we were off.

"Clearing a woods between us and the river, we found our artillery posted facing the river. We had a good step to go through an open field before gaining the river. The artillery opened over our heads, under cover of which we reached the river-bank, receiving a volley from the enemy's infantry on the opposite side as we advanced, which, however, did us no harm. Wading a canal knee-deep in water, we laid flat on the ground, as the rebel pickets were firing across at us. Waiting this way perhaps half an hour, word came to us that the battery had been captured by another body of troops acting in conjunction with us, and we returned quietly to camp. Our colonel made a complimentary speech to us on our behavior, and took a list of those who had volunteered.

"As this was my first time actually under infantry fire, I was greatly excited. My feelings are hard to describe. When

walking across the open field, with the artillery firing overhead and the rebels firing at us, I felt afraid. My heart beat tumultuously. I thought I might be killed, and had no wish to die. I longed to live, and thought myself a fool for voluntarily placing myself in the army. Yet I had no idea at all of turning back. My feelings were, that if ordered to go on, I would go, but gladly would I have welcomed the order, 'About face.' By the time the river was reached I was much calmer, the dread was working off me, and while not eager, as I had been to start, I felt that if we crossed the river and charged the rebels I could do what the rest could.

"The next day, the 20th of September, ushered in Shepherdstown, a name that will never be forgotten by those of the 118th who were there. I had gone with my tent-mate, Fairbrother, for water, a distance of nearly a mile. On our return to camp, about 9 A. M., we found the regiment just moving. We had barely time to put on our knapsacks and fall into line with the rest.

"Reaching the Potomac, many of us took off our shoes and stockings and rolled up our pants; others did not. When nearly across I began to hear stray shots on the rebel side, which continued as we advanced. My first knowledge of immediate danger came when forming on the rebel shore. Lieutenant Wilson admonished us to be sure and pay attention to our officers' orders, and all would be well. Turning to the right, we hurried a short distance, then taking a turn to the left ascended a hill by the aid of low bushes which grew on the slope, reaching the top of a high bluff. Here we found firing already going on between our skirmishers and the rebels. Our boys began to look very serious indeed. I did not feel one bit alarmed. My little experience of the previous night, I suppose, took fear from me. I remember distinctly the feeling of indifference, so different from the evening before. I can truly say that at no time during the fight which came had I the least fear, or desire to turn back.

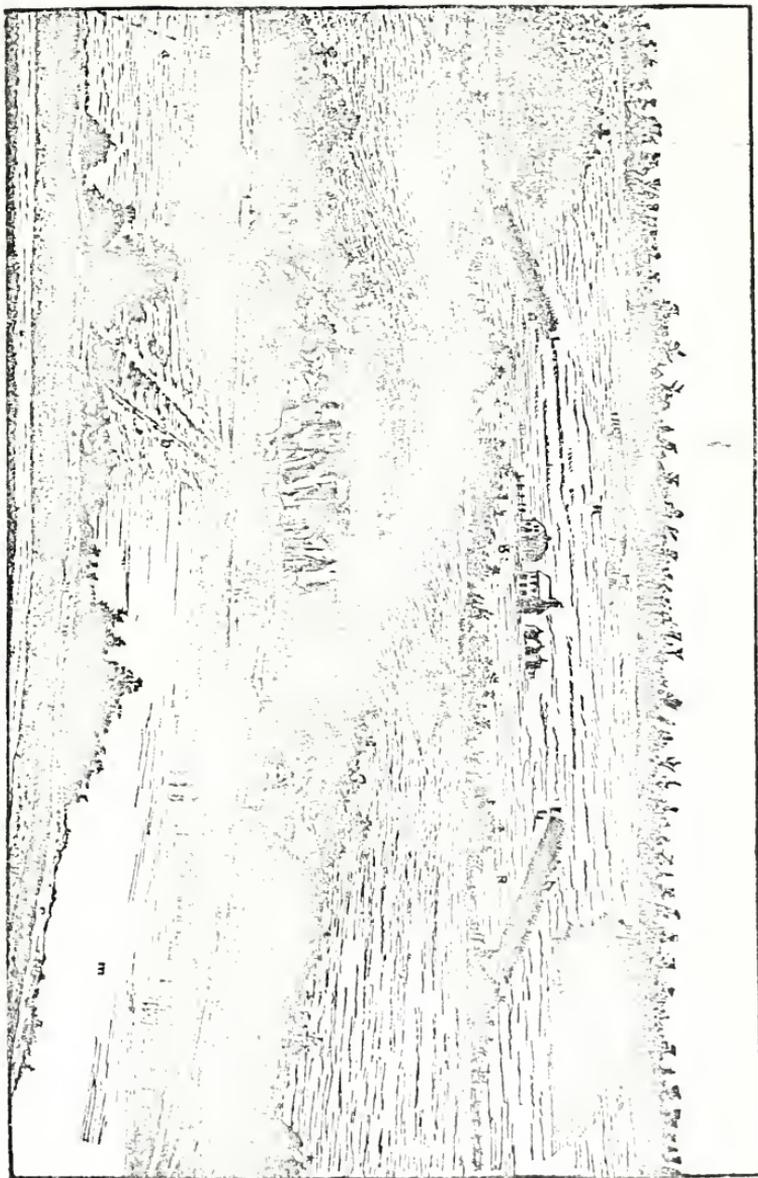
"We were soon formed in line of battle along the crest of the

bluff. We at first knelt down, then in a little while advanced a few steps. The rebels were now in full view, dodging about behind the trees and running along by a rail fence a good distance off. About this time our orderly-sergeant got off his first shot; my own immediately followed, the second in our company. The rebel fire and our own now became brisk.

“There was considerable confusion among our men and much noise, from the suddenness with which we found ourselves called into a brisk fight. A cry reached me about this time to fix bayonets. Who gave it I do not know. I shouted the order loudly to those about me. Captain O’Neil, who was near me, asked me what I said. I replied: ‘They are calling to fix bayonets.’ He raised his voice and called out: ‘Fix bayonets;’ but there were but few besides myself who did it. The rebels were now approaching quite close. I had broken the nipple of my gun and had picked up another gun lying near me, but, as with the first one, I had great trouble in getting it to go off. It made me very angry; I felt that I would give all the world to be able to shoot the advancing foe. I had fired but about a half-dozen shots, when as many again could have been got off had the guns been good for anything.

“I had taken a pin out and cleaned the nipple, and had raised my rifle for a shot when I felt what seemed like a blow with a heavy fist on my left shoulder from behind. I did not realize at first that I was shot, feeling no particular pain, but my almost useless arm soon told me what it was. I called to our orderly-sergeant that I was shot. He made no reply, probably not understanding me.

“I then took my first look back of me, and found myself very nearly alone. Two wounded men, McElroy and Tibben, of Company A, were right behind me on the ground. I passed them both, and began to descend the hill with numerous others. There was great disorder. About half-way down, among the brush, an officer was trying to stem the tide of descent. I slid down the slope, with my one free arm to aid me, and reaching the road at the bottom of the bluff ran a short distance till I



BATTLE-FIELD OF SHEPPERSSTOWN.

came to three archways in the hill. Into the first of these I got for protection. Two other wounded men were there and three others, one of whom was John Bray, one of my tent-mates. Our artillery at this time was shelling the heights to cover our retreat. The shells fell short, and one of them exploded in the archway next to me, tearing almost off the leg of Corporal James Wilson, who was therein for shelter.

“Those of us who were in the arches did not know what to do. The shells seemed directed at us, they struck the bluff above us, and sent the stones down in our front. Many splashed in the water alongside of us. Expecting to be hit every minute, some of my companions deemed it safer to surrender to the rebels, and actually fixed a white handkerchief to a bayonet, and started to go up the hill again, but they changed their minds.

“From our retreat we witnessed a scene of great excitement. Men were trying to get across the river, the bullets dropping about them like hail. One or two were swimming, as being a safer plan. A breakwater ran across the river near us, and it contained many dead and wounded men. Nearly all of our party left to go across when the firing slackened, except the wounded men.

“A tribute here should be given to John Bray, who when asked if he was going, refused to go, saying he would stay with the wounded men. A little later he and I determined to try it, first getting for poor Wilson a canteen of water from the river, he asking, ‘in God’s name,’ for a drink of water. Looking at my own canteen here, I found it, too, had been hit, a ball having struck it with force enough to make a hole in one side, but not going clean through. With Bray helping me on my wounded side, we struck into the river. We passed many dead and some who were but wounded. One man asked us, again in God’s name, for help, which we could not render. Near our own side of the river we passed one who was completely under water. We raised his head above the water, when voices from our side bid us to hurry over at once.

“ We got across safely, and I was put into a temporary shed with other wounded men, and later in the day, assisted by comrades Evans and Scout, taken to an ambulance, which transported me and two others to Sharpsburg, where a church had been turned into a hospital for the wounded men.”

Dr. Joseph Thomas thus graphically describes his experience within the enemy's lines immediately after the Shepherdstown affair :

“ On the afternoon following the day of the fight, soon after Crocker had brought the dead bodies of the officers over, on going down to the river near the dam, I heard the cries of the wounded on the other side, still lying upon the battle-field and calling for help. I resolved to go over and render them aid. Taking with me a companion (one of the hospital attendants), supplied with bandages and case of instruments, I went across the dam without let or hindrance, except the splash of a few rifle-balls in the water a distance off, fired by our own pickets. I discovered several dead men of our regiment still lying on the broken breastwork of the dam. Reaching the opposite side of the river, back of the mill, we proceeded up the ravine until we came to the plateau above. Here a considerable number of the killed still lay, and the wounded that had screamed for help.

“ There were, perhaps, a score of them, so badly injured as to be incapable of locomotion or movement. We washed and bathed their wounds, supplied them with water, administered a dose of anodyne, and promised to have them removed as soon as possible.

“ While we were engaged at this work, a mounted vidette came up, and inquired our business there and authority. Pointing to my green sash and case of instruments, I answered, ‘ Can't you see that we are surgeons attending to the wounded ? ’ He replied, ‘ All right ; go on, and when you are through here I will conduct you to the rear some distance, to a house ; where you will find more of your wounded. ’ I agreed to accompany him. Then, following him along a pathway through

the dense undergrowth (I should say half a mile), we came to a house. Here we found some twenty men, nearly half of them being rebel soldiers, and the rest of our regiment, wounded, but not severely. They all appeared happy and very friendly.

“On inquiring whether they had any food, they pointed to a kettle over the fire containing a chicken and some potatoes cooking, and answered: ‘We are doing well enough.’ The Johnnies spoke up, and said: ‘We will take care of the boys when we find them unarmed and wounded, as brothers, but when they come with arms in their hands, we are always ready to meet them.’

“We left them and returned under the guidance of the vidette, who appeared a very kind-hearted fellow. We came back from the plateau on the right, reaching the Shepherdstown road, approached the dam, passed through the rapid sluice with effort, recrossed the river and reported our experience. An effort was made to have the wounded brought over. This was done that evening or next morning, under a flag of truce.”

The narrative of Sergeant H. T. Peck's experience as a prisoner of war, subsequent to his Shepherdstown capture, he relates with telling effect.

“After the engagement of September 20th, the prisoners were detained several hours by the rebels in a little grove half a mile north of the battle-field and on a road leading from Shepherdstown. None of the rebel main body was seen by us, only the guard, a company of about fifty men, and General Hill, who came, with his staff and escort, to look at us. Towards evening we were marched several miles away, where we remained in a woods till next afternoon, Sunday. In the morning a portion of Stonewall Jackson's corps encamped near us, and we had nearly all day a constant stream of gray-coated visitors, who were very good-natured in their intercourse.

“The rebel troops were remarkably orderly. Religious services in the afternoon were largely attended by them, if it is

proper to judge by the volume of voices heard singing Methodist hymn-tunes in several parts of their camp. Late in the day we were marched some five or six miles conformably with a movement of the rebel corps.

“Our men were subsisting on the food they had in haversacks at the time of the battle, together with what corn ‘pone’ they could buy from the rebel soldiers. Some who were without money went a little short of food, but there was no suffering at all, the luckier ones dividing with the others quite liberally. In the morning, Monday, rations of wheat flour and bacon were issued to us. The latter was very acceptable and useful. The flour, though good in quality, was entirely useless to our men since they, unlike the Confederates, were without skill in cooking it and had no opportunity of trading it for bread or meat.

“Shortly after receiving rations we commenced our march to Winchester. Reaching Martinsburg at about ten o’clock, we passed first through the better part of the town. Few men were to be seen, but many of the women came to their doors or windows to see us pass and fling at us bitter exclamations. We were called Yankee devils, murderers and thieves, and our guard was begged to strangle or shoot us. It was the young ladies especially who fired at us this quality of animosity. At the other end of the town, the locality of more humble homes, our reception was materially different. Women and children came to us from all directions with a profusion of lunches of bread and meat and cakes, and in many instances with jars of preserves, their choicest dainties, which they really could ill afford to part with. The guards offered no objection to these contributions, and indeed congratulated us on our good luck.

“These women belonged to the families of mechanics employed mostly in the extensive railroad shops located here, and were presumably from the North.

“While halted a few miles out of Martinsburg, a mounted Confederate, a guerilla probably, got into some dispute with one of our men, drew his pistol and made such earnest threats

to use it, the captain of our guard ordered some of his men to cover the braggart with their muskets, which, we felt assured, he would have had used if the guerilla had injured any of our party.

“While halted for rest near the town of Bunker Hill, a rebel band, out of sight, but near by in the woods, gave us a surprise, probably more pleasant than they imagined, by playing the Star Spangled Banner.

“In Winchester we were consigned to the court-house and the inclosure between it and the street. There was already in these precincts a crowd of some 300 rebels, stragglers, conscripts and the riff-raff a provost-guard can pick up—a miserable lot—who did not fraternize with our men, and who were so filthy in clothing and habits that our men remained of choice in the open yard without tents or blankets, even during nights of hoarfrost, to avoid contact with those in the court-house, which we were otherwise free to occupy.

“Rations issued to us here were raw beef and flour, but no arrangements were provided for cooking—not even a stick of wood for fire. At our request the officer of the guard permitted one of our non-commissioned officers to go, under guard, about the town to bargain for the cooking of the food. A baker traded us bread, pound for pound, for flour, and a woman engaged to boil the beef for a moderate sum of money, which we collected from our party. In the beef-boiling transaction our contract turned out to be imperfect; the agreement on the part of the female was to boil the meat. It was boiled, but so thoroughly no two shreds of it would hold together. There was probably a good profit in the soup from a hundred and fifty pounds of beef. Our allowance from the rebel commissary was a pound of flour and half a pound of meat per day.

“Every afternoon while we were here a neatly-dressed mulatto girl came to the court-house yard with a large loaf of bread, a lump of butter and a kettle of two or three gallons of delicious soup. She invariably delivered the gift to one of our

sergeants, who most probably had been pointed out to her as we passed through the street on our way to the court-house as a proper person to receive it. The girl could not be induced to tell the sergeant who sent the food, saying: 'I darsent tell her name for fear of these (rebel) soldiers, but my missis sends it.' It was hoped the Union lady learned from the rather stupid girl how more than thankful we were for her timely and touching gift.

"One morning a young lady we had frequently noticed as the recipient of many attentions from Confederate officers came to the railing and, calling to one of our party, said: 'Sergeant, you are to be paroled in a few days (this was our earliest report about it) and sent home. I wish, if you see General Shields when you return, you would give him Belle Boyd's compliments, and say she would be happy to see him in the valley again.'

"Owing to restricted diet and exposure, without any covering whatever from the frosty night air, all of our men suffered more or less with dysentery. No medical attention was offered them. Their previous robust health, however, and the hope of soon getting back to our own lines, kept them up, and not one became helpless.

"For one or two nights we had small but very hot fires made of beef bones, which we found burn surprisingly well. On the morning we were sent away we were brought into the court-house, one by one, to sign the following parole paper:

"I, —, do solemnly swear that I will not do or undertake any act or exert any influence in favor of or for the advantage of the United States; or against the government of the Confederate States; and that I will not divulge anything that I have seen or heard, or may see or hear, to the prejudice of the Confederate States; or engage in any military act whatsoever during the present war until regularly included in an authorized exchange of prisoners.

"Sworn before me this 29th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, at Winchester, Virginia.

"MAJOR W. KYLE.

"By order of GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

"To one who signed nearly the last, the rebel captain having

the document remarked: 'Why, I find all your men can write their own names.'

"We marched out of Winchester at 9 or 10 in the morning, and soon reached the hills to the eastward; thence all the way to Harper's Ferry we passed through a country very beautiful in a dress of early autumn foliage. We were pushed on at a rapid gait, as our guard was at this time a detachment of mounted men, but, having no load to carry, we were not inordinately fatigued. We bivouacked beside a mountain stream



ADJUTANT JAMES P. PEROT.

and resumed the march early in the morning, passing through Charlestown, of John Brown fame. We came to our outposts, a short distance from Harper's Ferry, late in the afternoon. A flag of truce was sent in and we were promptly transferred to the Federal commandant of pickets."

One personal incident, however, appears to have escaped Peck. While idling away his time as a prisoner, he picked up

a stray cap of the regiment, abandoned upon the battle-field. Removing a metal figure "1" from its front, he placed it opposite the regimental number on his own, thus increasing the numerals to the enormous size of 1118. It was deftly done and calculated to make even a close observer believe that the figures had all been placed there at one time and were intended to mean what they purported. These extravagant figures soon attracted attention. A Confederate officer, startled at their high proportions, inquired earnestly from what State the wearer of the cap hailed. "Pennsylvania," was the prompt reply. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed; "is Pennsylvania running into the thousands? With that State alone with 1,118 regiments in the field, how can the poor Confederacy ever expect to succeed!" And he strolled on, apparently, for the moment at least, yielding to the deception.

The following incident from the pen of Major Henry Kyd Douglass, formerly of Stonewall Jackson's staff, is of intense interest and connects itself in proper sequence with matters incident to Shepherdstown.

"Several weeks after the battle of Antietam, when our headquarters were at Bunker Hill, I went to Shepherdstown to hear something, if possible, from home. My father lived on the Maryland side of the Potomac, on the crest of a hill, which overlooked the river, the town, and the country beyond. The Potomac was the dividing line between the two States and the two armies, and the bridge that once spanned it there had been burned early in the war.

"It was a bright and quiet day, and from the Virginia cliffs I saw the enemy's pickets lying lazily along the canal tow-path or wandering over the fields. Up against the hill I saw rifle-pits in a field in front of my home, and blue-coats evidently in possession of it; and then I saw my father come out of the house and walk off towards the barn. I saw no one else except soldiers. It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned away and down to the river to water my horse. As I rode into the stream several cavalrymen rode in on the other side;

they saluted me by lifting their hats and I returned their salute. They invited me, laughingly, to come over, and I, being intensely anxious to hear something from home, replied that I would meet them in the middle of the river. They at once drew out of the water and dismounted, and so did I and the courier who was with me. Half a dozen of them got into the ferry-boat, which was on their side, and we embarked in a leaky skiff, my courier using a paddle which he found at hand. We met the enemy's man-of-war in the middle of the stream and grappled it, while it was held in place with poles by its boatmen. After the first greetings the captain of the gunboat (he was only a sergeant, by the way) said to me: 'I see you are a staff-officer.' My blunt courier broke in gruffly: 'Yes, and don't you think it devilish hard for a man to be this near home and not be able to speak to his father or mother?'

"This exposure of my identity was the very thing I did not wish. The sergeant looked a little astonished and replied: 'So you are Captain Douglass, of General Jackson's staff, are you? We knew that the old gentleman on the hill has two sons in the Confederate army, one on the general's staff.' When I acknowledged his correctness, he said, with much earnestness, that I must get into their boat and go over to see my family. I began to protest that it would not do, when one of the others broke in: 'Say, get in, captain; get in. If this Government can be *busted* up by a rebel soldier going to see his mother, why, damn it, let it *bust!*'

"There was a laughing chorus of assent to this that shook my doubts. I told my blue-coated friends that there was no officer among them, and that any officer who caught me on the other side might not recognize their safeguard and I might be detained. The sergeant replied that all their officers were in Sharpsburg at a dinner, and, at any rate, this party would pledge themselves to return me safely. It was an occasion for some risk and I took it. I got into the large boat and my courier came along in his skiff 'to see fair play,' as he grimly said.

“When we reached the Maryland shore, the soldiers on the bank crowded down to the boats, and soon, Yankee-like, were in full tide of questions, especially about Stonewall Jackson. As I had declined to leave our ships for the purpose of going up to my home, a cavalryman had gone to the house, under spur, to notify my family of my arrival. My mother soon made her appearance, very much frightened, for she believed I could only be there as a prisoner. My father, not being allowed to leave his premises without permission, could not come. As my mother approached, the soldiers, at a signal from the sergeant, drew away and sat down on the tow-path, where they and my courier interviewed each other.

“As this strange meeting gave my mother more anxiety than comfort, it was a brief one. Nothing passed between us, however, that could ‘bust the Government’ or bring trouble on the sergeant and his men. When my mother left and took her stand upon the canal bank to see us safely off, the soldiers gathered about me to have a little talk, but I did not tarry. I gave the sergeant and his crew of the man-of-war my autograph upon sundry slips of paper, and told them that if the fortune of war should make them prisoners, the little papers might be of service to them if sent to General Jackson’s head-quarters.

“As we took our leave and got into our skiff, the chivalric, manly sergeant said to me: ‘We belong to (I think) the 1st New York Cavalry. My parents live on the banks of the Hudson, and what I have done for you, I’d like some one to do for me if in the same fix. While I’m here I’ll keep an eye on your home and people and do what I can for them’ (and he did). And as the skiff moved over the water and took me from home again, I raised my hat to my ‘good friend, the enemy,’ and they stood along the shore, in response, with uncovered heads; and then I waved it to my father, who stood on the stone wall which crowns the hill and gazed, but made no sign; and then to my mother on the bank, who, seeing me safely off, waved her handkerchief with a tremulous flutter, and then hid her face in it as she turned and hurried away.

"I was glad to learn afterwards that no harm came to the sergeant for his rash kindness to me. I have forgotten his name, if he ever told me, but I hope he lived to return safely to his folks on the banks of the Hudson.

"It is such touches as this that lighten up the inhumanities of war.

Verifying Letter Pertaining to Crocker's Crossing the River.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 26, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR:—On my return home I received your favor of the 20th inst. I remember well our conversation about the battle on the Virginia side of the Potomac, after the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and I also remember well the battle, as I was in the attacking party. We never forgot the feeling that ran through us about the time we got the order to go forward. We had hardly started before the bullets began to whiz about our heads, which did not help to soften the first feeling.

It would give me great pleasure to give you the information you ask for if it were possible for me to do so. I was then a lieutenant-colonel commanding a regiment, and knew little of what was going on, except the fighting department, under orders, and what I could surmise from movements of troops and my maps of the country; but I know that Jackson's entire corps was present at the time you speak of, and almost all of A. P. Hill's division of this corps was in the advance in the battle mentioned.

Our brigadier (Branch) had been killed at Sharpsburg, and the brigade was at this time commanded by Lane, the senior colonel. I was standing on the precipice near the river, and remember well seeing the officer cross the river with the white handkerchief as a flag, but I do not know who the general officer was that received him, for I did not witness this. I do not see how I can find this out for you, especially as so many who were there were afterwards killed; in fact, A. P. Hill, and every brigadier-general that belonged to his division, I think, was since then killed, but one, and he lives in Mississippi. I regret exceedingly that I am unable to get for you the information you wish.

If I had only been acquainted with you the time you were lying at the hospital wounded, after this battle, I might have done something for you, to have given a reason for the kind attention I have received from your father and his family; but it came without this from me. But I believe I would have treated you well if I had met you there; that is, after the fight was over.

It was queer to see how we would shoot at each other, and how friendly we all would be when a flag of truce was pending.

I am yours, very truly,
(Signed) R. F. HOKE.

TO MAJOR SAMUEL N. LEWIS.

Colonel Hoke was a major-general in C. S. A. before the war ended.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM SHEPHERDSTOWN TO FREDERICKSBURG.



THE same ground near Blackford's Ford, from which the regiment moved to the fight at Shepherdstown on the 20th, was its home until the latter part of October, when the entire army began another advance into Virginia.

The camp was in the fringe of timber; a slightly sloping knoll rose in its front, separating it from the empty canal and the Potomac. This knoll was manned all along its crest by Parrott guns in battery, concealed in the timber; there were no artillerymen with them, and the only support in the immediate neighborhood was the regiment. The guns were evidently planted to command the plain upon the other side.

Blackford's house, to which Colonel Prevost and others of the wounded were carried after the fight, and from the owner of which the ford derived its name, was upon the road to the right of the camp. In the distance, a mile or so to the right, on the Virginia side, Shepherdstown, with its few red roofs and single spire peeping up from its grove of trees, was plainly visible.

It is doubtful whether any of the new organizations were for so long a time so illy provided with the comforts and shelter that often make well-regulated camp-life a fair substitute for homes and firesides. Up to this time there was not a tent

or piece of canvas in the command. Unused to exposure and inexperienced in improvising shelter, quarters constructed of boughs, trees and bush were but poor substitutes for the tight and cosy "dog-houses"—such was the familiar name for the shelter-tents—which whitened the country in every direction. Houseless and homeless, the discomforts increased through the chill October nights; but officers and men were alike inconvenienced, and all bore it uncomplainingly. Shelter-tents and gum-blankets were not issued until just before the encampment broke up.

The pressure of the march had been so continuous, there had been really no opportunity for tactical instruction. Such a season of relief from the every-day tramp was much needed, nor was the occasion neglected. The weather and the grounds were favorable, and with drills, company and battalion, inspections, guard-mounting, guard-duty and dress-parades, the regiment left Blackford's Ford a fairly instructed and decidedly a well disciplined set of men. Much knowledge was also gathered of the watchful care and individual responsibility needed in the performance of picket-duty. The regiment picketed the river-bank, with details by no means light, from the camp up the river to the piers of the old foot-bridge opposite Shepherds-town. Part of the time the enemy occupied the other side, and their proximity demanded unusual alertness and constant activity.

Most of the wounded from the field of the 20th remained in the hospitals about Sharpsburg. Their weary, lonesome hours were cheered by frequent visits from their companions, encamped so long in the close vicinity.

Invigorating autumn weather, clear, crisp evenings, good camping-ground, and some leisure following the stirring times of Antietam, stimulated invention to bestir itself for inspiring entertainment.

A gentleman beyond middle life had been assigned as a regimental assistant-surgeon. In the command in which his assignment placed him were a bright lot of young officers, little



Jos. Thomas.

SURGEON 118TH PENNA. VOLS.

disposed to restraint when any scheme was suggested indicating fun, no matter how extravagant or at whose expense.

These sprigs determined to put the new doctor through an examination, conducted with all formality, the result of which was to decide his efficiency and determine whether his capacities entitled him to retention. Selecting "Speedwell," a fanciful conception, for an unheard-of Maryland town, they located the head-quarters of the army there, and published the special order organizing the board of examiners, dated, "Head-quarters Army of the Potomac, Camp near Speedwell, Maryland, October 30, 1862." The order designated the doctor as the only officer on which it operated and announced the detail, which included the surgeon, as entirely of the officers of his own regiment. Neither the mythical location nor the fact that officers only of his regiment, and none of these save one of the medical profession, aroused suspicion, and the doctor prepared himself for the approaching test.

He was told his green sash, the military designation of his professional rank on all occasions of examination, was required to be worn like an "officer of the day," across the shoulder instead of round the waist. Accordingly on the evening selected, for the order named the hour for the board to convene as 7 P. M., the doctor presented himself in full uniform, with his sash displayed as he had been instructed. There sat the promoters of the scheme—they had named themselves as the members of the board—in a hospital tent that had been suitably prepared for the occasion, arrayed in all becoming dignity.

The surgeon had been named as president and the adjutant as recorder. First the quartermaster plied questions on trains, subsistence, issues and accounts. Then the adjutant sifted out a number of insolvable tactical problems. The doctor made some attempts at answers, but uttered no complaint at the character of the interrogatories. When the surgeon took hold of him on his medical attainments he passed most satisfactorily. The examination over, the doctor was politely dismissed, and when he was far enough away the suppressed laughter was

given a vent. After it was over all thoughts were turned as to how to get out of it, when the old gentleman tumbled to the situation. It was a long time before he did, and then not until the excuses of the usual head-quarter's delays had ceased to satisfy him as a reason for his not knowing the result. Ultimately the chaplain's aid was invoked. He was the doctor's best friend, and succeeded, after he disclosed how he had been trifled with, in so quieting his wrath as to prevent him bringing his persecutors to answer for their escapade.

Reproof they certainly richly deserved. Whether they had transgressed far enough to be reached by the strong arm of military law was never determined, because no one pursued them.

Several times during the stay preliminary orders came to prepare three days' cooked rations, to reduce the officers' baggage to the minimum, and accompanied by an issue of sixty rounds of ammunition per man. They were too definite and specific for a reconnoissance and indicated a general advance. Their repetition and failure of consummation drew from an observing soldier the facetious remark, that those in authority were awaiting another storm for the Potomac to swell again, as it would never do to push the troops across in good weather.

But at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th of October doubt and uncertainty vanished, and the campaign began that terminated on the fateful field of Fredericksburg in the following December.

The march continued well into the night and it was ten o'clock when the bivouac was made at Bryant's Farm, on the Potomac, near the base of Maryland Heights. Pen and pencil have been prolific in picture, print and story of the grand and picturesque in American scenery. The gorge of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry has not been stinted in the full measure of its just deserts by artist and author, who have told of or painted its grandeurs. Still, when, with the early morning sun, Maryland, Loudon and Bolivar Heights, the Potomac and Shenan-

doah, all burst, in the grandeur of lofty summits, the placidity of smooth-flowing river and madness of rushing stream, in one general sweep upon the vision of men who for the first time beheld them, they left, even upon the least impressionable, recollections never to be forgotten.

In the immediate front Maryland Heights rose abruptly some thousand feet with their rocky-faced base and sterile boulder, sparsely timbered slope, grim, barren and formidable. Upon the right, and over the Potomac a mile and more, bold, round, green and treeless, stood the Bolivar Heights; and down the river a little farther, upon the Virginia side, where the turbid Shenandoah debouches from the valley and mingles with the waters of the broad and placid Potomac, Loudon, precipitous, rocky, wooded, its foliage just taking the golden hues of autumn, rose frowning in its majesty. Nestled in the angle made by the two rivers, partly visible, was quaint old Harper's Ferry, with the tall chimneys and long ruined walls of its arsenal still standing, the silent witnesses of the little preliminary protoplasm from which the big war had grown to its then towering magnitude. And to the southward, till mountain and horizon united, the two prominent ranges that formed the boundaries of the great Shenandoah valley dwindled into the misty distance. This was the valley whose prolific yield of meat and cereal supplied the sinews which sustained the strife, until at last war, cruel war, that in its harsh severities knows no humanity, decreed its utter desolation, so that "the carrion-crow in flying over the valley from north to south would be compelled to carry its own subsistence."

The distance to the river was but short, and a little after break of dawn the column crossed the Potomac by a pontoon bridge nearly a mile in length, laid above the dam and opposite the lower end of the town of Harper's Ferry. Midway in the stream the grandeur of the view was more comprehended. Both faces of the Maryland Heights and the piers of the old bridge were in full view. The gentle, quiet waters of the Potomac falling over the dam-breast were soon lost in the distance

as they dashed in their mad rush below, over rock and stone and boulder, by Loudon's base on one side and Sandy Hook on the other. The famed arsenal ruins and the historic engine-house, where John Brown maintained his midnight siege, could not be seen except from the Maryland side and on the bridge.

The column skirted through a small thoroughfare running at right-angles with the river street and was quickly over the Shenandoah by another pontoon, which held its place tenaciously, in spite of the rough and angry waters in which it lay. In the bed of the stream were countless rocks, some hidden, others in view, against which the swift currents threw the spray about in glee some playfulness. Pushing on vigorously, the night's bivouac was made at Hillsboro'.

The army was again bent on its mission of coercion to enforce a submission to a consolidated Union upon the soil of the Commonwealth whose deputies inserted in the earliest deliberations of our constitution-makers that the fundamental law must express, and not simply infer, that the strength and power of the nation was at all times available to coerce refractory States.

Hillsboro', insignificant in size, a little hamlet in Loudon county, is a centre where many roads meet; one, the Leesburg pike, was mournfully suggestive of the Ball's Bluff disaster. The country hereabouts is rich in its yield of all the products of the farm and prolific in poultry, beef, pork and mutton. It had not been severely scarred by the devastating hand of war, and the granaries, barns, heneries and spring-houses paid handsome tribute to the by no means modest demands of the soldier, whose penetrating search let nothing escape him. Although Burnside's corps had preceded us, and foraged liberally, ample yet remained to satisfy all. The country rolls in gentle undulations of hill and dale, its highly cultivated lands ceasing only when the heavily timbered Blue Ridge range, upon the western boundary, bars their further reach. A ubiquitous stream, known as Goose creek, seemed to penetrate every nook and

corner of the county. Inquiry from the inhabitants as to the designation of every stream crossed in this vicinity brought forth the universal response: "Goose creek."

The regiment was in sad need of shoes, clothing, canteens and haversacks. Requisitions had long been in to meet these wants, and an issue was at last made at this point, but not a tithe of what was needed.

On the 2d of November the march was resumed, and concluded near Snicker's Gap, with the little village of Snickersville hard by. It was on this day's march that an unwise pig took it into its head, or its feet, to run through the lines. A breach of discipline like this, and by a pig, was not to be tolerated for an instant. A court-martial of one immediately convened himself, passed sentence, and executed it. Orders against foraging were very strict. As the bayonet pierced his side the pig squealed so loudly that the sound brought an officer galloping down the line to secure the pig and arrest the offender. Before he could reach the spot the pig had been divided and concealed, and the men were moving on in excellent order.

The country was still fresh and productive, and toothsome morsels of poultry, butter and eggs were fitting substitutes for the monotonous diet of salt pork and hard-tack.

The Massachusetts associations in the brigade developed the Yankee love of traffic, and the temptation to "barter and trade a spell" induced some of the Pennsylvanians to negotiate, more to gratify their Yankee friends in an indulgence of their commercial propensities than with expectation of profit or useful investment. The little commodities and trinkets which passed in these ventures were of no great value, but the positive refusal of the Yankees to recognize a credit system compelled the men to resort to temporary loans from their officers, whose purses, though much depleted, could generally accommodate them to a limited extent.

In a moneyed sense the regiment was miserably poor. The 31st of October was the bi-monthly day of muster for pay. The

careful preparation of the pay-rolls, and hearty response of those present in answer to their names, was conducive to a belief that their correct and clerkly appearance and speedy transmittal might induce the sometimes dilatory paymaster to give them a prompt consideration.

George Slow was the body-servant of one of the officers and was quite a noted character in the regiment. He had been the slave of a wealthy and distinguished Virginia family, and came from the Valley, just through the gap. With ninety others on the plantation, when the war began, his "marster," afterwards an officer of the Confederate army, set him free. He had been prompted to this generous act rather by the belief that his slaves would go their own way anyhow, than by the consciousness that freedom was their right. Determined to visit his old home, he braved all the dangers of the trip and crossed the mountains to see his mistress. She received him most graciously and loaded him with gifts of precious edibles to bear to those in whose service he had enlisted. Several pounds of sweet and savory print-butter, a delicacy unknown to army life, were especially acceptable.



GEORGE SLOW.

An instance of George's unflinching faithfulness occurred at the battle of Fair Oaks. He was then employed by an officer of the 71st Pennsylvania. As this officer was going into the action he passed over to George a few valuables and mementos, with instructions if he did not return to see that they

should reach his family. He did not return and for some time George supposed him dead. Subsequently ascertaining he had been wounded and taken to Philadelphia, George set himself about to reach him. Failing to secure transportation, he started to walk the entire distance from the Peninsula. Over wide streams, with bridges destroyed, he was compelled to covertly snatch a ferriage. Without supplies, except such as he could cautiously gather from friendly negroes, through a country infested by guerillas and where every white man was his enemy, he finally accomplished his purpose. To the astonishment of his grateful employer, who still lay suffering from his wound, George suddenly appeared unannounced at his bedside. The faithful fellow continued to act as a tender and devoted nurse until the officer had fully recovered. George is now the trusted servant of one of Philadelphia's prominent citizens, Mr. Joseph E. Gillingham, with whom he has remained continuously since the war.

Before the army left the Gap the feast changed into a famine, and rations of any kind were difficult to obtain. Stacks of unhusked corn were standing in the field, but even a soldier could hardly be expected to eat corn off the cob when the corn had become hard enough by exposure to be used for ammunition. A soldier's life is a life of emergencies. Difficulties must be overcome. One bright wit took the tin from his cartridge-box, emptied the cartridges into the box, punched holes in the tin with his bayonet and grated the corn with this unpatented grater. The others followed his example, and soon corn-cakes were being fried, with pieces of fresh pork that came from somewhere, throughout the camp.

The shortening November days makes six o'clock in the morning a daylight start. It was at that hour on the 6th, after the few days' stoppage in the vicinity of Snicker's Gap, the march was resumed.

There was but little personal association with the citizens, but the farther into the interior the army advanced, the deeper seemed the bitterness of hate towards the Union soldier. There

was never any deep love for the enemy, nor abiding affection for his aiders and abettors, but the feelings never shaped themselves into personal antipathies or aroused individual dislikes. But here the press, the rostrum and the pulpit had taught the people that every Northern man was to be personally despised, and his society rudely rejected. Manifestations of such dislike had gradually bred, probably in a spirit of retaliation, corresponding antipathies in the soldiery, and the few exchanges of personal courtesies with the inhabitants fell off almost entirely. The bivouac was made still in Loudon county, near the little town of Middleburg, on the farm of one J. W. Patterson, well kept and in good condition.

On the next day's march the fatiguing and laborious duty of guard to the wagon-train fell to the lot of the regiment. The trains necessarily require the exclusive use of the road, and the troops on their flanks, moving through the fields, over brush, bush and every conceivable obstruction, are obliged to carve a way for themselves. If the road is free and everything clear, the gait is rapid, and infantry are put to their best endeavors to keep pace with their charge. As usual at the start, the road was jammed and blocked for several hours, the march annoyingly slow, and the delays very harassing. When the obstructions were out of the way the speed increased so as to tax endurance to its utmost. And with all the other ills, a sudden and unusual taste of winter came along.

It commenced snowing violently. The country was soon covered with its mantle of white, appropriately connecting the name of the halting-place, "White Plains," with the general appearance of everything. Much of the afternoon was left when the halt was made. It was pleasantly passed in entertaining guests from the 119th Pennsylvania, encamped in the close vicinity. The generous supplies a prolific country had furnished had disappeared entirely, and the much-abused army diet, which, when sufficient, was by no means distasteful, had become intolerably scant. So seriously did the larder need replenishing that the song of "Hard Times, Hard Times, Come

Again No More" was appropriately paraphrased in the following refrain :

"'Tis the voice of the hungry, crying o'er and o'er,
Hard-tack ! hard-tack ! Come again once more.
Many days I have wandered from my little dog-house door,
Crying, Hard-tack ! hard-tack ! Come again once more."

The guests had to be satisfied with what was at hand, and their providers so impoverished themselves in their entertainment that nothing was left for the morning meal, save a small allowance of coffee. Society chinked the gaps left by the character and quantity of the diet and the afternoon waned cheerily. The 118th and 119th sprang from the same military parent—the then Gray Reserves, now the distinguished 1st Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard—and there was a hearty, cordial fellowship for each other, dominant in both organizations. Regimental, State and number designations do not bear the same significance to each other as the names of streets and numbers of houses in large cities. Unlike such associations, adjoining numbers from the same State is no assurance of neighborly proximity. So it was here ; the two regiments, assigned to different corps, were usually miles apart. Locomotion afoot was slow and tiresome, and the wearisome demands of daily travel not encouraging to frequent visitations. Such a rare opportunity for an exchange of courtesies was much appreciated, and the visitors left in the early evening with the sincere hope that they might be shortly favored with like opportunity for their return.

On the 8th the march was resumed at seven in the morning, and the regiment was assigned as rear-guard, a duty not so distasteful as that with the wagons, but by no means to be courted. To drive up the habitual malingering is no disagreeable duty, but to urge along the honest soldier, fatigued to real exhaustion, arouses a sympathy which is difficult to conquer. There happened to be so little straggling on this occasion, and the duties of rear-guard being correspondingly light, the charge

of the ammunition trains was also imposed upon the regiment. Procrastinations and fatiguing delays followed this additional detail, and it was ten at night when, supperless and exhausted, the bivouac was made near New Baltimore. Under a soft, autumn noon-day sun the snow had wholly disappeared.

Detached service was over and it was with unqualified satisfaction the regiment returned to its place in the column, and, with the brigade, in comfortable, easy stages, on the 9th, made its march to Warrenton. Here it remained for several days. Many of the men were without shoes when they struck Warrenton, and some of the 118th left the marks of their passage to the place in drops of crimson that had oozed from their bleeding feet. A few of the men who had straggled unnecessarily were put upon fatigue duty when they reached the camp. The then chaplain of the regiment was not revered by the men. The stragglers were ordered to cut down some trees in the camp. One of them fell over the tent in which the chaplain was sitting at a table. It knocked down the tent, the table and the chaplain. Shortly after this event the chaplain felt that he was called elsewhere, and went back to his home in New Jersey.

Warrenton, the county-seat of Fauquier, a most attractive hamlet, was the home of "Extra Billy" Smith, one of Virginia's famous statesmen. Water Mountain, a pretentious hill, belts it upon one side, and upon the other, in all directions, arable lands, cultivated to the highest attainments of Virginia farming, were productive of her best results. The residences indicated thrift and comfort, tastefully adorned with lawn and garden, their foliage fading and grasses withering in the advancing autumn. The Warren Green Hotel, the principal hostelry, in name suggested the one in Pennsylvania, notable as the British head-quarters on the night of the Paoli massacre. The court-house and jail were substantial structures, in keeping in their architecture with the other surroundings.

A few miles beyond were the Sulphur Springs, a well-known watering-place, much resorted to for health and pleasure in the

ante-bellum days. Its capacious hotel and adjoining buildings and colleges had in some previous occupation of this region fallen victims to the flames.

Three of the officers, Captains Donaldson and Crocker and Lieutenant Thomas, remembering the town as the home of the parents of Lieutenant J. Rudhall White, so recently killed at Shepherdstown, paid them a visit of condolence. They inquired feelingly of the incidents surrounding their son's demise, and, though in full sympathy with the enemy, they had still a deep and abiding parental affection for their unfortunate offspring, whose patriotism, none of which he had learned at home, he had proven to the death in his first engagement. The visitors were hospitably entertained to the fullest extent from a much-depleted larder. It was typical of all others in this section.

On the 7th a War Department order, not published until the 10th, relieved Major-General McClellan from duty in command of the Army of the Potomac, and assigned to that duty Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside. The publication of this announcement had a startling effect. With armies actively in the field, sentiment is unknown, the emotional unheard of, and the opinions of others barely considered or carelessly dismissed. But for McClellan, with the Peninsular army—and the contingent of 1862 had caught it—there had grown such an enthusiasm and affection that a total severance of his authority savored of disruption. No other commander, principal or subordinate, ever so captured his soldiers, ever so entranced his followers. Sweeping denunciation, violent invective, were heaped without stint upon the Government. Subdued threats of vengeance, mutterings of insurrection slumbered in their incipiency; but, restrained by good sense, patriotism and discipline, they never reached consummation in overt act. The mails teemed with correspondence to friends and relatives at home * denouncing the action of the War Department, raging

* "A sadder gathering of men could not well have been assembled than that of the army drawn up to bid farewell to its beloved commander. Our corps was re-

at the authorities, and predicting the direst results. Shouts, cheers and yells greeted McClellan as he rode along the lines and bade farewell to the army. Men could not be held to their places, and, breaking from their ranks, gathered about as if in the agony of parting from their best and dearest friend. But insubordinate sentiment soon yielded to reason, and the Army of the Potomac, returning to consistency, was never afterwards fluttered by the removals of, or disturbed by changes in, its commanders.

The removal of Fitz-John Porter followed McClellan's on the 12th. He paraded his corps for his farewell review, and for the last time appeared in authority in any military capacity.

viewed in the morning, and as General McClellan passed along its front, whole regiments broke and flocked around him, and with tears and entreaties besought him not to leave them, but to say the word and they would soon settle matters in Washington. Indeed, it was thought at one time there would be a mutiny, but by a word he calmed the tumult and ordered the men back to their colors and their duty. As he passed our regiment he was thronged by men of other commands, making a tumultuous scene beyond description. He was obliged to halt in front of us as Meagher's Irish brigade were pressing on him to that extent that further progress was impossible. They cast their colors in the dust for him to ride over, but, of course, that he would not do, but made them take them up again. General ———, who was riding near McClellan, was forced by the crowd towards our line and I heard him say to a mounted officer close by that he wished to God McClellan would put himself at the head of the army and throw the infernal scoundrels at Washington into the Potomac. This is *history*, and I give it here to show the wild excitement pervading all branches of the service, from the rank and file to the general officers. At 12 M. McClellan met the officers of Fitz-John Porter's corps at the latter's head-quarters and bade them good-bye, and as he grasped each officer by the hand there was not a dry eye in the assemblage. Before parting he made a short address, in which he said his removal was as much a surprise to him as it was to the army. But he supposed it was intended for the best, and as a soldier he had but to obey. He therefore urged upon us all to return to our respective commands and do our duty to our new commander as loyally and as faithfully as we had served him. By so doing we would pay him the greatest honor, and, as he had only the welfare of his country at heart, he would follow with his prayers and good wishes the future career of the grandest army this continent ever saw.

“What do you think of such a man? He had it in his power to be dictator—anything he chose to name—if he would but say the word, but he preferred retirement rather than ambition. He was not a Caesar.”

General Daniel Butterfield succeeded to the command of the corps, and the place of General Morrell, who had dropped away from the division, was filled by Brigadier-General Charles Griffin. Colonel Barnes still continued in command of the brigade.

The army had been organized into the right, left and centre grand divisions; to the latter, commanded by Major-General Joseph E. Hooker, the 5th Corps was attached.

On the 15th General Hooker reviewed his entire Grand Division, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, at his headquarters, where he received the officers of the brigade, took occasion, with some spirit, to remark that with two such army corps he felt that he could march anywhere in the enemy's territory and compel the entire Confederacy to do his bidding.

About this time Colonel Marshall, of the 13th New York, from his fierce red whiskers, secured the sobriquet of "Red Warrior." An officer of the regular army, a graduate of the Academy, he was unbending in his exactions and uncompromising with mistakes. He had taken opportunity to throw out a cynical slur, rather at than to the regiment, as he passed it on one occasion, halted, while his own was moving in column. The slur, pronounced loud enough to be heard by every one, was prompted by the unsteadiness of his leading company, which nettled him so that he contrasted them to the ragged Pennsylvania militia. This was a compliment when compared with the peculiar phrases which he generously bestowed upon those in his own command. The alias clung to him as long as he remained with the brigade. His regiment was a two-years organization and withdrew at the expiration of its term, about the time of the battle of Chancellorsville.

Shortly after six o'clock on the morning of the 17th, in a drizzling rain, the camp in the vicinity of Warrenton was broken; moving through the town, the march continued some twelve miles to Elk Run. It was a distressing spot, scarce worthy of a designation, upon a narrow, dirty, muddy stream, where several great roads met. The concentration of a few

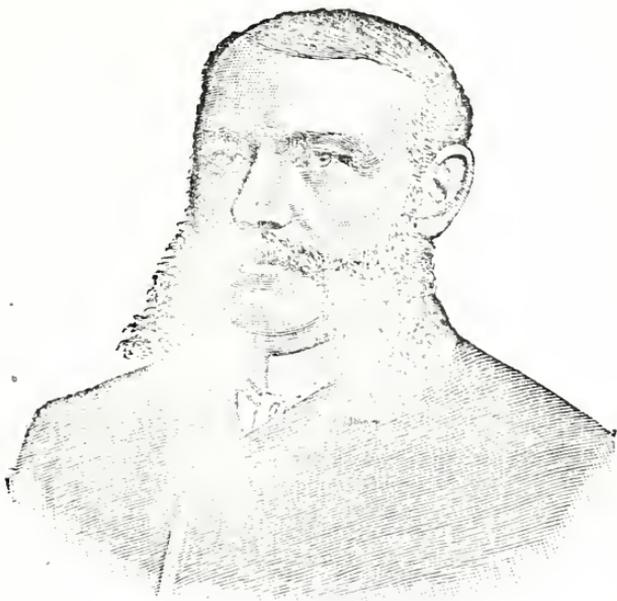
houses and barns, and its location upon important public highways, probably established an identity that made it worthy of a name.

If individual volition had controlled the movement, each man would have left this wretched spot at a very early hour the next morning. It was otherwise directed. The other divisions had the advance and high noon came before the brigade was on its way. The drizzles were drenching rains, and the mud, deep and loamy, held each footstep with a firm, tenacious grip. The soil was Virginia's, but heavy as it then was, the indications were but faint as to what the near future should develop as real Virginia mud. Soaked and weary, the column found a bivouac about six o'clock in some unknown, muddy, watery waste, and on the 19th, after a short afternoon march, halted for several days at Hartwood Church. In an open, settled country, the region was in agreeable contrast with that just passed through. The church, during the occupancy of this vicinity, became a noted point of stoppage for troops operating in the locality. The dreary wilds for so many miles around it made it an especially attractive halting-place when circumstances permitted. The interior was without pulpit or seats, and on the wall, back of the chancel, was a half-finished war-like sketch in charcoal. The story went that the artist, a Yankee officer, surrounded by a few of his men admiring his skill, was interrupted by the enemy's cavalry, and he and his audience permitted to continue their operations on the walls of Libby.

On the 23d the march was again resumed to the vicinity of Belle Plain, a landing on the Potomac near the mouth of Potomac creek. The gathering of supply and ammunition trains, the current accepted belief that the enemy was in strength about Fredericksburg, on the other side of the Rappahannock, indicated a purpose to strike him.

Stuart's cavalry had developed considerable activity about the rear and flanks of the army, and the brigade was sent on several wearisome, fruitless tramps in the direction of Hartwood

Church to overhaul him. The camps flitted about for some weeks within a few miles of each other between Stoneman's Switch, Potomac creek and Belle Plain. There were many misgivings of disaster if a battle should be fought, and a conviction grew that the winter would pass in quiet. The opening guns of Fredericksburg proved the convictions erroneous, and the result sent the stricken soldiery back to their cantonments, their misgivings fully confirmed.



SERGEANT-MAJOR WM. R. COURTNEY.

CHAPTER V.

FREDERICKSBURG.

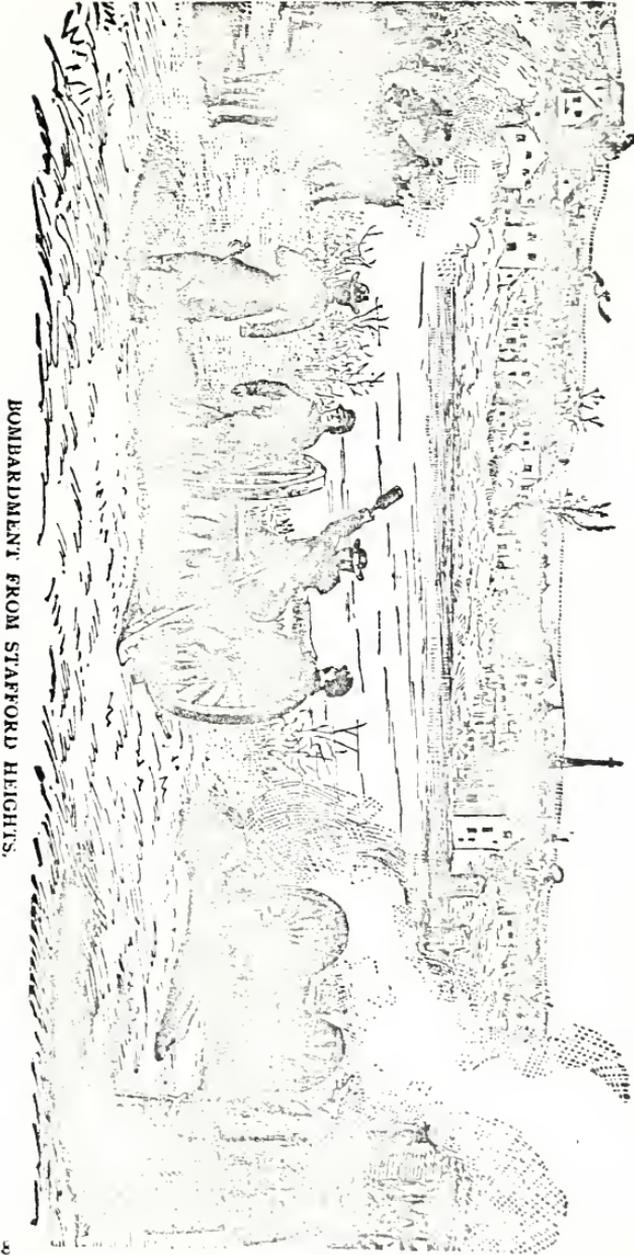
THERE had been frequent preliminary orders to be in readiness to move immediately, to move at a moment's notice, to move at once, to move without delay. It was the usual phraseology then so familiar and aroused but little comment, as a soldier was about as ready to move at one time as another. They were accompanied by directions to carry five days' cooked rations, and the orders, following each other so closely, kept that supply continually on hand.

The thunder of heavy cannonading about four o'clock on the morning of the 11th of December, followed promptly by the "general," dissipated the flippant treatment with which the preliminary directions had been received, and, amid some bustle and confusion, the regiment was without delay in line, awaiting the order to march.

The sun, great and round, rose ominously red. Camp-fixtures were to remain standing and the troops to be equipped in light-marching order only. The soldiers had not yet conceived that much was intended beyond a reconnoissance in heavy force. This, though, was one of those hopeful conceptions to drive off the notion that there would be a fight.

The company cooks were metamorphosed; that is, these professional gentlemen had been promoted to the ranks, exchanged their ladles for muskets and cartridge-boxes, and were given an opportunity to pepper the enemies of their country instead of the bean soup. One of them, whose rotund form and unctuous face made his usual occupation unmistakable, hearing the boom of the heavy guns, asked what the noise was.

He was answered: "The rebel artillery."



BOMBARDMENT FROM STAFFORD HEIGHTS.

“You fellers needn't think you can fool me. I've heard that noise too often in Philadelphia; they're unloading boards somewhere.”

Afterward, when the man of pots and pans heard the screech of the shells and saw them falling in the river near the engineers who were laying the pontoons, he went lumbering to the rear as though he had forgotten something, and his oleaginous form faded in the distance.

At seven o'clock the column was in motion, not in the familiar direction towards Hartwood Church, but by the shortest and most practicable route to Falmouth and the Rappahannock. Evidences were everywhere abroad of preparation for desperate and bloody work. Ambulance trains were parked in every direction; every safe and readily accessible location was occupied by hospital tents. Stretchers in unlimited supply were being hurried to the front for immediate use. Fresh, clean straw, neatly bundled, had been distributed where the wounded were to be brought for treatment. The thunder of the guns continued in uninterrupted roar.

The march was soon accomplished. The whole of the Centre Grand Division was massed on “Stafford Heights,” the prominent bluffs on the left bank of the river, commanding a full view of the city of Fredericksburg, the stream and the lowlands and hills upon the other side. Line upon line, shoulder to shoulder, this closely-packed body of men awaited, in quiet resoluteness, the order that should send them forward to measure strength and courage with their adversaries. It was a martial sight.

The stream, inconsiderable in width, is navigable for steamboats. The water-front of the city extended about a mile, with streets at right-angles, lined with substantial brick and stone buildings reaching back from the water about half that distance. The city lay on a plain away below the heights which overlooked it. At the distance of half a mile arose a formidable hill, of easy, gentle slope, then modestly known by its owner's name as Marye's Heights. It was to become famous as the

scene of most desperate and valorous assaults. Marye's Heights were lined with earthworks, planned and constructed by skilled engineers, defended by soldiers tried in battle, mounted with guns handled by the best artillerists. They appeared almost impregnable. The enemy's cannon answered in active response to the Union guns. All this was in full view, and as the column passed over the bluffs and down to the bridges, all those "thinking bayonets" could not but conclude that a direct assault would be hopeless.

Whilst the infantry massed about the heights suffered but little annoyance from the enemy's artillery, the engineers and pontooniers were at a difficult and perilous task. Every house on the river-bank had its riflemen, and small earthworks had been constructed for others whom the houses could not shelter. Each attempt to lay the boats was met with terrific and fatal volleys; the loss was appalling. In sheer desperation, the afternoon well spent, the engineers, resting from their labor, had sought such shelter as could be found at the foot of the bluffs and on the edge of the river. The pontoon boats, dismounted from their wagons, lay useless on the shore. Suddenly bodies of men, pelted as relentlessly as were the engineers, rushed to the shore. With commendable precision, regardless of their terrible loss, they took the places allotted them in the boats and pushed them into the stream. They were rapidly pulled across, the galling fire continuing until a landing effected upon the other side in a measure silenced it. This brilliant achievement of the 7th Michigan and 19th Massachusetts, in the presence of the large audience on the bluffs, crowned these regiments with enduring fame.* The laying of the bridges

* There was, probably, no such fighting done during the war in the streets of a city as the 19th Massachusetts did in Fredericksburg on the night of December 11, 1862. Palfry's "Antietam and Fredericksburg" contains a most graphic description of it by Captain Hall. The following letter, sent to one of the papers by the lieutenant-colonel of the 19th Massachusetts, shows the part that regiment took in the assault:

"A member of the old fighting 19th handed me a copy of the August *Century* containing General Couch's article on 'Sumner's Right Grand Division,' and, plac-



ADVANCE OF THE 7TH MICHIGAN AND 19TH MASSACHUSETTS ACROSS THE KAPPAHANNOCK.

soon followed, but it was late in the afternoon before they were fitted for a passage.

It did not fall to the lot of our division to cross that night, and about five o'clock it retired a mile or so for a bivouac near

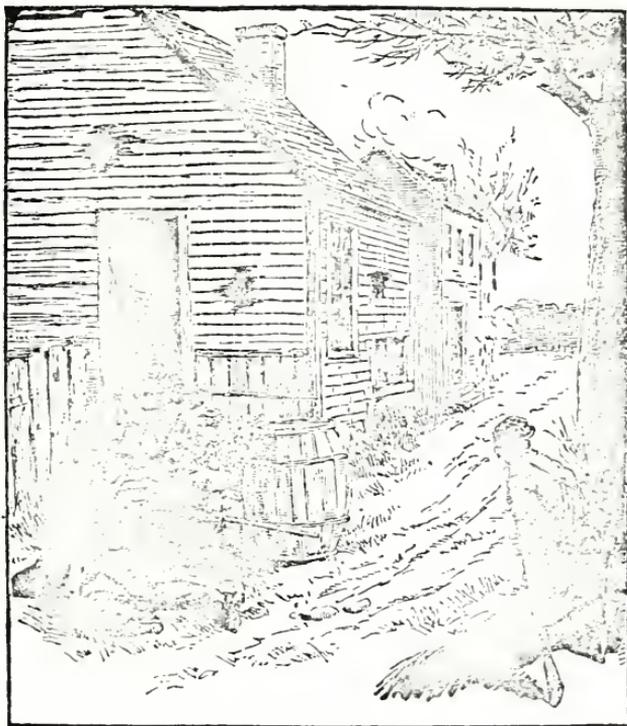
ing his finger on that portion of it where the crossing of the river in boats is spoken of, said, in tones of bitterness: 'A twinge here,' pointing to what was left of a once good leg, 'reminds me that the old 19th was around at that time, and I swear it does seem too bad that we should not at least receive a little credit from our commander at that time.' It may have been an oversight or forgetfulness on the part of General Couch, but the incidents of that crossing, so far as the 19th was concerned, will bear repetition, if for no other purpose than to make history correct.

"During the bombardment of the morning of the 11th, volunteers were called for to lead what seemed to be a forlorn hope—to cross the river in open boats under fire from an opposing line of infantry under cover on the opposite bank of the river. Two companies of the 7th Michigan were the first to ferry themselves across, followed immediately by the 19th Massachusetts. The Michigan companies charged up the river bank, captured some twenty or thirty rebels, and returned. The 19th charged up the bank by companies, and went on till they reached the main street of the town, called Caroline street, and there formed in line of battle. Soon after an aide from General Burnside ordered Captain H. G. O. Weymouth, commanding the regiment, to fall back with his regiment to the river-bank, leaving one company to hold in check any rebel advance of skirmishers or sharpshooters. Company D, Captain Moncena Dunn, was left in Caroline street, and the remainder of the regiment fell back. The aide, when leaving, told Captain Dunn what was expected of him, and said: 'If it gets too hot for you, fall back to your regiment.' It was here, while Company D was engaged in resisting the rebel advance, that the lamented Chaplain Fuller was killed; and a reference to his 'Memoirs' will explain fully the position at that time.

"The 19th Massachusetts was, with the exception of the sortie of two companies of the 7th Michigan, the only force that had up to that time advanced beyond the crest of the river-bank. While Company D was in Caroline street in action, Companies E and K of the 19th advanced a second time. Company E, Captain Mahony, filed out to the left of Company D; Lieutenant Hodgkins, with Company K, crossed the street to an open lot surrounded by a tight board fence and discovered the rebel line of battle advancing and reported the same to Captain Dunn. The three companies then fell back to the regiment. The 20th Massachusetts soon after coming up on the left of the 19th, the two regiments advanced, the 19th in line of battle, the 20th in column of companies. The rebel line was met on Caroline street, and the 20th Massachusetts, being in close mass, suffered a fearful loss of life. Had that regiment been deployed as was the 19th, the loss would have been much less. There is no desire to detract one iota of the measure of praise to any who were participants in that gallant action, but only to give a correct version."—*Moncena Dunn, Lieutenant-Colonel 19th Massachusetts.*

a spot designated as "White House;" but whence it derived its name is inconceivable, as no settlement was thereabouts and nothing observable but a solitary whitewashed shanty.

Mr. Henry K. Jewell, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia and an acquaintance of many of the officers of the regiment, opportunely appeared during the afternoon. He was con-



19TH MASSACHUSETTS FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

nected in some civic capacity with the Commissary Department. The soldier rarely knows much that is reliable, except what is occurring immediately around him. He gathers his information afterwards when the newspapers reach the front. Mr. Jewell said the cause of the delay in attacking Fredericksburg was the non-arrival of the pontoons, and also told of

General Sumner's demand, through General Patrick, on General Lee, to surrender the city, and its refusal. The story of both circumstances subsequently appeared fully in the newspapers, and is now historically recorded. The delay in forwarding the pontoons has been the frequent subject of severe comment and harsh criticism, and it has fallen mostly upon General Halleck, on whom it was alleged the responsibility rested.

Jewell was a thoughtful fellow. He had loaded himself with canteens, all he could carry, filled to the brim with an excellent quality of ardent spirits. He freely and cheerfully distributed this among his friends who had the conveniences at hand to carry it. It was carefully husbanded, and proved a priceless *jewel* in the next day's engagement, when it was judiciously dispensed to many a wounded sufferer.

At eight o' clock on the morning of the 12th the regiment returned to the same spot it had held on the day before. All day long the big guns on the bluffs and the field-batteries tore away persistently at the enemy's works on Marye's Heights. The roar was continuous, but apparently little damage followed the cannonading; certainly none to the entrenchments, though it probably caused some loss among the soldiery. Smoke in great volumes hung over everything, lifting occasionally, when there was a lull in the firing, to permit a cursory observation.

All day long Sumner's Right Grand Division was pouring over the pontoons amid a storm of the enemy's shells. The enemy seemed to have a pretty fair knowledge of where the bridges were, and were tolerably successful in securing the range. So close, indeed, did the shells from the Confederate batteries fall to the pontoons that the crossing soldiers were frequently splashed with the water that flew up from the places where they struck the river. It was cooling, but not refreshing.

From the Phillips House, a most pretentious mansion, which was General Burnside's head-quarters, staff-officers, at frightful

pace, were continually coming and going. Night settled before things were in complete readiness, and the regiment rested where it was, awaiting the breaking of the portentous morn.

Saturday, the 13th, dawned in an almost impenetrable fog, so dense that it, with the smoke of the battle, made objects close at hand scarcely distinguishable. It was of such density that there was a fear that in a close engagement friends might be mistaken for foes. To avoid such a contingency the very unusual precaution of a word of recognition was adopted, and the watchword "Scott" was given to be used in such an emergency.

Between nine and ten o'clock the fog lifted a little, and unfolded a scene thrilling in its inspiration and awful in its terror. The streets of the city were literally packed with soldiers. Glistening rifle-barrels, sombre blue, surged in undistinguishable columns, pressing for the open country to seek some relief from the deadly plunge of cannon-shots dealing mercilessly their miseries of wounds and death. But the same batteries on Marye's Heights were again encountered, more frowning and formidable than ever, and wicked in their renewed determination to punish the temerity that dared assault these formidable entrenchments. With such gunnery, fog and smoke settled again and the scene was lost to view from Stafford Heights, the continuing noise alone indicating the progress of the battle.

Amid all these stirring scenes four officers of the regiment indulged in a game of euchre. Intent upon their amusement, they were lost to the terrors around them, and apparently heedless of the greater dangers they were soon to face when it should be their turn to be active participants in the pending combat. As the game progressed and the interest increased it was suddenly interrupted by orders that started the command on its way to where the battle was the hottest. The game was resumed from time to time at the frequent halts that occur in the movements of large bodies of troops across narrow

bridgeways, and it was not completed until the near approach to the action stiffened every nerve to its highest tension.

Then the custody of the *deck* became a subject for consideration. Every one of the quartet tried to convince every other one that the best possible thing for him to do was to carry it. Unanimously, and finally, it was concluded that, as they were fighting for the existence of a republic, it would not be seemly, should they fall, to have it transpire that they had been taking care of kings and queens. Royalty and knavery were, consequently, allowed to float down towards the sea on the waters of the Rappahannock.

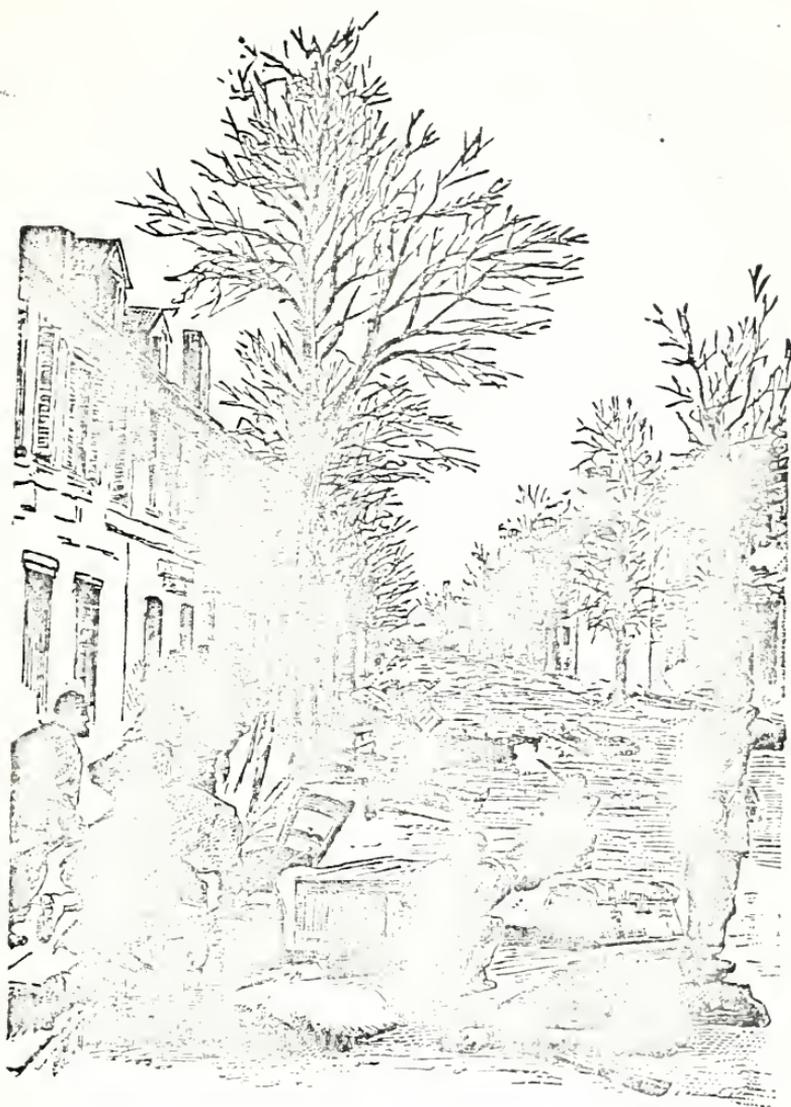
In these peaceful days, and to those unacquainted with army life during an active campaign, this amusement in the face of danger might seem stolid and reckless indifference. Not so. It passed away the wretched time of waiting, every minute of which would otherwise seem an hour, and quieted the nerves which would be thrilling with excitement if the mind had nothing to dwell upon but the possibilities of the pending battle.

About one o'clock the regiment was called to attention and, with the division, began the movement to the bridges. It was tedious, halting and hesitating. The bridges were crowded and the streets jammed from the slow deployments under the withering fire which met the fresh victims fed to the slaughter, as the troops in advance reached the open country. It was but a short distance to the bluffs and then the battle in all its fury was spread out to view. Upon the slope of Marye's Heights were long lines of blue formed with regularity, moving with precision, disappearing as speedily as they were seen before the furious cannonade and the deadly musketry. Thought was rife and expression free with the selfish hope that some effective service might be done by those already in to save others from the terrible ordeal, revealed in ghastly horror everywhere, into the very jaws of which the regiment was about to plunge. The futility of open assaults was manifest. The disasters which had been plainly seen to follow each other so rapidly were wofully dispiriting. But all such hopes were vain.

About two o'clock the regiment entered the town. It had been reported that \$65,000 worth of tobacco, in boxes, had been thrown overboard from the wharf near the pontoons. Some of the men belonging to the regiments already in the town were diving for and bringing up the tobacco, which they sold to their comrades by the box or in job-lots to suit the pocket. A cool transaction in December and under the enemy's fire. Sergeant Conner, of G, invested \$25 in these speculative "job lots," and, placing them in his knapsack, essayed to carry his purchase until a fitting opportunity was afforded to realize. But his venture proved unsuccessful, as he abandoned his knapsack when the regiment assaulted the heights beyond the lines.

The view from the other side of the river gave but a faint conception of what was within the town. On every hand were ruin and pillage. The city had been rudely sacked; household furniture lined the streets. Books and battered pictures, bureaus, lounges, feather-beds, clocks and every conceivable article of goods, chattels and apparel had been savagely torn from the houses and lay about in wanton confusion in all directions. Fires were made for both warmth and cooking with fragments of broken furniture. Pianos, their harmonious strings displaced, were utilized as horse-troughs, and, amid all the dangers, animals quietly ate from them. There was a momentary, irresistible desire to seek some shelter from the havoc of the guns in the deserted houses. It was manfully conquered and the men heroically held to their places.

The march was continued under all the dreadful shelling along what was apparently the main thoroughfare, which ran at a right angle to the river, to a street that crossed it parallel with the stream, and on towards the farther edge of the city. Turning into this street there was a halt for some time in line of battle, closed well up to the sidewalk. Upon the side of the street nearest the enemy some protection was afforded from the shower of death-dealing missiles that had poured down so relentlessly from the moment of entering the town; but bricks, window-shutters and shingles, struck by the shells and solid shot,



ADVANCE THROUGH THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

flew around unceasingly. Opposite the centre, in the rear, was a house that had been most roughly handled. It was

evidently the residence of some person of culture and refinement. Several solid shots had passed through the upper rooms and a shell, bursting in the library, had made bricks, mortar and books a heap of rubbish. A tastefully bound copy of "Ivanhoe" which had escaped the wreck tempted the literary tastes of an officer, and he picked it up, intending that it should help to while away an hour of loneliness in some quieter time. Light as was the load, he soon became weary of it and his book was abandoned.

The dashing charge over the level plain, the determined advance against breastworks lined with threatening bayonets, the splendid resistance to columns of assault, are tests of courage and endurance of frequent occurrence. It is seldom, however, that the metal of men is tested in column in the crowded streets, where there can be no resistance, into which, from unseen positions, the artillery strikes its rapid, telling blows, and will not and can not be silenced. Courageous men, well fitted to meet in a conflict, the purpose of which is seen, an adversary behind his own entrenchments, at his own guns, may well quake when submitting unresistingly to continuous punishment in mass, where their manhood is lost and their power sacrificed in apparently hopeless confusion. So, when the soldiers of the Right and Centre Grand Divisions passed through such a bitter experience of war in the streets of Fredericksburg, and then valiantly assailed the formidable heights beyond, they proved that the Union soldiery possessed a tenacity and courage equal to any standard vaunted in Anglo-Saxon song or story.

There is scarcely any situation which, however serious, cannot sustain the ludicrous. Never do colored servants, except in rare individual instances, follow when soldiers are exposed to such dangers as the regiment had passed through, and which still surrounded it where it had last halted, near the outskirts. A romping, rollicking little darkey, who had been christened Scipio Africanus, because his qualities were the very opposite of those of that distinguished Roman general, was standing upon a door which had fallen from its hinges and lay upon the pave-

ment, and was grinning and chippering, exposing his pearl-white teeth till they resembled, embedded in his ebony jaws, chalk upon a blackboard. He was in full view of the entire command, who were hugely enjoying his guffaws, wondering whether such an unusual hilarity, in such a trying situation, was not assumed. Suddenly a solid shot whizzed wickedly over head, struck the front of a brick house upon the opposite side of the street, glanced, flew up into the air and, returning, struck violently the other end of the door upon which the boy was standing. Up, away up, bounded the darkey, unhurt, but scared apparently beyond the recollection that aught was left of him.

It was a ridiculous sight. Shouts and laughter from the whole line greeted him as he landed some ten or fifteen feet from where he started. He waited for no comments, but, with his face changed almost to a deadly pallor, evidently with no conception that he was yet moving of his own volition, disappeared somewhere to safer quarters, not even catching the quaint remark which followed him as he flew away: "What's de matter wid you, honey? You's been foolin' wid a torpedo, ha?"

The same shot upset a wooden step and platform in front of a house and exposed three small boxes of tobacco that had been hidden underneath. There was an instant rush by the men to secure the plunder.

During the halt Colonel Gwyn exercised the regiment for some time in the manual of arms, at the conclusion of which it was ordered to load.

The crucial moment was fast approaching. The brigade moved off, passing its brigade commander, who was intently observing the temper and bearing of his soldiers, back into the main highway from which it had been withdrawn for a little rest and less exposure. The head the column must have been seen; the rapidity of the firing increased; the roar was deafening; shot and shell screeched in maddening sounds; they fell thicker and faster, dropping with wonderful accuracy right into

the midst of the column. Every gun seemed trained upon this very street; and so they were, for it was afterwards learned that batteries, specially planted for the purpose, raked every highway leading from the river. Soldiers, some malingerers, some skulkers, others demoralized, stood behind houses at the corners watching the column. Some had been in and had withdrawn discomfited and dejected; others were of the class who generally manage to elude danger. Sullen and silent, their conduct was no incentive and their presence no encouragement to those not of the sterner sort, who had not yet felt the hot blast of the musketry. Two brass guns in action at the end of the street were pounding away vigorously and effectively at the enemy, the gunners holding heroically to their places in spite of the severe punishment they were receiving.

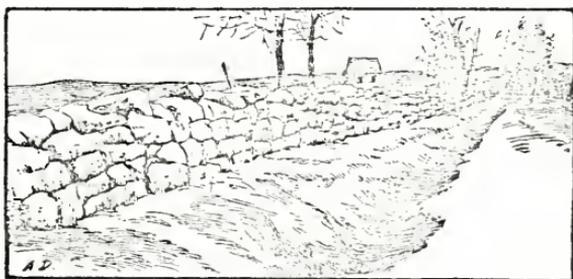
The Confederate shells performed some curious and fanciful gyrations. One in particular fell obliquely, striking in the centre of the hard, solid roadway, then ricocheted, struck a house, flew up the wall, tore off a window-shutter, then crossed over to the other side, striking the house opposite, down again into the street, passed back to the other side over the heads of Company H, and finally fell upon the steps of the house it had first struck and lay there without exploding. This was fortunately the case with much of their ammunition, which appeared to be remarkably faulty.

It is not to be supposed that the column moved upon the highway with the steadiness of a parade occasion. There was hesitancy and some unsteadiness, but no dropping out, no skulking, no concealment.

Avoiding the middle of the street, where it was soon observed the fire was the most direct, and closing to the pavement, the men held their places with reasonable accuracy and moved under the trying circumstances with commendable precision.

As the regiment debouched from the town, upon the edge of the closely-built thoroughfare, was a sign, in large black letters: "Van Haugen's Variety Store." It had scarcely come into view

when a shell burst and tore it to fragments. The pieces of the shell and sign fell into the ranks of Company K. Their loss was not so serious as that of the 1st Michigan, in the rear, where, at about the same time, another shell burst, killing or maiming some sixteen of its soldiers, whose startled shrieks could be heard above the din and roar of the battle. The column now plunged into and waded through the mill-race. This was done as quickly as possible, for the Confederates had trained a battery on this spot. In the mill-race were noticed very many solid shot and unexploded shells, which had evidently rolled back into the water after striking the side of the embankment. Private John Mensing was carrying his piece at "arms port:" a shell struck and shivered it to fragments, but beyond



STONE WALL AT FREDERICKSBURG.

a severe cut on his right hand he was not injured. Another tore off the right arm of Private John Fisher just below the elbow and knocked down four sergeants in one company. They were more or less bruised and hurt, but none of them seriously.

The right of the brigade had now reached an open level space on the left of the road, some four hundred yards in width, as well as observation could estimate it. At its farther edge the ground rose abruptly, as if the earth had been cut away. This perpendicular rise or cut was the extreme base of the slope that approached and terminated in the gun-capped Marye's Heights. The artillery played with unintermitting vigor.

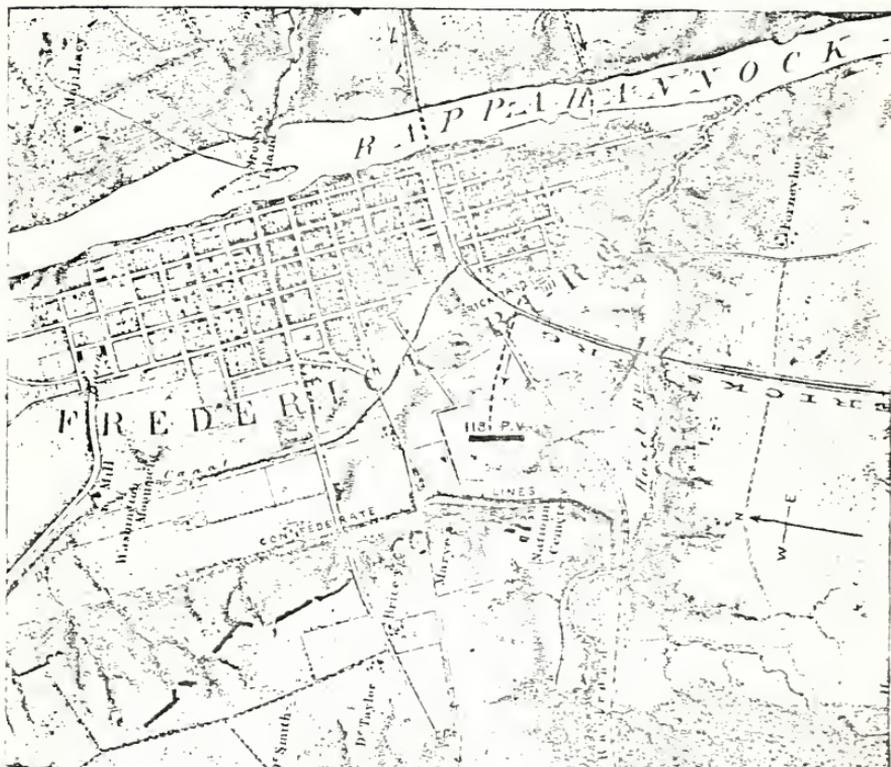
The usual rotations brought the regiment on the right of the brigade, on the 13th. It had about covered its front from where the right first struck the open plain, where by the "forward into line" the left was extended into the plain. It was intended that the right should rest on the road. There was some confusion attending the formation, but a line was ultimately established pressed close up to the edge of the abrupt rise, over which and beyond to the top of the hill everything was in full view. Beyond the summit was another elevation, and just below it a stone fence, lined with rebel infantry, whence the musketry rolled unceasingly.

A board fence, with some of the boards displaced, others torn from the top, stood between the abrupt rise and the stone fence, nearer to the latter. It had evidently greatly retarded the previous advances and what was left of it was yet in the road to impede others.

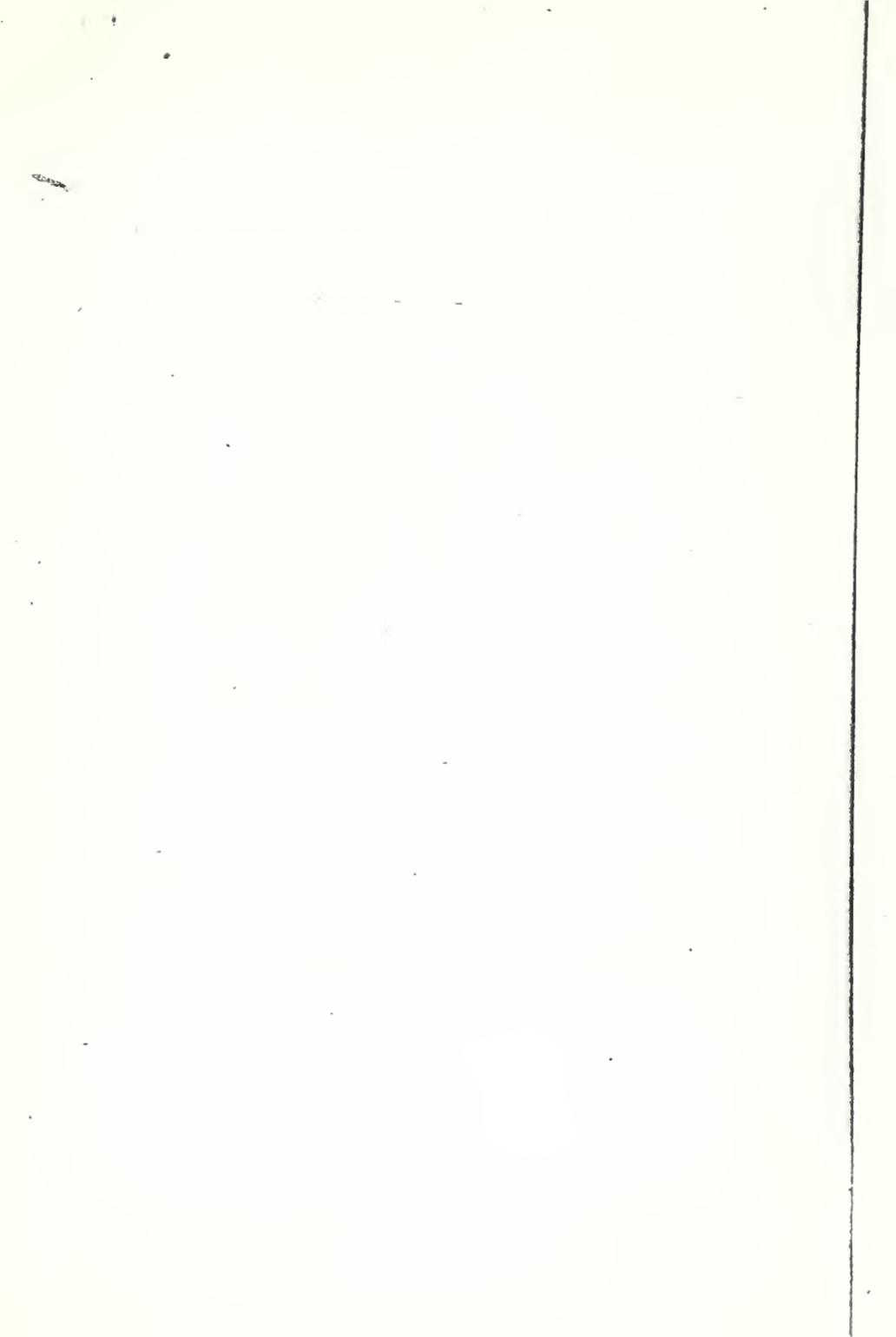
Humphrey's division had just charged up the hill, and, although they had failed to carry the heights, hundreds of men lay prone upon the ground in fair alignment, apparently too spirited to withdraw entirely from their futile effort. It seems scarcely credible, but a closer inspection showed all these men, apparently hundreds in number, to be killed or too seriously wounded to move.

The regiment still hugged the ground closely where it had first established its line. Instinctively, in taking up a movement indicated by an advance by another portion of the line, for the terrible roar drowned the voice of command, it began its desperate work of assault. Under the appalling musketry and amid great disorder, the advance was maintained with reasonable regularity to a brick-yard,* with its kiln standing, through which tore shot and shell, and from which bricks flew in every direction. The little shelter afforded by the kiln had enticed the wounded within its reach to crawl to it for cover, and their mangled, bleeding forms lay strewn everywhere, closely packed

* John P. Knight's.



MAP OF FREDERICKSBURG, SHOWING POSITION OF THE 115TH.



together. Sweeping by this, right into the very mouth of the cannon, upward and onward the advance continued to the board fence. The fence was about five feet high, of three boards, with intervals between them. Opposite the centre and right, the boards had been torn off down to the one nearest the ground. The fatality that had followed the delay in their removal was marked by the bodies of the dead lying there, one upon another. To the left, the boards still remained; the men heroically seized and tore them all away, some climbing over. Thinned out, exhausted, with energies taxed to their limit, in the face of such fearful odds, instinctively the line halted.

Major Herring here received a ball in his right arm. He was sitting on his horse at the time. As the ball struck him, some one said, "This is awful!" "This is what we came here for," quietly replied the major, as he dismounted. Subsequently, another ball passed through his left arm, and buck-shot through his coat. At nightfall, his wounds needing surgical attention, he was forced to go to the hospital for treatment. He made several efforts to reach the front again, but his strength failed him. It was feared amputation would be necessary, but he insisted upon conservative surgery, and it saved him his arm. The absence of his strong directing mind at such a critical time was a serious misfortune.

From the place of the halt to the stone fence, behind which belched the deadly musketry, was between two and three hundred feet. At that distance, halted with little or no cover, such punishment was unbearable.

There was still about two hours of daylight. Some two hundred yards to the left, but no greater distance from the stone fence, there was decidedly better cover, and to this undulation, broad enough to include the entire regimental front, the command was moved within a few moments from the time it had halted. Colonel Barnes, commanding the brigade, rode the full length of the line before it started, calling to the men to fall in. Although in full view of the Confederates, and the target for their shots, he escaped injury.

It seems remarkable that men could live at all that close to the enemy's lines, but there the regiment remained all that night, all of Sunday's daylight and well into the night, suffering but few casualties, and those happening principally when necessity forced exposure, or temerity prompted rashness. But safety was only found in hugging the ground as tight as a human body could be made to hold on to the earth. Darkness was a relief from the stiff and uncomfortable postures, but during those ten or twenty hours of that winter's daylight, there was no safety except with bodies prone and flattened to their fullest length. A raise of the head, or a single turn not unfrequently proved fatal.

Just as the day was closing a regiment advanced immediately to the rear of where the command lay. It had been ordered to charge the works, and had got thus far on its mission, but had no one to conduct it farther. All its officers had disappeared; its men, hopeless as was their task were even yet anxious to fulfil it. Colonel Gwyn, informed of its situation, and understanding its anxiety to still go forward, valiantly stepped to its front and centre, and gallantly tendered his services to lead it on. Colonel Barnes, comprehending the fruitless purpose of the undertaking, forbade it, and ordered the regiment to retire to some convenient shelter and await the further directions of its brigade commander. This it was not disposed to do, but mingled with the others on the front line, and remained with them until they were withdrawn.

The combat ceased with the night. Its lengthening shadows were gratefully hailed as a relief from the terrors of a day of suffering and death.

In getting to the front, one of Company H's men had been severely wounded, but had managed to crawl up to his company. After nightfall some of his comrades got a stretcher and carried him into the town. Leaving him at one of the improvised hospitals, the men started in search of quarters, intending, for one night at least, to sleep with a roof over their heads. A corner store, with a dwelling above, seemed a

suitable place. But doors and windows were fastened. An entrance, by the aid of a couple of bayonets, was soon effected. A newspaper was produced and lighted, dropping pieces of half-burned paper as the party passed through the store into the back room, searching for a candle. One was found in a candlestick, lighted, and a reconnoissance in force was made, to discover what the enemy had left. Returning to the store, the party found, right in the track of the burned paper, an unexploded shell. The precious thing was picked up very carefully, and put tenderly away in a closet. An iron teakettle was found in the house, a well in the yard, and clapboards on the building. These helping, a steaming pot of coffee was made and drunk. Then, alternately mounting guard, the party indulged in a luxurious sleep, with bare boards for feathers, and starting betimes, reached the front again before daylight.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear. Just as the day dawned the men at the front, who had been sleeping as best they could, rose and walked up and down briskly to warm their chilled blood. The whole line seemed to be in motion. Suddenly, without the least warning, the Confederates poured in upon them a heavy volley. Every man promptly dropped to the ground. In one place they were crowded together too closely for comfort. Beyond, a man who, with the cape of his overcoat over his head, was apparently asleep, there was room for two or three.

"Wake him up, and tell him to move along," some one cried. The soldier next to him gave him a shake, and said:

"I can't, he's too fast asleep."

"You must."

The soldier pulled the overcoat cape back, intending to give him a vigorous shake. As he uncovered the head, the colorless side-face, and a triangular hole in the neck told the tale. He was sleeping his last sleep. He must have been struck by a shell the day before, and fallen just where he lay, and some comrade's hand had thrown the cape over his head to hide the ghastly wound.

If there was remembrance of the Christian Sabbath, there was no recognition of its religious observances. There was no pealing organ, chiming bell, nor tuneful orison. The city was a charnel-house, its churches and its dwellings hospitals, and its streets rumbling with vehicles and crowded with stretcher-bearers carrying the wounded sufferers. Save where the words of prayer ministered to the ebbing life of the dying soldier, there was naught to indicate that the day was the Lord's, set apart by Him for His people's rest and the observance of His holy ordinances.

The cannonading ceased. The cannon, that for three days had thundered so incessantly, had opportunity to cool, and the gunners rested from their unceasing toil. The quiet—there was no noise save from the occasional discharge of a musket—was in striking contrast to the continuous roar that had preceded it.

Fortunately the rigors of winter weather had not yet arrived. Save from the constrained position of their bodies, and the want of water, the men of the regiments in the front line suffered no discomfort and but little loss. There was still sufficient in the haversacks for nourishment, but all looked longingly for the night to come. There was scarcely any firing from the Union side, save where some one more daring than his fellows would rise in his place, discharge his piece, and quickly seek cover again. They frequently suffered for their exposure.

Sergeant Geo. W. Stotsenberg, of Company K, turned the cartridges out of his box into his cap, loaded, knelt upon one knee waited, and, whenever a head appeared above the stone wall, blazed away at it, and reloaded. He kept his position for more than two hours, and though the bullets sang about his ears and ploughed little furrows in the ground before him, he was not even touched.

Captain Crocker could not long brook this forced restraint. He had suffered greatly from his close confinement. Angered beyond endurance at the foe who kept him thus confined, he threw a taunting menace in their teeth. About noon, saying

naught to any one, he rose suddenly from his place, seized the colors, advanced with them a few paces to the front, and jammed the staff well into the ground, shaking his fist angrily and firing a round of epithets in no polite or cultured strain. His greetings were responded to in language equally cultured, accompanied by a volley of balls. His temerity lost



CAPTAIN LEMUEL L. CROCKER.

him nothing except the emptying of his canteen, which was struck. Lieutenant Kelley, who was close beside him, observed the contents escaping to the ground, and before Crocker was aware of what he was losing, rose to his knees, placed the hole to his lips, and drained whatever remained to the dregs. Kelley got a "ball," if Crocker did not.

Captain Bankson was not to be outdone by this daring feat of Crocker's, and he followed with one of like temerity. He left his place, proceeded to where the colors had been planted, seized them, waved them several times defiantly at the enemy, and then returned. A similar salute of musketry greeted him, but he, too, escaped unharmed.

It has been observed that the human voice was sometimes so drowned by the din of battle that the utterance of commands was useless. Successful obedience only followed close observance and apt attention. Any inattention or failure to comprehend what was likely to be done frequently separated the best of soldiers from their commands. A misunderstanding resulting from this condition of things happened in the regiment at its halt just beyond the board fence. The attention of some was momentarily distracted, more particularly by the casualties that there befell some of the best men. In what appeared but an instant, the regiment had moved by the left flank to a position three hundred yards away, where it remained during the rest of the engagement. Those who had not observed the movement were left where they were. The first conclusion was that the regiment had withdrawn entirely. There was considerable confusion, and the soldiers of one command intermingled with others. Nor was it possible to distinguish organizations, as the men were flattened tight to the earth, with their faces downward. They might recognize any one standing up, especially because few were in such position, but for one who stood to recognize those who were lying, was an impossibility. This impossibility of recognition was a further difficulty in the way of removing the conviction that there had been a formal withdrawal.

In the full assurance that their belief was well founded, those who had been left retired for a better cover to the rear of the brick-kiln. There, rumors from the town that the regiment had been seen in the city confirmed their belief, and they remained awaiting a favorable opportunity to rejoin it. To attempt it just then was an invitation for a volley, and a great personal risk, which, as the regiment was believed not to be engaged, the occasion did not seem to demand.

As the detachment lay behind the kiln, an officer was noticed approaching them, oblivious to all the dangers around him, shot at by volleys, aimed at singly, coolly stopping to examine the faces of the dead he passed, moving with deliberation and ease. He finally safely reached the cover of the kiln wall. It was Lieutenant William Wilson, of Company A. He reported that as the regiment left the city he had become separated from it, and had ever since been employed in a hopeless search for it. He was told of the misfortune which had happened to the detachment, the conviction that the regiment had been withdrawn, and the apparent confirmation by the stories that had come from the town, and he was advised to remain where he was. This did not, however, satisfy him. He said he had met a number of the men, but had not yet seen the field-officers and colors, and as he had pretty faithfully hunted the city, he was determined to prosecute his search further at the front.

In a few moments he left and was again exposed to the same startling dangers. Volleys upon volleys greeted him, but alone, bold and erect, a most inviting target, bent upon his purpose, he continued his errand and disappeared from view still unhurt. It was an exhibition of splendid heroism. By mere accident he reached the position which the regiment occupied, but was unaware of it until he was recognized and hailed by his name.

That the others, had they been convinced that the regiment was still at the front, would all willingly have faced every danger and rejoined it, was never doubted. Their mistake was their misfortune, and no adverse criticism was ever made upon the officers and men who composed the detachment by their more fortunate comrades whose better fortune kept them with the colors. Their disappointment, when they discovered where their mistake had led them, bore upon them weightily, and the reflection that they had not shared all the glories of a well-fought fight was only tempered by the consciousness that a misunderstanding, and not their purpose, had prevented it.

As has been noticed, when the brick kiln was passed on the advance, wounded, more than could be covered, were in indis-

criminate confusion about it, and since then the number had sensibly increased. If there were any on hand to administer relief the force was wholly inadequate to the occasion. Strangely, large numbers of blocks of ribbon were scattered around. How they came there was inconceivable, nor was there any disposition to inquire. Their usefulness was soon apparent. Generous hands quickly unwound the blocks, and tenderly, it may be awkwardly, applied the ribbon to wounds gaping, exposed and yet untreated, and bandaged hurts, possibly nearing fatality from want of care. But whether life was saved or not, it was a comfort and consolation for kindly hands to minister to those pressing needs.

During the time the detachment was at the brick-kiln another advance appeared, moving up the hillside. One regiment, with its commandant gallantly riding in its front, maintained a most excellent alignment. It preserved its shapely formation until just in rear of the brick-yard, when the commanding officer fell seriously wounded. Three of his soldiers bore him away and his command then seemingly disappeared entirely. The organization whose splendid line had attracted such universal admiration was the 5th New Hampshire; the commandant who had fallen so valiantly at its front and centre was its colonel, Edward E. Cross, who, wounded at Fair Oaks, had returned to add to the laurels he had won on the Peninsula.

With this advance appeared a battery of twelve-pound Napoleons. It had scarce unlimbered before every horse and rider fell. The men left without firing a shot. The officers remained a moment gesticulating violently, apparently endeavoring to enforce the return of their men, and then they too disappeared and the deserted guns alone remained. No guns could be served at such a point and no gunners could live in such exposure. It seemed madness to have ordered a battery in action there.

Among those who fell from the officers of the brigade was Captain J. Benton Kennedy, of the 1st Michigan. A solid shot terribly shattered his thigh, and, lingering a few days, he died

in a house in the city. He was generous, courteous and courageous. On intimate terms with the officers of the 118th, his loss was deeply regretted.

The detachment at the brick-kiln gradually drew off to the city and collecting about the outskirts moved after dark to the river-bank, where it bivouacked for the night. After daylight communication with the front was again wholly cut off and it was impossible for them to rejoin their fellows; nor was it necessary, as the fight had subsided to an indifferent sort of a skirmish, with no prospect of an assault on the enemy. The bivouac was consequently maintained until the command was retired from the front line.

Shortly before ten o'clock on Sunday night the regiment was relieved from its perilous and trying post at the extreme front and withdrawn to the bivouac on the river-bank, where the missing detachment was. Here it remained during Monday. A little after noon General Burnside and his staff rode down to the bridge and passed over. There was always a kindly feeling for Burnside, but now his presence stirred no enthusiasm; his appearance aroused no demonstration. It may have been a coincidence that, as he rode by, he drew his hat further down over his face. Unuttered thoughts were rife that somebody had seriously blundered. But sadly and silently the men viewed their commander, with the deepest consideration for the anxiety and solicitude which at that moment must have almost overwhelmed him.

At dusk the brigade started for the front again. It took a position on the highway at the farther end of the city, as it was subsequently learned, to cover, with other troops, the withdrawal of the entire army to the other side of the river. Absolute quiet was cautioned and conversation forbidden. That silence might be maintained strictly, the rattling of the tin-cups was prevented by removing them from the belts. It was a weird and woful night. The wind blew a gale, fortunately directly from the enemy, and, with the extreme quiet prevailing in our lines, voice and noise were distinctly audible in

theirs. Window-shutters banged and rattled, and shots rang out frequently on the picket-line. An attack was momentarily expected and every one was ready to resist the anticipated assault.

In the rear of the centre of the regiment was J. H. Roy's drug store. Within all was impenetrable darkness, but there came from it continually the sound of breaking glass. All the dangers could not deter the pilfering soldier. Groping about for something desirable, a whole shelf of bottles would fall at once, creating a tremendous rattle, penetrating in the extreme quiet, scattering their contents in every direction. Repeated orders were given to arrest these purloiners, but the seizure of one would speedily be followed by the approach of another in the darkness readily eluding the guard. His presence would soon be known by another smashing of glassware. An officer, annoyed beyond restraint, rushed in himself and seized a marauder with a bottle in his hand. Violently shaking himself loose and escaping, the man left a bottle in the officer's hand which, on bringing to the street, he discovered to be labelled "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." This he put in his pocket, but, soon forgetting it, resumed his place on the cellar-door, where he had been previously resting, and shivered the bottle to fragments. The contents, of a sticky consistency, soaked his clothing.

About four o'clock in the morning there was a sudden call to attention and a rapid movement to the lower end of the town. The officer who brought the order to retire indicated the wrong direction. Pretty much everything had been withdrawn and all movements required alacrity, but, reaching the river at the point where the officer conveying the order directed, the bridge, which had been there was found to have been removed. The brigade was the last to cross; daylight was close at hand and the mistake threatened disaster. The column was counter-marched with amazing rapidity and headed for the centre bridge. It, too, was in course of removal, but the engineers hurriedly replaced the planks and, in the midst of a drenching

rain, which then began to fall, the column crossed to the other side. Day was just breaking when the movement was completed.

Fredericksburg was fought and lost. The Army of the Potomac, battered about and abused, had become indifferent to results. A victory, where the enemy was pursued, routed or brought to terms, it had never been theirs to achieve. After a battle it therefore accepted a withdrawal or advance with equal complacency, maintaining the consciousness that it had done all men could do to accomplish a designated purpose. But always before it had administered punishment commensurate with what it had received. There was a conviction, at least with the troops thrown against the works on Marye's Heights, that such was not the result at Fredericksburg. It was too apparent, even to the obtuse observer, that the heavy sufferers on that fatal hillside were the soldiers who assaulted, and not the soldiers who defended. It was too plain that for the multitude of dead and wounded who covered its slope no corresponding number of disabled soldiery lay behind the powerful entrenchments.

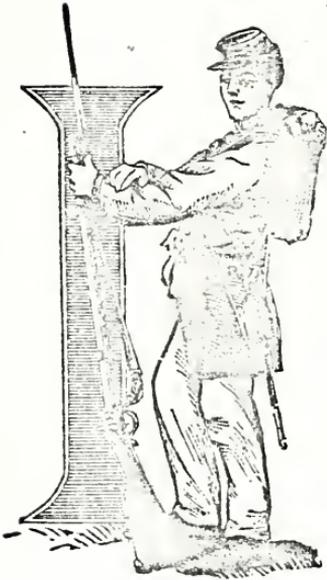
There is no need of any comments, only such as suggest themselves to any soldier. Burnside is dead. We all admired his frank and manly character. His assumption of all blame for the defeat is worthy of him. But it will not atone for the slaughter of so many brave men.

After this battle there remained in the army little confidence in his capacity for this command. He has since been reported as saying: "No one will ever know how near I came to achieving a great success," and to this we will add, "*No one ever will.*"

The loss of the Federal army was 1,180 killed, 9,028 wounded, and 2,145 missing, and on the part of the Confederates it was 5,309 killed, wounded and missing.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER-QUARTERS—RICHARDS' FORD
RECONNOISSANCE—MUD MARCH.



IN the cold, heavy winter rain the regiment returned to its old camping-ground. Roaring fires blazed in the woods, the wind sang cheerlessly through the tall, sombre pines, and the fatigues of disastrous Fredericksburg were mellowed by the stories of personal experiences that, in the multitude of incidents, had escaped general observation.

Invigorating, inspiring winter weather followed the storm, the cheery sound of axe and hammer resounded through the timber, and a well-planned military town of substantial, roomy log houses, with roofs of canvas, took the place of the irregular village of narrow and contracted shelter-tents.

Quartered on the southerly slope of a hill-side in a tall, clean-limbed "pinery," exposure to storms and wintry winds is tempered to a sort of drawing-room softness and fireside warmth. The soldiers fortunate enough to be so located, had a decided advantage over those on the bleak hill-tops or open plain. Such was the good fortune of the command in the location of their house and home for the winter of 1862 and spring of 1863. The timber was free from underbrush, the sod was smooth, the ground even, and over it the falling pine needles had woven a soft, springy carpeting.

To the rear was the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway, that bore the supplies from the Acquia creek landing to the front near Falmouth. The frequent movement of the trains was a daily reminder that, although hidden away in desolated Virginia, it was an easy, speedy journey to civilizing society and cultured homes. The majestic bridge across Potomac creek, that flowed by the rear of the encampment, was in full view. This was a marvellous piece of enterprising engineering. A trestle 100 feet in height had been rebuilt in two or three days, of pines placed one upon the other, firmly and securely braced together. It stood the test and did the work without break or accident from December, 1862, until June, 1863.*

Evergreens and boughs were skilfully utilized for decoration. They lined walks and avenues through the camp, and fenced yard-like enclosures about the officers' quarters. Pines and boughs bore the name and number of the regiment. Within the enclosure, all things were attractively arranged for true comfort and convenience.

*General Haupt says: "I cannot give the date of the building of the first bridge across this stream, but it was just before Jackson's raid in Shenandoah valley and McDowell's movement in pursuit of him to Front Royal. The bridge was finished about 12, midnight. Early next morning President Lincoln, with his Cabinet, passed over it to hold a conference with McDowell at Falmouth. On his return, he remarked to members of Congress that he had seen the most remarkable structure that human eyes ever rested upon. 'That man General Haupt has built a bridge 100 feet high and 400 feet long across Potomac creek, upon which the trains to supply the army are moving every hour, and upon my word, gentlemen, there is nothing in it but bean-poles and corn-stalks.' I was present at the conference at Falmouth, in at least the latter portion of it. McDowell said to the President that Shields' corps had just come in from the valley, but were without shoes and clothing, which could not be issued before Saturday (about two days ahead), and that the movement against the enemy could not be commenced before Sunday, but knowing the objections of the President to initiating military movements on Sunday, he would defer to his judgment and allow him to fix the time.

"The President sat in silence for a few minutes and then replied: 'Well, General, I'll tell you what to do: take a good ready, and start early Monday morning.' It was so ordered, but Jackson's raid changed the programme, and on Monday we were moving by forced marches on Front Royal to intercept him. The Potomac creek bridge was destroyed and rebuilt several times."

Wood was abundant, and each hut unsparingly supplied its huge open fire place, when the severity of the weather demanded it. At first the camp was surrounded by a far-reaching forest. Day by day the line of trees receded, as they were felled to supply the enormous demand for building and for fuel, until, before the spring weather set in, the chopped wood had to be carried fully a mile. The quarters of the men were all of the same general design and appearance, but their interior comforts and ornamentation were excellent or indifferent, as the occupants happened to be handy or careless. The wide, open fireplace, with timber-chinked, clay-lined, and barrel-topped chimney was universal; its cheery light and roaring blaze, a generous welcome from the cutting blasts and furious storms that were frequent through the season. Occasionally one of these chimneys, none of which had been built according to specifications or examined by the inspector of buildings, would take fire from a "defective flue," and become an object of interest and pleasure to all but the occupants. Old story—total loss; no insurance.

Amusements, if not varied, were plentiful and attractive. A lonely female, by name if not in person, was in constant attendance. Though continually addressed, she never seemed to appear, but the response to the frequent calls for "ante" kept the game going on, and the participants were doubtless better satisfied than if a real auntie had responded to the summons. But she was coy and coquettish, and when too frequently summoned without a corresponding replenishment from a successful "draw," would silence her unlucky nephews and return them to their quarters broken and despondent, their season of recuperation to be the intervals between the visits of the paymaster. The credit system, which was generally introduced, prevented total abandonment of such amusement ventures, and a reasonably fair rating enabled the discomfited operator to borrow sufficient to continue his speculations until his depleted exchequer was repleted by the coming of the ever-welcome little black safe of the pay department.

The "pack" and "deck" had use and purpose in many other forms, where the absence of the "ante" did not require accommodation from the "uncle." In fact, cribbage, whist and euchre, games of more culture and less risk than "poķer," had decidedly the larger following.

But other resources were at command. Literature, instructive and entertaining, was readily attainable, and books, song and story varied the monotony of the manipulation of the ever-present "pack." Courtesies to dine and sup were frequently interchanged, and postprandial speech and humor did their full share to speed along the rapidly disappearing winter. *Menu*, service and table furniture, *naive* and original, equalled the occasion, and the warm and hearty sympathies of host and guests for each other and the cause, supplied the absence of more cultured appointments.

All the time was not for pleasure. It was only the long winter nights, and days too stormy for outdoor exercises, when the pleasure-seeker subordinated business to his amusements. The winter's instruction was prolific of much good. No opportunity was lost for open-air exercises in drills by company, battalion, or as skirmishers. The rudiments, which had been hurried through in the urgency of active operations, were now most thoroughly instilled. Minor details, which had escaped attention in the forced preliminary training, were intelligently taught and successfully remembered. The importance of a strict observance of the delegated duties and responsibilities belonging especially to non-commissioned officers was properly explained, and when the season was over, each knew his duty thoroughly and did it well.

Nothing better promotes discipline than the maintenance of military etiquette. It secures the necessary distinction between the officer and enlisted man, but while essential to secure respect and sustain authority, it neither elevates the one nor degrades the other.

Surprising progress was made in this essential. The military salute was unflinchingly exacted, courteous and prompt response

to interrogation always demanded, and commissioned officers were rarely addressed by subordinates except when invited or permitted. These and all other minutiae of a like character, after careful training, were readily accepted and understood as essential rudiments in the successful maintenance of a military establishment. A novel incident, the result of these teachings, happened to an officer. He found it necessary to make a cumbersome purchase from the sutler. In the absence of some one to carry his burden, he selected a time when every one was likely to be housed, and took an unusual route to his quarters, so as to avoid meeting any of his men, who he was satisfied would force him, with both his arms loaded, to return their salute. One company street seemed wholly deserted. Frighted as he was, he boldly entered it. His movements had been carefully watched, and the entire company suddenly emerging from their quarters, arranged themselves standing at "attention," each man extending the customary salute. There was no alternative; the salute must be returned; so deliberately depositing his burden, the officer assumed the position of a soldier, acknowledged the salutation, again resumed his load, and the men still retaining the attention, he passed beyond their view and reached his destination without further interruption. The spirit prompting this action was an intimation that, as men were at all times required to be in suitable shape to exchange courtesies, officers themselves should be careful to observe like conditions.

The process of weeding out incompetents, after trial had shown their inefficiency, usual with all organizations, was severely pursued in this. Some who volunteer from purest patriotism will, from physical cause, from distaste for the labors, or from a total incapacity to accommodate themselves to the usages and habits of a soldier-life, become a burden to the service and useless for the purposes of war. Others, drones and malingerers from the beginning, are not worth the cost of their maintenance. While others still, who with honest and faithful intent try to overcome their fears, cannot command the courage of the battle-



HON. A. G. CATTELL.

front. The services of these, and all such as these, were dispensed with, and the better element alone retained.

To march with precision, manœuver with accuracy, to step in soldierly length and cadence, with body erect and shoulders square, in the ranks or out of them, in gait and carriage, always to show the results of a soldier's tuition, are acquirements which patience, study, time and attention must accomplish. But when men have passed the years when aptitude for new teachings is not so great as in earlier days, and previous instruction had been limited to a few months amid the frequent interruptions of storms and bad weather, the difficulty was much increased, and there still remained to be instilled a thorough comprehension of discipline and obedience.

These appeal more directly to the intelligence of men than the physical exercises of the drill and the manual. When the encampment at Stoneman's Switch terminated, the Corn Exchange had acquired a degree of excellence in soldierly accomplishments that rated it for tactical knowledge, discipline, courage and endurance, as a standard organization of American volunteers. To attain that eminence, in such a body, was no mean acquisition. The American volunteer, whose generous, impulsive patriotism strengthens as his service lengthens, whose difficulties are overcome by his patience and obstacles surmounted by his endurance, who has never yielded his ground or lost his line except to soldiers of his own race, is the typical soldier of modern civilization. It was such a standard the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers had deservedly attained; this high distinction it had justly earned.

The terrible wound received by Colonel Prevost compelled him to be absent until just before the battle of Chancellorsville. During his absence, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn had continuous command. Colonel Gwyn was intelligent, of fair tactical acquirements, and ambitious to secure for his regiment the reputation it earned. But he was unhappily liable to be influenced by violent and unjust prejudices. While he was courteous and obliging to his friends, he too often

acted oppressively and with wholly unwarranted severity towards others whom he conceived to be unfriendly to him. Some of the most manly spirits in the regiment were crushed by this oppressive conduct. They submitted uncomplainingly to injustice and oppression, rather than bring disgraceful criticism upon the command by an exposure of its internal disorders.

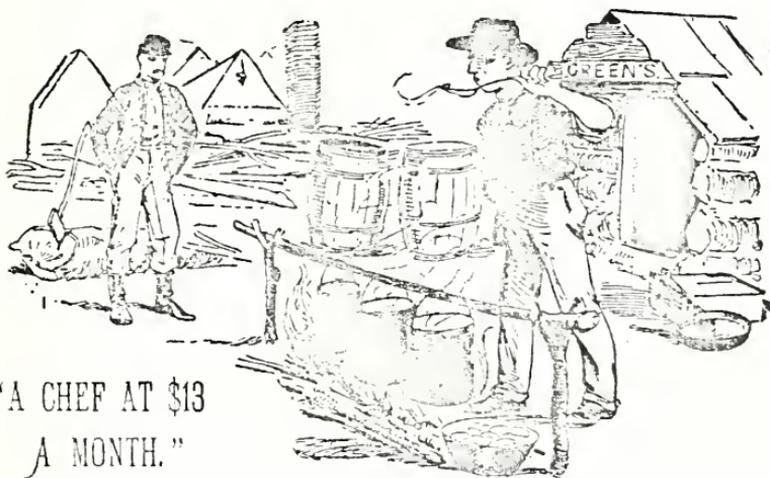
The 5th Corps covered the right flank of the army, during the winter, and the average distance from the camps to the picket-line was some ten miles.

The picket head-quarters was a grand old Virginia mansion, with houses for the servants near. Its occupants boarded the officers commanding the line, and the preparation of the family dinner was something wonderful to Northern eyes.

In the first place there was the fireplace, broad and deep, like Virginia hospitality. Then there were the Dutch ovens, of all sizes, of the same pattern as those in which the dinners of the Stuyvesants and Van Dams and Vander Bilts and their Dutch ancestors were cooked. As the stout and dignified black cook began the preparation of the varied dishes intended for the meal, a colored boy, whom she confidentially told her auditors, in his absence at the wood-pile, "wasn't wuff noffin' since dem Yanks come," piled about twenty heavy sticks of cordwood upon the massive andirons, threw some dry light-wood on the coals beneath, and, by the aid of a pair of bellows and a line or two of a negro song, blew the fire into a brisk blaze. While the logs cracked and snapped and roared the cook and her assistant were busy cleansing, stuffing and trussing the chickens, getting the mutton, vegetables, corn-porridge and bread and all the other necessaries and dainties of a dinner ready. As stick after stick of the hickory wood cracked in the centre, the ends were put on the fire by the boy, until the centre of the fireplace was a mass of living coals. Some of these were raked out, by means of an iron rake, upon the great brick hearth, and over them the Dutch ovens, little and big, were set. One contained corn-bread, another mutton, another chickens, and so on. The covers were put upon the ovens,

and shovelfuls of coals heaped upon the covers. The dusky presiding genius seemed to know just the right moment to turn, or baste, or take up; and while a French *chef* might wriggle himself out of shape through horror at so primitive a method of cooking, her sable majesty could have given him a number of useful hints upon the preparation of appetizing dishes.

Some privates in the army prided themselves on being culinary artists, and they did the business by wholesale. These chefs cooked the salt pork, the beans, the fresh beef and the coffee of their comrades in the company, and occasionally, when one of them received a pressing invitation to that effect from the commanding officer, shouldered a musket, went forth



"A CHEF AT \$13
A MONTH."

into the prevailing unpleasantness, and cooked the coffee of some unfortunate Johnnie who happened to stand in front of the bullet that had popped out of his gun.

No caterer to the appetite of a Vanderbilt or an Astor could have been stuffed fuller of professional pride than these gentry of the mess kettle, who pandered to the appetites of men capable of digesting anything that an ostrich could assimilate.

On one occasion the 118th relieved a Maine regiment. The inventive spirit of the Yankee had found vent in the construction of a number of water-wheels out of peach-cans, etc., along the banks of a little stream which flowed near the line. Written requests had been left asking the relieving regiment **not** to disturb them, as the regiment expected to return soon. Pennsylvania enjoyed the handiwork of Maine, but, of course, complied with the request.

Picketing in the daytime, when the eyes can be used to advantage, is not an unpleasant thing—unless there is rain or snow. At night, when the silence is oppressive and the world seems dead, it is another thing. The faintest sound comes through the darkness multiplied in strength and intensity. As an instance: one dark night, while crouching in some bushes in the edge of an open field, a picket thought he heard the faint clanking of a sabre at some distance in front. He stole softly up to the next man and communicated his suspicions to him. They listened and both of them heard the sound distinctly. One of them moved cautiously to a third man and told him to watch carefully, while the first two reconnoitered, and, if he heard any scuffling, to warn the pickets by firing. Side by side, on hands and knees, the two crept stealthily forward, stopping now and then to catch the sound, and then moving on again towards it. About twenty-five feet beyond the line the sound seemed close at hand, and was soon found to be caused by a broken weed, which, as the wind swayed it, scraped against another weed.

In pleasant weather the picket excursions partook somewhat of the nature of a picnic. In stormy or bitter cold weather they did not. A snow-storm came on one morning about five o'clock, and by eight, the hour for calling the relief, they were snowed under, the form of each man, as he lay upon the ground rolled in his blanket and covered with snow, looking like a white grave. "Turn out! Fall in!" yelled the sergeant. As they turned out the snow fell in. There were as many different ways of receiving it as there were dispositions among the men.

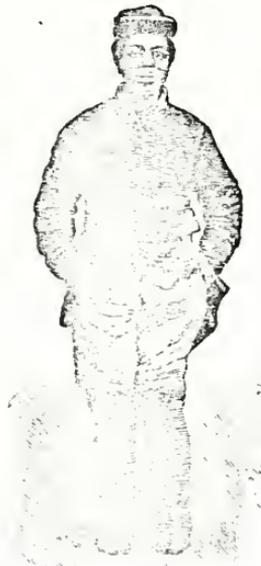
Conversation at night on the picket line, especially when it fronted near woods, was limited to a few words in low tones, lest the enemy might be lurking near, and thus gain a knowledge of the position of our men. For, while the picket, gun in hand, with alert eye and ear, watched and listened for any sight or sound that might indicate the presence of a foe, his thoughts were off busy with books that he had read years before; or with the companions of his boyhood, recalling the fun they had had, and the not always innocent tricks; and these remembrances naturally led to his home in the city, or the farm house on the hillside or in the valley, where the years of his childhood, boyhood and young manhood were spent, the home which, to him, was the very heart of his life. And now, in thought, he went along the old road, with its ruts and thanky-marms,—blackberry and elderberry and sumach lining its sides,—past the old red chicken-coop of a school-house, through the apple orchard that spread both sides of the road; he opened the gate up the end of the lane, lifted it up after he had passed through, that the latch might fall into its place, walked on beneath the great trees whose branches interlaced over his head, swung the garden gate upon its hinges, trod the old well-beaten path, the scent of bergamot and heliotrope filling his nostrils, and stood by the window next the porch, looking in upon those whom he had left with tearful faces and sad hearts, when he started for the front.

Every room in the house, every familiar object in the rooms, every loved and familiar face and form passed before him. He could see his father reading carefully the list of killed and wounded in the paper, while mother and sisters gathered round in hushed eagerness. He could see their gladdened faces and almost hear his mother's sigh of relief when father had finished and found that his son's name was not there. And then came that ghastly, strange feeling called home-sickness, which so many have felt, and so few have attempted to describe: a longing, that will not down, to stand in the old places, to look in the faces, grasp the hands, hear the voices and touch the lips of the absent ones—if for only a moment. Not cowardice, not

weakness, but true manliness, in such moments, has made many a heart quiver with pain, brought a tremor to the lips, and forced tears from eyes that were not wont to be moist.

"It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," was literally and humorously illustrated by an incident that happened at one of the dress parades of the regiment. As all soldiers and most civilians know, the "evening dress parade" is as stiff and solemn an affair as a president's reception, and the least breach of military etiquette on the part of any one, while the performance is taking place, is rebuked by the severe punishment of the offender. It commenced with "parade-rest" and "troop beat off." Statue-like stood every man as the drum-

corps, playing, moved down and up the line. Colonel Gwyn, with his fine soldierly presence, his arms folded, his body straight, head erect, and right foot thrown to the rear, stood steadily opposite the front and centre as the "troop" beat off, assuming this position as the adjutant commanded, "guides, post!" That portion of the ceremony concluded, he deliberately unfolded his arms at the command "attention!" and resumed the position of a soldier. The sublime colonel faced the regiment. A long step in his rear, stood the ridiculous Scipio Africanus. Every movement of the colonel was imitated and caricatured by the mimicking Scipio. He also puffed out his chest, folded his arms with an exaggeration of calm deliberation, and stood immovable as the "troop" beat down and up the line. Then, assuming the "attention," he moved his body and arms, and drew



"SCIP."

an imaginary sabre, in time and unison with the commandant. As the colonel received the parade and the adjutant took his post, so did Scipio receive his invisible parade. At the

command "shoulder, arms!" he opened his extensive mouth, showing his large, white teeth, and moving his lips, apparently repeated this and all the following commands, continuing until the dress-parade was concluded. Of course the colonel remained ignorant of the fact that he had a darkey double a few feet in his rear.

At first the discipline of the men overcame their inclination. But eventually fun proved more powerful than discipline, and, as one movement followed another, the contrast between the towering colonel in full uniform, with his soldierly carriage, and Scipio's dwarfed stature, with his extravagant imitations, drew from the men half-suppressed smiles and chuckles; then broad grins and outbursts of laughter spread along the line. Colonel Gwyn was furious. He interrupted the manual, announced the names of one and another of the sergeants, and summarily reduced them to the ranks. One commissioned officer was ordered peremptorily from his post to report to his quarters in arrest.

The parade dismissed, the officers were received with a stiff, unusual formality. Scipio continued his mimicries. This time, though, unaware of the stern countenance of the commander, he fell into error. His greeting was graceful and easy, and his smile pleasing and bland. With much feeling, the colonel called attention to the shameful behavior, inquired whether anything peculiar about his dress, appearance or manner had induced such improprieties, and continuing in an indignant strain, was finally interrupted and his attention for the first time called to Scipio.

Scipio had evidently counted the cost, and received his punishment meekly. He was bared to below the waist, and the lash, represented by a ramrod, vigorously applied. Then he was tied up by the thumbs and, with occasional intermissions, so remained until he had promised, with no expectation of fulfillment, to thereafter conduct himself with more propriety. Mrs. Colonel Gwyn, a lady for whom the regiment entertained the greatest respect and most kindly feeling, was then on a visit to

the camp, and at her intercession the colonel proclaimed an amnesty.

It began to be apparent from rumors and indications, shortly followed by direct orders, that this well-appointed, permanent encampment was not to be enjoyed without at least temporary interruptions.

At noon of December 30th, with three days' rations and a full supply of ammunition, the brigade was assembled on the color line. There was no intimation of the object of the movement, and its purpose was well concealed. At the same time the other two brigades appeared ready to follow as a support, it was said, if necessary. A battery and twelve ambulances made up what was apparently an expeditionary force, intended for fight or reconnoissance as occasion should demand. As Colonel Barnes rode out in front of the troops, he reined up opposite the regiment and laughingly inquired "whether they liked this being picked out for sharp work." "It's all right," was the general responsive; "we don't care when you lead us."

It was well into the afternoon before the column started, and near dark—after passing the pickets, astonished at the sight of such a force going beyond them—when it resumed the familiar direction toward Hartwood Church. But the destination was far beyond the old church. It was passed in the darkness, and a bivouac made at eleven at night in a dense wilderness, broken only by the timber that had been recently cut by the enemy, who evidently not long before had, in some force, occupied the country in that vicinity north of the Rappahannock. In their abandonment of the country, they had felled timber across the roadways for the purpose of obstructing and delaying the march of a column intended to pursue them, which must necessarily take one of the very few passable highways in any movement it might make in that general direction. They were reasonably successful. The infantry managed to climb over and move around the obstructions, but no end of delay followed in effecting their removal for the passage of the artillery and

ambulances. The night was stinging cold, with no indications of an enemy except the obstructed roadway, yet fires were forbidden. Had they been permitted, the tempting supply of fuel would have caused them to be so large that their flame and smoke could be seen for miles, telling the enemy of a movement that was intended to be secret.

The 31st was a cold, dull morning, and shortly after five o'clock, after a hastily prepared morning meal, the column was in motion again. Timber and other obstructions still encumbered the roadway; its removal was temporarily suspended and, leaving the artillery and ambulances to be brought up afterwards, the infantry continued its march through the woods.

About eight o'clock, a halt was ordered and strict silence enjoined. Except that the general direction was toward the Rappahannock, nothing had yet occurred to disclose the purpose of the expedition. Nor was their close proximity to the river as yet known to the men. Berdan's sharpshooters hurriedly passed on toward the right and were soon lost to view in the almost impenetrable forest. "Attention!" was called in a subdued tone, and the men ordered to load as quietly as possible.

In the depths of the sombre wilderness, the dull gray light of the winter morning covering everything with a leaden pall, the death-like stillness was painful.

The order to load had brought nerves up to a battle tension; all through the woods were columns of blue, in marked contrast with the dull, gloomy pines, and the men, stiffened for a contest with some unknown, unseen foe, stood in anxious waiting, in utter ignorance of their own position and that of their enemy. They had been buried in these forest wilds since early the night before, and none knew when or where they would end. But the anxiety was soon over, the inspiration soon ceased. Suddenly, through the forest gloom, on the still, wintry air there rang out the penetrating sound of musketry close at hand. The previous silence intensified the sound, and the roar was deafening. It lasted some ten minutes.

Richards' Ford—the men knew nothing of its proximity,—on the Rappahannock, was scarce a hundred yards from where the head of the column rested when the halt was made. It was to this point the sharpshooters had hurried. Their attack dislodged a cavalry picket on the thither side, and the ford was open for crossing. The column immediately resumed the march. The regiment led the brigade, and was the first to enter the water. The ford was waist deep. There was much splashing and floundering in the hurry to reach the other side, the intense cold accelerating progress. Many novel methods were resorted to to avoid a wetting, notably one by the sergeant-major. He rolled several logs together and attempted to ferry himself across; when in mid-stream, they turned under him and he was plunged headlong into the water. His discomfiture was received with shouts of derisive laughter. The troops were scarcely out of the water, before all their clothing was frozen stiff and became a weight to carry. On the other side, the country was open. The advance was continued with skirmishers deployed in front, the troops following in line. Rebel cavalry watched the movement from a distance, but disappeared expeditiously as the skirmishers came within range. Just on the edge of the ford stood a fine old Virginia mansion, occupied by a farmer and his three daughters. From the windows, the enemy had replied to the Berdan sharpshooters. In passing one of the windows, in search of a place of safety, one of the daughters was severely wounded in the thigh. It was pronounced by the surgeons as likely to prove fatal. Since the war, however, it has been learned that the lady fully recovered without an amputation, which at the time it was believed would be necessary.

The cleared land covered but a limited space, and then there were several miles of dense forest, and again, for a short distance, more arable country, and so it interchanged from forest to farm through the whole march, the forests decidedly predominating. Upon the farther edge of the clearings, the enemy's cavalry always showed itself, and flankers or skirmishers gave them parting shots as they rapidly rode away.

There were but few houses along the route, their occupants decrepid old men or superannuated women. They were not molested, disturbed, or even spoken to. One sprightly dame, rather better favored than the rest, was suddenly surprised, returning from the spring, by the approach of the skirmishers. Not at all discomfited, she dropped her bucket, placed her arms akimbo, and in sneering silence viewed the soldiers until they had all passed out of sight. No one paid any attention to her, or even addressed her. Their reception of her was as quiet and undemonstrative as hers was of them.

A couple of hours had rolled by without incident of note, when suddenly a single shot rang out piercingly on the extreme right and rear. The column was brought to a temporary halt. A horseman, miscalculating the distance, or having no faith in the marksmanship, had essayed to dash boldly by the flankers. He was, indeed, between 500 and 700 yards away, but the aim was excellent and, wounded in both fore-knees, his horse fell, pinning his rider to the ground. The man was but little hurt. His anxiety to get out of the road was accounted for, as he proved to be a mail carrier, and his bag, loaded with mail matter, was a valuable and unexpected find. He was retained until his release would furnish no information.

Indications of the recent presence of the enemy, in camps and bivouacs apparently hurriedly abandoned, were frequent towards the end of the march, but developed nothing further than that the enemy had been about in some strength. Seeing nothing except the *débris* of camps and a few straggling cavalrymen, after the brigade had moved some ten miles on that side of the river it was turned again towards the Rappahannock, and recrossed it about three o'clock in the afternoon at Ellis's Ford. This ford was also waist-deep, nor had the noonday sun raised the temperature. The men floundered, splashed about, some stumbled and fell, to be soaked all over, the clothing froze again, and the discomforts of the morning were renewed in the afternoon.

By the ford was a house occupied by an antiquated couple,

bemoaning the fate of the lady who had been accidentally shot in the morning, and desperately berating those who had caused the disaster. It was strange how the news had reached them, unless borne by some of the enemy's cavalry who had been circulating in our rear.

Anticipating the return of the brigade at this ford, the other two, ordered up in support, had bivouacked near it, and in the vicinity the wet, hungry and fatigued troopers of the reconnoitring party, amid roaring fires, found some comfort after the labors of the day. Besides the information gleaned of the recent location of detachments of the enemy, and the topography of the country, the reconnoissance resulted in the capture of three cavalymen, the mail-bag and its contents, and the wounding of the girl. There were no losses.

The old year went out without note of its passing away, and the new one began away off in the lonely wilderness, with no opportunity for the usual observance of 1st of January festivities.

It was twenty-two miles home, and the first day of the year 1863, up to three o'clock, was devoted to the journey. About eight miles out from the ford, jogging along at a comfortable route-step, the head of the column abruptly halted. The attention of Colonel Barnes was suddenly called to glistening objects in a thick copse of timber some mile in advance, which strongly resembled moving musket-barrels. The ground had been gradually rising for some distance, until the rise culminated in a well-defined ridge. Beyond, for a mile at least, was a broad, open plain. Then the road descended a little, entering a batch of thick undergrowth, which skirted the edge of a forest, in which, when he reached the ridge, the brigade commander first discovered the bright, moving objects that had arrested his attention. The men crowded the crest and the glistening which had called the halt was distinctly observed by all. It was scarcely conceivable that the enemy had crossed at the lower ford and deliberately thrown himself across the line of march of the returning reconnoitring party, and between it

and the main army. As such temerity was possible, it was deemed best to investigate it, and two companies, deployed as skirmishers, were intently watched as they moved out rapidly over the open plain and, disappearing first in the underbrush, were finally seen to enter the woods. No sound followed, neither shout, yell nor shot. The mystery grew apace, when suddenly a great flock of ducks rose from their cover and moved off gracefully towards the river. The deception had come from their flitting about among the timber, their wings appearing brighter as reflected against the darker tree-trunks, and the birds, who had thus innocently delayed a marching column of United States infantry, disappearing, the movement was continued to the destination without further hindrance or incident.

On the return march flocks of crows continually hovered a mile or two to the rear. They would rise in great numbers, float about for a while, move on some distance and then settle again. This they continued to do for many miles. It was the impression that a light force of the enemy's cavalry were maintaining a pursuit for observation, and, as they would move along from place to place, the birds, disturbed in their feeding, would rise, hover, and settle again when the interruption ceased.

A most cheering greeting was at hand on the arrival in camp. Boxes from home, toothsome remembrances of friends and relatives, had arrived, a ton or more of them. If the 1st of January festivities had been interrupted, there were New Year's gifts at hand to make the second joyous and gladsome in fitting substitution. Parents, wives, friends, relatives, maidens fair, and the liberal Corn Exchange Committee, all had subscribed in everything transportable and preservative for choice eating and drinking, and for a week or more all revelled in the luxuries of their contributions.

The sight and enjoyment of the material comforts led to loving, tender thoughts and visions of home and its inmates, and over many a stern, sun-browned and storm-tanned face

stole a soft, gentle expression that was not wont to be there.

In packing the boxes the affectionate senders had not forgotten the particular, and in some cases peculiar, tastes of the recipients. One of the men opened his box and, to the joy of his heart and the fulfilment of his expectations, and afterwards to the disturbance of his nerves and the nerves of others, found it full of whiskey. A dozen quart bottles, carefully packed. Ecstatic bliss glowed upon his face and shone in his eyes, as, with a bottle in one hand and a glass held to his lips in the other, his nostrils received the pungent odor and his throat the fiery warmth of his old acquaintance. He drank the health of the Corn Exchange, of his friends at home, of the colonel, the major, and the captain of his company; also that of the sergeant of the guard, when he came to warn him not to be boisterous and insisted that the "non-com" should drink his own. Then he commenced with the members of his company, although they numbered sixty-five, and would have toasted them separately but that he fell asleep while yet occupied at that labor of politeness. In the morning, finding all the bottles empty, he sadly reflected that all earthly pleasures are fleeting.

The Richard's Ford reconnoissance was but a prelude to the Burnside winter campaign of January, 1863, now historically recognized as the famous "Mud March." The cold, unusual for the latitude, continued for several weeks. The ground was firm and solid, the frost deep and the roads better than ever before in the army's experience in a Virginia winter. If the freezing weather had held on a little longer there would doubtless have been another issue to the unfortunate affair; there would at least have been a fight.

Repeatedly orders were issued for the movement and as often countermanded, until, on Tuesday, the 20th of January, it was finally begun. It was a crisp, bright winter day. A flaming general order, indicating prospective success, intimating a surprise, appealing to the strength and valor of the soldiery, and assuring a hopefulness in a speedy termination of the war,

FLOUNDERING THROUGH THE MUD.



was published to every regiment just before its march began. The Army of the Potomac had become a stolid set; stirring appeals had lost their effectiveness; what was to be done they considered had better be done and talked of afterwards. Demonstrative language, defiant music, were thought to be akin. When the bands of the two armies would taunt each other with rival patriotic airs, it was invariably followed by defeat or withdrawal; and written promises and urgent appeals it was thought would have kindred results. Yet there was willingness and readiness, and the men moved off with a cheerful alacrity, a gait and carriage that implied that what they were put at they would accomplish if others could.

It was one o'clock before the movement, which started in the other corps at early dawn, reached the brigade. After but a five-mile march a halt for the night was made in an extensive oak forest. A fatality attended the enterprise from its incipiency. The cold weather was over; the both ended it. The temperature rose perceptibly through the day, and during the night a pouring, pelting rain set in, an undoubted indication of the commencement of the usual January thaw. The wind blew a gale; rest was out of the question; the effort was to keep reasonably dry. Huge fires were built, and most of the wet and gloomy night passed in "marking time" in front of them.

At daylight on the 21st the incessant pour still continued. The leading corps had reached Bank's Ford, one of the designated points for crossing the Rappahannock, and there they remained massed. The 5th was virtually held fast. All the hard, solid ground had disappeared, and in its place, on the roads and in the fields, there was mud of a depth and consistency that held tight whatever penetrated it, so that release without assistance was almost impossible. It seemed scarcely conceivable that less than twenty-four hours should produce such a surprising change. The feet of men and animals, the wheels of gun, caisson, limber and wagon had so stirred and agitated the pasty substance, that, as the nature of the soil varied,

in one place it was a deep, sticky loam, and in another a thick fluid-extract. Twelve horses could not move a gun. The wheels of vehicles disappeared entirely. pontoons on their carriages stood fixed and helpless in the roadway, the wheels out of sight, the boats in mud and water sufficient to float them if they had been free. Human skill, strength and ingenuity were exhausted in the attempt to get forward the indispensable artillery, ammunition and bridges. Men were put to aid the animals, and the woods were resonant with "Heave! ho, heave!" as if sailors were working away at the capstan. When night came on the regiment, which had started in the early morning, had heaved itself along a distance of about three miles, when it bivouacked in the heavy timber and in the still drenching deluge; again "marked time" until the morning.

There was no improvement on the 22d; further progress was impracticable, and the command remained fastened to its uncomfortable bivouac. It was quite evident the intended operations had been abandoned. The 5th Corps was to have crossed at Ellis' Ford, familiar from the recent reconnoissance. On the

other side the enemy had erected large boards, on which were displayed in letters plainly discernible taunting phrases. On one: "Burnside stuck in the mud;" on another: "Yanks, if you can't place your pontoons over yourself, we will send you a detail." They had impressed all the ploughs in the neighborhood, and could be seen turning the sod in every direction, intending to assist the elements in their purpose to stop the progress of the army. They needed no such aid; their purpose had been fully accomplished unassisted.

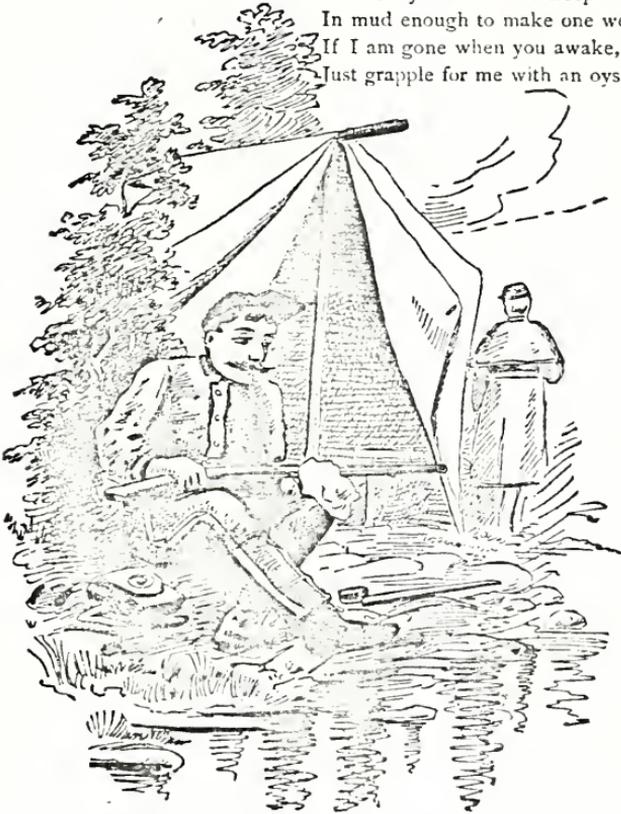


About noon, abandoned to inaction, the commandants of the 118th and 25th New York, who were in most friendly relations, fell to bantering each other as to which of their pioneers could the sooner fell a tree in a given direction. The challenge accepted, Daniel Oakley, of Company B of the 118th and a broad-shouldered fellow of the 25th were chosen for the competition. Oakley's tree was down in the designated direction in less than ten minutes. The New Yorker was far behind, and when his did fall, it dropped entirely away from the direction indicated. The friends of the defeated man bore his discomfiture most ungraciously. As Oakley wiped the perspiration from his brow one of them deliberately seized the axe with which he had done his work, charging he had stolen it. A struggle at once ensued. This belligerency, encouraged by a plentiful ration of whiskey issued during the morning, soon became contagious, and a free to all hand-to-hand conflict resulted. Inadvertently two officers were dragged into the *mêlée*, Captain Crocker and Lieutenant Wetherill. Crocker fought his way through the 25th, threw his brawny fists about him, belabored and punished his assailants severely; then he fought his way back again, returning badly abused in his clothing but otherwise unscathed. Wetherill, on a visit to a friend in the 22d Massachusetts, volunteered his services to subdue an insubordination over there, but was fiercely set upon, badly abused and compelled to hastily withdraw. In his hurried flight he unwittingly fell among the rioters of the 25th just as Crocker was in the midst of his extravagant gyrations. Here again he met resistance, but neither so apt nor strong as the massive Crocker, his adversaries found him the easier victim and administered a harsh punishment. The 25th, severely worsted, flew to arms. The excitement was intense; the situation threatening. By this time the entire brigade had their pieces. A battery was now brought up and the guns trained on the combatants. Still the belligerents would not be quieted. Two regiments were sent to its support and the guns ordered to be shotted with canister, but it was not until the

lanyards were in the hands of the gunners that the rioters ceased their contentions and stampeded precipitately to their camps. The disgraceful scene ended in mutual apologies by the respective commandants, and the regiments were separated

Burnside's Mud March.

Now I lay me down to sleep
In mud enough to make one weep.
If I am gone when you awake,
Just grapple for me with an oyster rake.



GETTING READY FOR INSPECTION.

by a considerable distance, that their anger might cool and the whiskey subside.

A little reflection rearoused the ire of the two commandants. The apologies were withdrawn, hot words followed, the lie was

given direct, and it was believed honor demanded a hostile meeting. A challenge, presented with all the formalities of the code, passed from Colonel Gwyn to Colonel Johnson. It was promptly accepted, seconds chosen, weapons selected, time and place of meeting fixed. Friends interfered, the scene ended, apologies were renewed and all the wrongs and insults of the hour buried in the exhilarating bowl.

On the 23d it was officially announced that the campaign was abandoned and the troops were ordered to return to their former camping-grounds. Such directions were easy to publish, but their execution not so easy. The army was fairly fast where it was—literally stuck in the mud. It was some twelve miles back to the nearest camps. pontoons, artillery trains could not be moved. Subsistence was exhausted and the Army of the Potomac felt the pinch of hunger. To relieve this pressure and get out of this sorry plight, the whole army was set to road-making, and by night a very creditable corduroy road was completed all the way to the rear. Over it during the night all wheels were successfully moved. The troops followed on the 24th, the rain for the first time subsiding. Before evening the brigade was back to its old quarters, not to be disturbed until bud, blossom and flower had indicated that the elements had ceased to war with man, and that, freed from their interference, man might again war against himself.





CHAPTER VII.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

OLONEL PREVOST, still disabled and suffering from his Shepherdstown wound, returned on the 19th of April, and at once assumed command.

Intimations were rife, and orders frequent through all the month of April, indicating the opening of the spring campaign. But the lingering winter was still abroad, and on the 5th an all-day snow-storm covered the ground to the depth of several inches. Later, there were days of continuous rain, and with the recent experience of the disastrous consequences of attempting a movement at such a time, the month was nearly spent before it was certain that the weather had adjusted itself to the season.

The army was in splendid health and buoyant spirits, secure in the knowledge of its strength, confident in the ability of its leaders. General Hooker, soon after he relieved General Burnside, popularized his administration by giving special attention to the commissariat. He directed a diet which in quantity, quality and variety was captivating, appetizing and nutritious. He also wisely permitted a judicious allowance of leaves of absence to officers, and furloughs to enlisted men. There were few officers who had not been home once, at least, during the winter, and no enlisted man who chose to attain an excellent soldierly record in all things—the standard of merit upon which their furloughs were granted—who had not enjoyed a

like privilege. Coming to the command of the army with a brilliant record for his splendid fighting qualities, General Hooker had the prestige of tenacious courage and superior judgment, securing him the unbounded confidence of his soldiers. His unremitting care for their needs, his liberality in permitting their occasional absences had attached them to him warmly. Jealousies, cabals, dissensions were over. Intriguers and plotters had been relieved, troops were in sympathy with their commander, chieftains in unison with each other. There was an assurance of success in the temper of things, and the campaign opened cheerily.*

* The feeling of the men is best illustrated in the following song, which was popular in the 5th Corps on the march :

The Union boys are moving on the left and the right,
The bugle call is sounding, our shelters we must strike,
Joe Hooker is our leader, he takes his whisky strong,
So our knapsacks we will sling, and go marching along.

CHORUS:—Joe Hooker is our leader, he takes his whisky strong,
So our knapsacks we will sling, and go marching along.
Marching along, marching along,
With eight days' rations we'll go marching along.

The soft-tack days are over, our beef is on the foot,
The pork, hard-tack, and coffee we've in our knapsacks put;
The extra clothes are heavy, but on our shoulders strong,
We'll sling our eight days' rations, and go marching along.

CHORUS:—The extra clothes are heavy, but on our shoulders strong,
We'll sling our eight days' rations, and go marching along.

Our overcoats and dresscoats are strewn along the road.
They crowded them upon us—we couldn't tote the load,
Contractors put the job up, and we must foot the bill;
But, Sam, our dear old uncle, we know it's not your will.

CHORUS:—Contractors put the job up, and we must foot the bill;
But, Sam, our dear old uncle, we know it's not your will.

The graybacks are on us, increasing each day,
Heavy are our rations, but small is our pay;
Our spirits are light, but our cause it is strong,
With eight days' rations we go marching along.

CHORUS:—Our spirits are light, but our cause it is strong,
With eight days' rations we go marching along.

The frequent premonitory orders had prompted the destruction, or other disposal, of the vast accumulations unsuitable for carriage in active operations, which gather while in permanent quarters. Eight days' rations had been for some time continuously on hand, and when the "general" sounded on the early morning of the 27th of April, the response was as ready as if the troops were starting from a night's bivouac.

The heat was unusual for the season, the load of eight days' subsistence and sixty rounds of ammunition heavier than usual, and the men soft from a long winter's housing.

Nor were these all. The men had got through the winter as best they might for clothing. Now, upon the eve of a march, with an extra load to carry in the matter of food, an order was issued that every enlisted man must have a full supply of clothing; that is, an overcoat, dress-coat, blouse, a change of underclothing, two pairs of socks, blanket, and shelter-tent. The men could not check their baggage. There was no alternative; they must take the articles, pay for them, and throw them away. It may be asked, Why did not the

The Virginia hills are high, and the mud roads are long,
But we'll liven the way with a bit of home-made song;
Then join the chorus, comrades, with voices full and strong,
While with our eight days' rations we go marching along.

CHORUS:—Then join the chorus, comrades, with voices full and strong,
While with our eight days' rations we go marching along.

The Johnnies are before us, their bullets buzz like bees,
They're down among the brushwood, and hid behind the trees;
Now, keep cool, boys—there! steady! just give it to them strong!
And when the fight is over we'll go marching along.

CHORUS:—Now, keep cool, boys—there! steady! just give it to them strong!
And when the fight is over we'll go marching along.

The war won't last forever, some day we will be done
With drill, and march, and battle, and cartridge-box and gun,
We'll tramp up North from Richmond to drum and fife; and then,
Oh, won't our folks be tickled to see us home again!

CHORUS:—We'll tramp up North from Richmond to drum and fife; and then,
Oh, won't our folks be tickled to see us home again!

men carry their clothes? If any man of ordinary health and strength wishes to answer the question satisfactorily to himself, let him load up with seventy pounds in addition to his own avoirdupois some fine day when the flowers bloom in the spring, and march from six in the morning until mid-day. Long before noon he will find that the grasshopper is a burden, and will know the reason why the men threw their clothing away.

The roads were lined with abandoned clothing from the corps in advance, and the first day out found the soldiers stripped to the absolute essentials only, blanket, gum-blanket and single piece of shelter-tent. It was noted with satisfaction that the route indicated no direct attack on the formidable Fredericksburg, but clearly pointed to a movement around the enemy's left. The road was the very familiar one towards Hartwood Church, and by seven o'clock the acquaintance with the little chapel and its attractive surroundings of forest and field, leafing and sprouting in the early spring-time, was again renewed. The soft air, the easy march, the moon glimmering through the massive oaks, made musings and meditation as restful as real repose.

It was half-past one on the 28th before the column started, and then the march continued uninterruptedly and without incident for some eighteen miles, when, at 9.30 in the evening, the night's bivouac was made in the vicinity of Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock.

On the 29th the early dawn was announced as the time to begin the preparations for a march, but it was seven o'clock before the column was in motion. The progress was slow, impeded by the jams and halts necessarily following the passage of streams, whether by bridge or ford. The men were cheery, full of fun, and anxious to get forward. They became enthusiastic when from the bluff overlooking the river the long line of blue, well closed up, solid, compact, moving with swinging, earnest gait, could be seen stretched out, serpent-like, for miles, its right lost entirely in the distance.

At noon the crossing was effected, at Kelly's Ford, on canvas

pontoons, and then the march continued, steady and uninterrupted, to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan. The stream was waist-deep and rapid, and in crossing it the extra ammunition, haversacks, knapsacks, and cartridge-boxes were carried on the head, and held in place by the rifle, pressed upon them and grasped in both hands. At 7.30 the men bivouacked near the river. Wood being plentiful, huge fires soon lit up the country. Frolicsome and joyous, yet edging up to the impending battle, the command dropped off into welcome slumber.

When the army left camp a member of the regiment who had been lame with rheumatism for months determined to go with the men rather than be sent to the hospital. He managed to keep up, or catch up, somehow, and after crossing the Rapidan, suffering acutely, thoroughly used up and thoroughly soaked, he wrapped himself in his blanket, lay down by one of the fires, and forgot where he was. When he rose in the morning he was astonished to find not a vestige of his rheumatism left. Nor did it trouble him again until after his return to camp.

The Rapidan was at no time a sluggish stream. Its width varied, but at Ely's Ford it about equalled the Schuylkill at the Falls. A tributary of the Rappahannock, its waters joined that river about two miles above United States Ford, the uppermost of those on the Rappahannock, the crossing of which would permit an advance into the enemy's territory, without necessitating the crossing of the Rapidan.

It was the first time the Army of the Potomac had pushed so far. Meeting no opposition, and passing successfully two such water-barriers as the Rappahannock and the Rapidan without resistance, the soldiers had fairly reached the conclusion, as it was shortly afterwards announced in general orders, "we now have the enemy in such a position that he would either be compelled to leave his entrenchments and fight us or ingloriously flee." Their belief went even further; they believed he had ingloriously fled, and must be pursued to be fought. Hence the huge fires, the unusual enthusiasm, the universal exhilaration. There was a firm conviction that by

superior tactics, and wise strategy, the enemy had been dislodged from a position believed from experience and observation to be invulnerable. How sadly this conviction was dissipated history has told. How speedily the belief that the enemy had fled disappeared, and the joy and enthusiasm vanished, will soon be apparent.

The early beams of the morning sun, on the 30th, were just tinging the lofty tree-tops when everything was astir about the bivouacs. The morning's promise of a bright, clear day was fulfilled, and a bracing temperature set every one aglow with invigoration and expectancy. It had been announced the night before that the brigade would have the advance, and it was expected the regiment would lead. The column lengthened into the road about eight o'clock, the brigade leading, with the regiment on the right, as was anticipated. The march began with brisk, active gait, but its alacrity was soon checked as the road entered a dense wilderness. The skirmishers were much delayed in forcing their way through the thick underbrush, and their halts affected the movement of the whole column. The men kept well closed up, ready for instant deployment. It was the advance of the whole army, and General Griffin, the division commander, gave it his personal supervision and direction. In the rear, some half a mile, were the other two brigades of the division, with two batteries of artillery. Such was the unusual enthusiasm, that the hope was general that the enemy might be struck before other troops should come up. There was a prevalent belief that the division could dispose of any reasonable force, and gather laurels for itself alone.

Nearing the Chancellorsville House, a most pretentious mansion, now so famous, the skirmishers were brought to a temporary halt in front of a line of earthworks seen from the edge of the timber. Their appearance indicated a hasty construction. The brigade was promptly deployed; the skirmishers and the line again moved forward. General Griffin, observing the deployment, hurried forward the other two brigades, and as their pace increased to the double-quick, the echo of their steady tramp resounded through the timber.

As the skirmishers left the woods and entered the clearing, they speedily mounted the earthworks, as the enemy were leaving them. A few laggards were captured, and these, with a number of the pickets who had been taken during the march, indicated by their conversation and appearance such astonishment at the unexpected presence of an enemy, as to assure the soldiery in their belief that they had really effected a complete surprise.

It was about eleven o'clock when a halt was made in front of the Chancellorsville House. It was a house of the Southern type, belonging to a well-known family of the neighborhood, still occupied by the women, and stood there alone, in a clearing. It was a large, commodious, two-story brick building, with peaked roof and a wing, and pillared porches on both stories in the centre of the main building, facing the Fredericksburg and Orange plank road, about twelve miles from Fredericksburg and about six from Banks's Ford. Its large size and number of rooms seemed to indicate that it was designed for a summer boarding-house. As a fact, it was intended to be the central structure of a village not yet built, which, it was proposed, should be located around it. Hence its name of the "Chancellorsville House," as distinguished from the Chancellor House, sometimes known as Dowdall's Tavern, a roadside inn a few miles beyond, kept by one of the Chancellor family, and deriving its name from its proprietor.

Upon the upper porch was quite a bevy of ladies in light, dressy, attractive spring costumes. They were not at all abashed or intimidated, scolded audibly and reviled bitterly. They seriously condemned the stoppage, urged a more expeditious movement, and stated they had assurances from General Lee, who was just ahead, that he was there anxiously awaiting an opportunity to extend the "hospitalities of the country." They had little conception of the terrors in store for them, or that they were to participate in this bountiful hospitality. They saw all the horrors of the battle, felt the hot blasts of shot and shell, and, before another day was over, pitifully pleaded to be

carried to a place of safety. The gallantry of the distinguished chief of staff of the army would not permit him to be resentful, and having seen them safely quartered in the cellar, subsequently rescued them through its windows when the flames, smoke and falling timbers of the burning building had brought them to the very presence of death.

General officers with their staffs, as their troops approached the vicinity, gathered about and occupied the porches. It was a lively and inspiring scene in the midst of such surroundings, the presence of the ladies adding a spicy sprinkling of society and domestic life.

The march was shortly resumed towards Fredericksburg, out the old turnpike road, and continued in column without incident for about two miles, when it was again interrupted at the foot of a piece of high ground, towards the top of which and from the direction of the enemy, a single gun was seen to move at a rapid rate. The drivers furiously lashed their horses, clouds of dust almost obscured them, and the gun reaching the eminence was swiftly wheeled into battery and unlimbered. Strangely, it did not fire a shot. As quickly the brigade began a rapid deployment, and by the time the gun was in position it had nearly completed its line, well concealed by the timber and ready for an immediate advance. Meanwhile our skirmishers had struck the enemy's. There they stood facing each other, close enough for conversation in ordinary tones, grim with determination, neither firing, and no one speaking. The word had been passed for those of the Union side to halt. It seems inexplicable how men of war, meeting at the opening of an engagement, could hesitate to fire. After days of useless slaughter, the unauthorized truce was by no means unusual. But there they stood, steady and silent, gazing, the one in apparent wonderment, and the other in real surprise at the unexpected situation. One of the enemy presented a striking attitude. He stood rigid, apparently in the position he had assumed when he first observed his foes. His countenance indicated that he considered himself in an awful predicament. His

right foot was thrown forward, his right hand grasped a tree as if for support, while with his left he held his piece nearly at a trail, grasped firmly at the middle band. And so he remained until he, with the rest of the line, continuing to face to the front and stepping backwards, gradually drew off, disappearing finally in the thicket without firing a single shot. Nor did the Union line, halted by direction, attempt to disturb the withdrawal. They remained silent; not a piece was discharged. But there stood the important eminence, apparently utterly abandoned, only awaiting occupation. The dullest could see the necessity for its seizure, and could not understand the failure to accept the invitation to occupy it.

General Griffin soon made his appearance, and he and General Barnes were seen in hurried, earnest consultation. There the brigade rested for a long time awaiting instructions from the corps commander, General Meade, to whom the situation and opportunity had been speedily communicated. Conceiving, as far as their limited opportunities would permit, that this ridge was apparently the key of the position, if a battle was to be fought in the vicinity, the soldiers waited in earnest, anxious readiness the direction to occupy it. It was cleared land, and out of the wilderness. Beside the incalculable advantage of controlling such a point, it was believed its crest commanded a view of much of the country beyond. But it was decreed otherwise, and the spot that was the scene of the bloodiest, severest fight in the next day's struggle was permitted to remain in the then loose, unstable grip of the enemy from whom, at that moment, it could have been readily wrested. General Meade's orders were positive and imperative not to bring on an engagement.

After several hours of impatient waiting, in buoyant expectancy of a promised success, the whole division was withdrawn to the rifle-pits near the Chancellorsville House, over which they had charged the enemy in the morning. There they remained in bivouac for the night. The soldiers were as discomfited as if they had been checked by a serious repulse.

All enthusiasm vanished, all the bright hopes of success disappeared. The belief that had grown to conviction that the campaign would culminate in the utter rout of the enemy was changed to sullen disappointment. The spirits of at least the advance of the Army of the Potomac were sadly broken. They had witnessed a lost opportunity, and slept that night near the morrow's battle-field convinced that, before the discharge of a single gun, before the firing of a single shot, somebody had again blundered.

Both Generals Griffin and Barnes were much chagrined at the peremptory order to stop. They made earnest appeals for the revocation of the directions, entered potent objections against their enforcement. From those who were in position to overhear the loud and angered tones of the conversation, it was reported that some hot, plain, determined words were spoken. General Griffin, filled with soldierly enthusiasm and justly confident of his ability to take and hold the eminence, offered to surrender his commission if his attempt should prove a failure.

Just as the line was formed at the foot of the rise, much merriment followed the performances of the division surgeon. Dr. Owens, oblivious, meditating possibly how "pill opii" or "pill hydrarg" could be made panaceas for all ills, failed to observe the deployment, and continued his course leisurely along the road. Nor did he fully realize his position until a rifle-ball from the enemy brought his horse to its haunches. The disabling shot rudely disturbed his meditations and, speedily discovering his lonesomeness, he sought cover with commendable celerity. He soon found his associates, and concluded he would thereafter conduct his musings at a more convenient season. This shot, intended solely for the doctor or his horse, was the only one fired during all these singular proceedings.

All the surrounding country was filled with troops. During the afternoon they concentrated in great numbers, indicating a purpose to mass heavily in this vicinity. At the invitation of Colonel Prevost, Captains Donaldson and Crocker accompanied him to army head-quarters, about being established near by.

They were courteously received by Colonel Dickinson, the chief of staff, who excused his chief, busily engaged elsewhere. He presented the party to a general officer who, in broad-brimmed hat and corduroy hunting coat, without insignia of rank, was sauntering leisurely about on foot. He received them with his usual affability, and graciously extending his hand in acknowledging the introduction, expressed his regret at his inability to extend the hospitalities also; and turning to Colonel Dickinson, whom he familiarly addressed as "Joe," inquired what he could do for the party. The Colonel explained that the head-quarter wagons had not yet arrived, and he was without the exhilarating beverages usual on such occasions, but producing a bottle of Drake's plantation bitters as a fitting substitute in the emergency, with the customary "here's how," it was passed "by word of mouth," until all had partaken at the Colonel's expense. It was too busy a time for a lengthy stay, and the visitors shortly withdrew.

Before night General Hooker's famous order, so eloquent in its rhetoric, was published. It was doubtless, when indited, justified by the first grasp of the situation, but was sadly unfitted to the circumstances when it reached the soldiers.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA,
April 30, 1863.

General Orders, No. 47.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the past three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.

The operations of the 5th, 11th and 12th corps have been a succession of splendid achievements.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.

S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Through the night the gloom was pierced by the doleful screech of the owl, the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, and the buzz and clatter of a multitude of insects. Different species of the latter, not content with making night hideous, sought to

investigate the strange change that had come over their usually quiet haunts. Big black ants wandered up and down among the hard-tack in the haversacks, stopping occasionally to refresh themselves with a lunch. Thousandleggers crawled over the necks, faces and hands of the sleeping soldiers. Stag-beetles, or horn-bugs, nipped wherever they alighted, and were crushed out of existence for their temerity. They were fitting substitutes for a nameless entomological pest oftentimes a familiar companion. This pest disappeared with the winter frosts, but, apparently indigenous to the vicinity, was ready with renewed life and untiring activity when the accumulations of dust and dirt should restore it to its sportive playfulness and itching ways. In its season of active operations it revived sorrowful memories of the backsliding Egyptians whom Moses punished, when he directed Aaron to lift his rod, smite the dust and let a plague fall upon the land of the sphinx and the pyramid.

At early dawn on the 1st of May the melodious notes of innumerable birds filled the air, and, notwithstanding the invasion of their forest home, they kept up their cheerful songs far into the day. But the frightened deer found safety from the advancing hosts in the depths of the wilderness; the foxes sought their holes and the rabbits their warrens. Now and then an inquisitive squirrel looked down from his hiding-place far up in a tree upon the warlike men beneath.

There was no movement of the division nor incident of note until about ten o'clock, when suddenly, without warning of artillery or picket-firing, prolonged and heavy musketry was heard to the front, rapidly increasing to a continuous roar. The artillery soon added their deafening thunders and the sound, intensified in the timber of the wilderness, was appalling. The blue smoke rose through the thicket and hung like a curtain over the combatants. Both sides were evidently taking punishment where they stood, no yell or cheer indicating either an advance or retreat. The scene of the conflict was the eminence which General Griffin had been refused per-

mission to occupy, and the troops so manfully struggling to secure it were General Sykes's division of regulars.

The fight raged fiercely, and while its furies were still unabated, at eleven o'clock, Griffin's division, for some undisclosed purpose, was moved off in the direction of Banks's Ford. The route lay entirely through the desolate, uninhabited timber, and continued for some five miles, to within sight of the ford. Here there was nothing that seemed to require attention; no enemy was or appeared to have been in the vicinity, and, after a lengthy halt, the column retraced its steps and brought up again about five o'clock in the vicinity of the Chancellorsville House.

While at the ford a captive balloon floated about in the air, its mission and purpose doubtless futile, as all observation of roads, trains or troops was evidently impossible in the dense forests in which everything was hidden.

A line of battle was formed in the clearing and pushed forward into the timber. The movement was believed to be to the front, but distance and direction were so lost in the interminable thicket that both were, to those of the line at least, mere conjecture. Some distance was accomplished, when the line was halted at a spot where the underbrush was of less density. Troops had occupied the ground before, and indications were significant of a hurried preparation for the charge. Knapsacks, half opened, the contents most easily transported removed, and torn papers from the cartridges distinctly marked the place from which the charge commenced. The troops had disappeared; there was no evidence whether in advance or retreat, nor of who they were, except that a Bible from one of the knapsacks showed it once belonged to D. C. Thompson, of Worth, Mercer county, Pennsylvania, Company H, 134th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. This knapsack also contained some very neat, clean, well-made underwear, and though the Bible was abandoned, from the scraps scattered about it was evident that Thompson had not forgotten his tobacco.

Darkness was fast approaching, and after a still further for-

ward movement in the same general direction, the line again halted and pickets were established well in advance. There was an anxious, uncertain look upon the countenances of the men. Thrown out apparently in the air, night approaching, with a certainty that they were without support, with no knowledge as to whether they were to make an attack or receive one, with vivid remembrance of the mismanagement of yesterday and the struggle it had caused to-day, the sturdiest spirits became sullen and gloomy. Just as the twilight was passing into total darkness, General Barnes rode up to the regiment. He informed Colonel Prevost of the result of General Sykes's fight in the morning. He had been roughly handled, but had secured an advantageous ridge which commanded the open country beyond, and which had been immediately occupied in strength by other troops that had not been engaged. In the face of urgent appeals and stern protests against sacrificing such opportunities, presented by several of his most eminent generals, General Hooker, to the astonishment of his men and the wonder of the enemy, had ordered the abandonment of this entire line. He subsequently altered his determination, but it was too late; before the revocation reached its destination the order had been executed, and the enemy had occupied the heights in such force as to destroy any hopes of their present dislodgement. General Barnes also advised the colonel that his brigade was alone and then far out in advance of the army; that the orders for the advance to this position had not been countermanded, and that at any moment he was liable to be attacked by overwhelming numbers; that if orders were not soon received he would retire on his own responsibility. When such orders were received the withdrawal must be made directly to the rear, in silence and with extreme caution. The pickets must be abandoned, unless an officer would volunteer to communicate to them the instructions to withdraw. Captain Donaldson hearing this remark promptly tendered his services. As he was receiving the specific directions from General Barnes how to proceed to execute his mission, a single cannon shot

passed over, followed immediately by a tremendous and furious shelling. The red streaks of fire from the fuses, the vivid flash of the bursting shell, the hissing shriek of the flying missile were startling in the gloomy darkness of the lonely timber. All movements were at once suspended. There were no guns with the advance and the punishment which continued several hours was endured without reply. Without awaiting directions the men set about to fell and slash the timber on their front, anticipating such active practice would be followed by an advance in force.

Scipio Africanus again appeared. Wherever he was the ludicrous was dominant. This time, though, he had not designed to furnish his usual contribution. It was never his purpose to seek a perilous place, but the fear of being forgotten entirely had prompted him to stroll along, until he inadvertently fell upon the terrors then surrounding him. He was lost completely and knowing neither his right, left, front, or rear, plaintively appealed to the officer nearest at hand to be directed to a place of safety, pitifully indicating his desire to be shown the rear. Guided by the light of the flash from a bursting shell the officer designated the general direction of the haven he sought, and with all the speed his tremulous body could command Scipio dashed away towards it. He had disappeared but a moment when a shell, passing over him, burst in the path he was pursuing right in his front. In his wild excitement he had no other conception than that what appeared before him must have been discharged from something in front of him, and turning suddenly back, with arms beating the air, eyes distended and hair on end, a picture of fright beyond recovery, yelled in a wail of utter despair,—“Captain, dar is no rear! captain, dar is no rear!” His familiar voice was heard above the noise of battle, and shouts of laughter greeted his announcement. But he found his way out eventually and turned up in a few days with his exuberant spirits still unimpaired.

Shortly after ten o'clock the cannonading gradually subsided and Captain Donaldson started on his mission to withdraw the

pickets. He was soon lost to any idea of direction except as he was guided by the sounds coming from the enemy's lines. He plainly heard the creaking of the wheels of the gun-carriages as the batteries which had been in action were apparently being withdrawn; then the driving of stakes and cutting wood in preparation of a rest for the night. The voices of the enemy in conversation were distinguishable and then they sang right merrily, to a banjo accompaniment, a ditty to the tune of the "Other side of Jordan." This indicated that he was in front of Louisianians. It ran thus,—

"The Louisiana boys *air* a coming,
Never mind the Yanks but get upon their flanks,—
And you'll send them to the other side of Jor—dan."

Followed by a shouting chorus of

"Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha!"

While noting the various sounds which had guided his direction he still kept slowly and cautiously in motion, all the while descending a sharp declivity. At its foot was a bog beyond which evidently was the corresponding rise to the descent which he had been following. Everything hidden in the impenetrable gloom, he judged this rise to be the enemy's line, and concluded, but with no warrant except supposition, that it was probably the eminence Sykes had taken and from which he had so summarily withdrawn. Confronted by this obstruction so near the enemy and with nothing yet to indicate he could accomplish his mission, he ventured in guarded tones to call "Where is the picket line?" "Which picket line?" anxiously responded a familiar voice. To assure himself he had not mistaken it, the cautious exclamation, "Is that you, Crocker?" brought the welcome "Yes," and pushing through the jungle a few feet they were together. Why he had come—it was almost anticipated—was quickly told. The delicate manœuvring necessary to assemble the detail without arousing

attention was slowly and successfully accomplished. They were all assembled at the point designated, and with their march directed by the same officer who had borne the instructions reached the command about two o'clock in the morning, still in the same position in which he had left it. The whole force was then immediately retired, and after a toilsome march, wearisome from the many exciting changes of the day, bivouacked towards daylight somewhere on the road leading to Banks's Ford.



All these vacillating and apparently mysterious movements, with the knowledge of the further abandonment of the eminence, the occupation of which the soldiers who knew of it still felt assured was essential to success, had in no way restored confidence.

The desultory operations of the previous day, indicating first a disposition to attack, and again a desire to await assault, ceased entirely the next morning, when it was quite apparent that all purpose of assaulting the enemy had been wholly abandoned, for at early dawn on the second the troops were set to work to entrench. The earth-works, with a parapet some three feet high, were substantially revetted and covered as far as could be seen, the distance of about a mile. Not completed until the middle of the afternoon they were skilfully constructed but poorly located. The disappointment at the evident intent to receive instead of give battle was increased by observing the unfortunate selection of the ground where it seemed to be the purpose to receive it. The line was untenable. In front, plainly in view, higher ground commanded nearly all the dis-

tance directed to be fortified, and the work of construction was prosecuted in a sullen, disapproving silence.

The day passed with occasional sounds of engagements elsewhere about the lines, but, relieved from the noise of battle and the excitement of rapid marching, the masterly inactivity was a subject of comment. The timid, panicky operations of the two previous days it was believed had encouraged the enemy to assume the offensive, and their aggressive manœuvres it was thought would soon force the leaders to find the surest way for a safe withdrawal if they were not already contemplating such a movement.

Towards the extreme right of the army, just before sunset, there was considerable firing. At dark it had culminated in a continuous roar, and, accompanied by the roll and thunder of the artillery, indicated an active engagement. There were but few moments of suspense. The human voice can be heard above the sounds of battle. The piercing shriek of the unmistakable Confederate yells, without a corresponding retort of Union cheers, told too plainly that the right had yielded. Shortly, as the yells ceased entirely, the firing slackened noticeably.

While the engagement was at its height, just as night closed in completely, the division abandoned the position it had held during the day and was rapidly moved towards the Chancellorsville House, where it was thrown into earthworks vacated the moment before by other troops that had constructed them. It was subsequently ascertained that the army was extending its right to recover its lost lines. Then commenced a series of unauthorized, demoralizing, and dispiriting tactics. Directions were first passed along the line from man to man, to spread out and cover more ground; then by the same means of communication to turn the visor of the cap to the rear that the rays of the moon might not reflect on it; then they were cautioned to keep perfectly still; then to lie down; then to stand up and come to a ready, and then to sit down. And so these and various other like instructions, frequently repeated and all

communicated from one to another in whispering, quivering tone, continued until the men were so nervous and unstrung that to establish confidence many of the officers seized rifles and followed literally all the movements with them.

The engagement on the right was over and the annoyance had ceased, when, about nine o'clock, near the right of the regiment, General Howard appeared, followed by a part of his discomfited corps, who, as it was then learned, were the forces which had so speedily crumbled at the first shock of Stonewall Jackson's onslaught, over on the right, where the sounds of battle had but recently died away. They moved along silently, continuing to pass for over an hour. Their condition did not indicate need of much repair, but they were evidently to be placed, for the present at least, well out of the reach of danger. An impressive silence followed. The insect world was hushed and the night birds were voiceless. The breaking of a twig was a volume of sound, and the faintest whisper startling. Gentle breezes were whistling winds, and falling boughs the tread of men. Soldiers heedless of sentiment viewed the quiet as ominous, men insensible to fear looked upon the stillness as portentous. The moon, then in the full, shone brightly, its glimmer through the tree-tops occasionally fading as swiftly moving, fleecy clouds covered its brilliant disk. The pale, changing light and the death-like stillness made everything seem unreal and ghostly.

A slight flutter in the immediate front strung every nerve to a still higher tension, and piercing glances sought, through the uncertain shadows, to ascertain the cause. As the sound grew to recognition, a voice cautioned the men to hold their fire, and General Griffin, who was returning from an observation of the ground his position commanded, passed through the line. General Griffin, an officer of unquestioned skill and untiring energy, beside the implicit confidence had the unbounded respect of every soldier in his division. His presence was assuring, and demonstrations were only restrained by the necessity for perfect quiet.

Once more the awful silence reigned, soon disturbed again as by the distant rumble of the coming of a mighty tempest. To the experienced ear this indescribable whir and sigh as if the distant winds were increasing their velocity had another meaning. It was the hum and buzz and tramp of large bodies of men in motion, the rattle and jostle of arms and equipments. Nearer and nearer it approached, and louder and louder it swelled and spread until the veriest tyro could not mistake it. Disciplined battalions were massing for assault, and then distinct and audible came the voice of command, its tone loud, its volume ringing, as it rolled out the "Battalion"—"halt"—"front"—"on the centre, dress," and then a pause,—"battalion"—"right shoulder shift arms," and still another pause, followed with increased vigor by the "forward"—"guide centre"—"march." Other operations elsewhere seemed to distract the enemy's attention. At once the stillness vanished, the quiet disappeared. Off to the right and front, instantly every rifle flashed, every gun thundered and that portion of the Union army was hotly engaged in the furies, terrors, and uncertainties of a most determined night assault. Under such wicked gunnery and persistent musketry, intensified by the darkness, the trees seemed to shiver, the earth to tremble and shake. It brought every man to his feet and roused the men of the 6th Corps, quietly sleeping miles away in their bivouac beyond Fredericksburg. The memorable assault at Chancellorsville on the night of the 2d of May, 1863, is not confined in recollection to the troops who immediately took part in it. Every participant in the great battle will ever vividly recall what was then believed, except by the troops engaged at that particular point, to be a repulse of the enemy's assault, but which history shows to have been, as it has been aptly styled, "Sickles fighting his way home again."

The moonlight battle subsided during the early morning hours, and Sunday, the 3d, opened a clear bracing spring day. Gossip dwelt on the details of the 11th Corps disaster, as it was enlarged by exaggeration and the opportune arrival

of the 1st Corps, and concluded with a venture of opinions upon the general further contraction and concentration of the lines.

The officers' supplies were completely exhausted and the men's rations were thinned out to a few crackers and a scant allowance of coffee. Some who had never before used tobacco found it temporarily effective in satisfying the cravings of appetite.

Lieutenant Batchelder, a man of strong nerves and unflinching courage, of exceptional firmness in time of peril, took the opportunity of a little quiet to communicate to one of his friends that he had labored all night with a harrowing presentiment that during the day he would certainly be killed. Given to no superstition he had struggled to banish the phantom, but it would not down, and he had thus sought relief in reluctantly communicating his burdensome thoughts to another. Before the campaign opened and frequently during its operation he had been haunted with horrible dreams of frightful gaping wounds, so shocking and repulsive as to be beyond the reach of surgical skill or careful nursing. He would awake amid shrieks and pains of death and wounds, and rest again only to have these distressing scenes repeated. He would not be persuaded that all this was the result of some local physical disturbance, but insisted, with his usual deliberation, upon giving directions as to the disposition of his worldly affairs, and that the time and place of his fall should be delicately broken to his family. It was suggested to him that if he did not expose himself so needlessly and recklessly in the future as he had in the past, the catastrophe he dreaded might be averted. Such caution was useless. Nevertheless, he survived Chancellorsville and other battles, and is still prosperous and diligent, as may be incidentally disclosed hereafter.

At a very early hour Sunday morning the brigade was withdrawn from the line it had previously held and moved to the road leading to United States Ford. There it remained for some time, halted in order of battle near General Sykes's com-

mand. Wicked fighting was waging fiercely in the front on the left. The timber concealed the combatants, but the blue smoke hanging over and lingering in the tree-tops indicated the lines, and the frequent whir and zip of the balls told of their close proximity. There was no lull, no cessation: it was awful punishment. The smoke increased to clouds; the sun, shining brightly, was dimmed and darkened as if by an approaching storm. The regiment, alone, was then moved on the line and put to building breastworks, as subsequently shown not for their own occupation, but for the accommodation of the regular division. They set about their task manfully, regardless of hunger and the fatigue from the many sleepless nights. This work completed, after a short interval of rest, about noon the entire brigade was removed, on the road towards Chancellorsville, to the extreme left of the White House. Approaching this point the battle seemed to wax hotter, bursting shells filled the air and the yells of the Confederates were incessant.

The Chancellorsville House itself was not in view. The location was a piece of open, cleared land, so difficult to secure in the neighborhood, which, by a flank to the left and rear, had been entered by Griffin's and other batteries that were now heavily engaged, while to the rear of the batteries, and just within the timber, was located the general and field-hospital. The conflict had approached the hospital uncomfortably close. The troops, still hotly at work on the outer lines, were resisting assaults preparatory to retiring to the interior ones then in the course of preparation, and gradually the hospital had been drawn within range. The heavy and increasing casualties had crowded its grounds beyond their capacity; the medical force was entirely inadequate to the exacting duties thus imposed upon it. Several of the surgeons and attendants had been killed and wounded, and the panicky sensation following operations and attention under fire had materially interfered with a prompt and ready service. There was no discrimination and the shells tore through these grounds relentlessly. To the miseries and sufferings already at hand were added others, and

some of the wounded, as they lay helplessly about, were either more frightfully mangled or killed.

As a result of the concentration the Chancellorsville House eventually fell into the possession of the enemy. But before it was completely theirs the flames had done their work effectually and the building was a blackened ruin.

The attack of the Confederates was so fierce and persistent that General Meade ordered General Griffin to put in his division. He asked permission to use the artillery then concentrating in the vicinity, saying: "I'll make them think hell isn't half a mile off." Permission being granted, he ordered the gunners to double-shot their pieces, let the enemy approach to within fifty yards, "and then roll them along the ground like this," stooping in imitation of a bowler.

The immediate duty of the command was the support of the batteries thus engaged. The enemy's firing was terrible and practice accurate. No other phrase will fairly meet it, except that there was a rain of shell and solid shot. The men stood it handsomely; few availed themselves of the privilege of lying prone; the majority assumed a crouching posture with head erect, eyes strained and musket upright as if for instant service. An officer of a regiment in the brigade, lying upon his back reading a newspaper, was struck in the stomach and instantly killed. The artillery continued to arrive, either to go immediately into battery or remain parked in the vicinity. But gradually the fire slackened to desultory discharges.

Batchelder had forgotten his morbid sensitiveness, and, deaf to suggestions, was again recklessly exposing himself. An abandoned limber-chest seemed to be a point of attraction, and, heedless of all danger, he had selected it as a suitable place of observation. He stood upon it, conspicuous, closely observing with a pair of field-glasses, drawing the enemy's fire directly to him, but so elated with the splendid view it gave him of the battle that he declined to retire at the earnest solicitation of those around him, and remained until Colonel Prevost peremptorily ordered him to return to his post. It was a reluctant

obedience. He withdrew, grumbling that it was shameful to deprive a man of such an opportunity, as he probably wouldn't have another such chance in a lifetime.

There were other points of observation equally available and less exposed. These were resorted to by several of the curiously inclined. At an angle in the breastworks lately constructed stood the White House before referred to, the property of one Burns. In front and to the left of this house there was excellent opportunity for a view of the active combat. The few points in this thickly-wooded region to designate locality has brought this unpretentious dwelling into distinguished prominence. In its rear a large tent had been pitched for the use of army head-quarters. The flaps open, its occupants and their doings were plainly in view. General Hooker, in reclining posture, still suffering from the blow he received from a falling pillar of the Chancellorsville House, was surrounded by a number of general and staff-officers. The libations, in view of the character of the surroundings, were quite imposing, and the beverage luxuriant and expensive. The light wines of France were apparently the exclusive tippie. The many abandoned bottles, the broken and empty baskets, the frequent and suggestive popping of champagne corks indicated a free and liberal allowance of this intoxicant, just then so exclusively confined to army head-quarters. An impertinent fellow, enviously overlooking the scene, observing General Hooker as the only one of the party not upon his feet, inquired the cause. A volunteer reply was made by an officer near by to the effect that he had been shot. "Shot in the neck," quickly responded the inquirer. Fearing the consequence of his levity he quickly hid himself in the crowd, but not before the restrained smile with which his response was received assured him in his belief that he had not *shot* very far from the mark.

There were other scenes about these head-quarters interesting, startling, significant. Officers were coming and going in hot, important haste, some with reports, others with directions. Guns hurried to position were crashing to their places and

quickly unlimbering. Hundreds of men without organization were passing to the rear. Riderless horses, many of them badly wounded, wandered helplessly about. One with the blood spouting from a wound in the chest was galloping aimlessly in every direction, with pleading, suppliant look as if for some intelligent direction where to go and what to do. A mounted officer, observing his hopeless condition, fired two pistol shots to relieve his sufferings, and then rode rapidly away as if he did not care to see the dying agonies. But his shots were ineffectual; the poor beast struggled again and again to regain his feet, and then was forgotten amid other quickly accumulating, harrowing scenes. The battle still raged fiercely, each determined onslaught being each time heroically resisted.

Active participants see but little of the battle. To those who chose to take the risk of observation from the position in front of the White House about this time it was a rare and thrilling sight. The open ground in front covered about one hundred and fifty yards, dipped slightly in the centre and terminated in a sparsely-wooded crest.

In the timber on the crest was a Union line of battle, holding its regular formation, firing and loading with deliberation and slowly retiring. Beyond, waving battle-flags, butternut uniforms, gleaming muskets were gradually advancing. They were firing as they moved forward, their ramrods flashing in the sun as they executed the motion of draw and return rammer and ram cartridge. On they came, undeterred by the close and terrible fire punishing them. The Union line stood the shock commendably. Then came the desperate moment of impact; the mingling of the blue and gray; the exchange of bayonet-thrusts and shouts of defiance, cheers and yells of victory, shrieks and groans, and, in a confused and shapeless mass, friend and foe broke madly for the guns—the one for their capture, the other for protection. The peculiar, piercing yells of the rebels seemed for a moment to drown all other sounds. But before all the Union line had found the friendly shelter of

their cannon the guns belched forth their death-dealing canister; the enemy's yells of delight were changed to wails of disappointment; his impetuous advance was broken; his lines, confused beyond recovery after leaving the timber, disappeared entirely, and of those who did leave the timber few ever returned. Most of them found death and wounds on the open ground which the determined impetuosity of their onslaught and their conspicuous daring had prompted them to enter. This attack fell upon Tyler's brigade of Humphrey's division, sent temporarily to reinforce French, of the 2d Corps. After an hour's desperate and gallant fighting their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and they were struck as they were about to execute the order to retire.

One poor fellow fell under the fire of our guns just as he had reached them. After the affair an attempt was made to discover his identity. In the confusion he had become separated from his comrades, and there was neither name, mark nor sign about him to indicate who he was or where he belonged. He was buried where he fell, another of the rapidly-increasing patriot army of the unknown dead.

It was nearly two o'clock when the Chancellorsville House was abandoned, but the tremendous artillery firing and desperate, hard fighting all day checked the enemy's advance all along the lines. Flames and fire were added to the other terrors. The woods had caught from the artillery and the wounded and dying in their midst were beyond the hope of rescue. This was a truce of itself, and apparently by general consent there was a lull in the hostilities as the exterior lines gradually melted away behind the troops holding the interior lines.

Before the engagement in front had wholly ceased uproarious, lusty shouts and cheers attracted attention towards the left. As the cheering grew nearer there appeared a crowd of men dragging several pieces of cannon; one had the muzzle blown away and all looked as if they had seen rough usage. They were a battery of guns abandoned by our forces, which had

just been brought in amidst a galling fire under the direction of a gallant officer of the 116th Pennsylvania, and General Hancock had ordered them dragged along the lines by their captors as an evidence of special gallantry and an incentive to other acts of heroism. The whole line joined heartily in the shouts of welcome to the men who had thus so notably distinguished themselves.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the regiment was temporarily withdrawn a short distance for an opportunity to prepare coffee. It was rather tantalizing; the diminished supply made the opportunity available only to those who had more carefully husbanded their stores, while the others who could neither borrow nor beg nibbled at crackers and strolled about in the few moments of leisure and offered their services and attentions to the wounded. One strong, powerful fellow with his foot badly shattered had just been placed upon the temporary table. He fought stoutly against the operation, and at first forcibly resisted an effort to chloroform him, but persuaded it was for examination only, gradually yielded his consciousness to its soothing effects. The knife was applied by Dr. Joseph Thomas, our regimental surgeon, whose skill in operative surgery was always recognized by his detail in battle to the general field-hospital. The flaps were made; the bone severed; the arteries adjusted with prompt and skilful precision, and, recovering consciousness, the patient, as he was removed to the ambulance, joyfully remarked that he was very glad the examination had resulted in the conclusion that amputation would not be necessary. The poor fellow had not yet realized his loss, and, knowing nothing of what had transpired while he remained insensible, still labored under the pleasing deception.

Great enthusiasm prevailed during the afternoon on the reception of the news of the capture by General Sedgwick of the formidable works at Marye's Heights and his successful movement out the plank-road toward the main army. The subsequent disaster that attended his operations, although it had already happened, was not yet known.

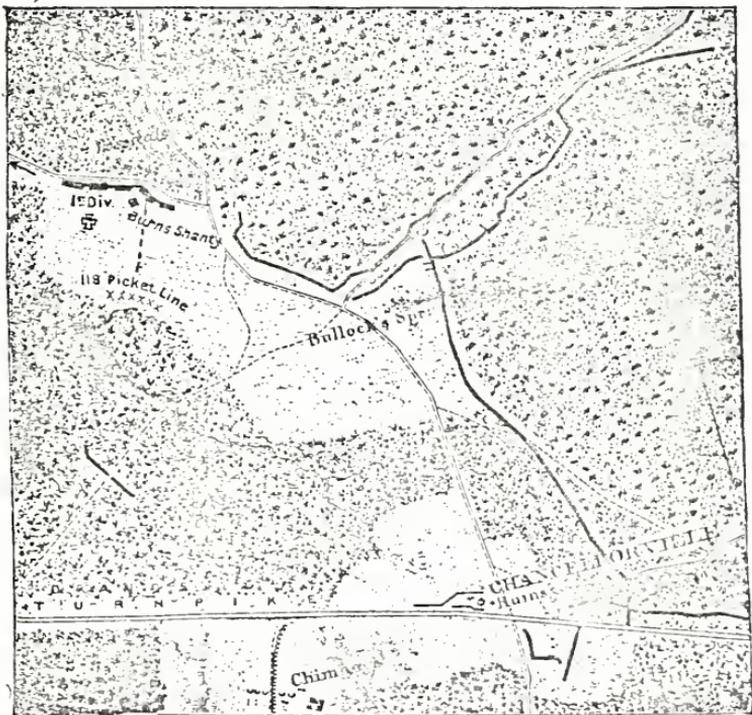
The command was soon returned to the lines at the White or Burns' House and set about strengthening the earthworks, which had been but illy-constructed affairs from the beginning. The bodies of the dead horses in the neighborhood were put to practical uses for the elevation. With earth heaped and well packed around them they answered the purpose of solid works of earth and saved much labor in digging.

Thus closed this eventful and exciting Sunday, a day fated with disaster, but big with valorous deeds and heroic sacrifices. The same lines taken up by the brigade on the 3d continued to be held by it during all of that and the succeeding days while the army remained in position facing the enemy. It was the general impression that hard fighting was about over and the night's rest was most refreshing.

The 4th dawned with every indication of the continued uninterrupted clear weather. Crocker, who had pitched his shelter-tent, rose grumpy and discomfited. The ground his canvas covered, uneven and yielding, had afforded him no spot where his body could be brought to anything like a comfortable position. Making search for the cause with the earliest break of day, he discovered he had spread his canvas in the darkness over a new and hastily-made grave. The obstructions he had been tugging at to remove during the night were the exposed nose and fingers of its partially-covered occupant, and the soft, yielding body was the cause of his couch's spongy uneasiness. Crocker shook, spit and coughed a little, but his momentary discomfiture soon gave way before his usual buoyancy.

The picket-line held the edge of the timber that bounded the open space in front of the woods. The enemy's sharpshooters back in the woods, hidden from view in the tree-tops, had secured a very accurate range of the troops occupying the breastworks, and with the earliest dawn they began their practice. Exposure was useless and the men were enjoined to seek the cover of the works. Any one standing or on horseback was an excellent mark and immediately drew the fire.

Homer Lancaster, of Company B, was lying on the ground



MAP OF VICINITY OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, SHOWING POSITION OF 118TH.



"THEY WILL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN."

asleep, face downwards, with his knapsack and rolled blanket on his back. A bullet from the sharpshooter went through his blanket and wounded him in the neck, but not severely. Lieutenant Thomas, struck in the shoulder, was felled to the ground, but the ball had nearly spent its force and did no injury. It was picked up and found to be of the elongated pattern, the ammunition used by Berdan's sharpshooters. The enemy were either supplied with the terrible globe-sighted weapons of that or similar make, or had been fortunate in the capture of some.

About two o'clock General Whipple, whose division of the 3d Corps lay in the vicinity, while inspecting the lines in his neighborhood, appeared leisurely walking his horse in rear of the works. Unfamiliar with the surroundings, recognized as a general officer, he was politely cautioned that his exposure brought him in imminent peril, as the enemy had complete range of every living object they could get their eyes upon. Indeed this was scarcely necessary, for he was almost immediately opened on, but, heedless of the caution and regardless of the firing, he continued his movement without accelerating his pace until he had reached the right of the regiment. There he deliberately halted, faced to the front and sat intently gazing in the direction of the other side. In a moment the dust was seen to fly from his clothing and he fell headlong to the ground. Hurrying to his assistance it was found the ball had entered through the stomach and passed out at the small of the back. He must have instantly known his wound was mortal. Although conscious he betrayed neither emotion nor anxiety, and without speech or moan seemed to stolidly accept his fate with true and determined heroism. Stretcher-bearers bore him to the cover of the timber in the rear, and apparently he died from hemorrhage while the surgeons were examining the wound; but he subsequently rallied and survived until his removal to Washington.

There were other less distinguished sufferers from the bullets of the Confederate sharpshooters, and one of them was Peter

Haggerty. Peter's head was so large, or the army caps were so small, that he could never get one to fit him, and the unfitness of things was still more clearly exhibited by his persistent habit of wearing the peak of his cap at the back of his head. The summit of Peter's person was filled with recklessness and he did not know what fear was, because he had no real knowledge of what there was to fear. An hour or so before General Whipple was shot Haggerty was standing on a stump, shaking his fist towards the rebel lines and doing about every other foolish thing he could think of. Cautioned to get down and keep out of harm's way, he cried out: "Ah! there's no rebel bullet made that'll touch me." A few seconds after there came from him a howl that, for volume and intensity, was sufficient mourning for all his ancestors from the days of Brian Boroihme down, and the descendant of the Haggertys was dancing and limping round as if he had been the recipient of the attentions of a circle of mules. He had been hit in the leg by a spent ball. Farewell, Haggerty. His head was never seen in the regiment again.

As it was about time this particular sharpshooter should be silenced, a lieutenant belonging to Berdan's sharpshooters passed through the regiment, and the skirmishers beyond, and felt his way through the woods towards the spot whence came the annoying fire. He found him up a tree. He left him on the ground. A rifle, a fox-skin cap, \$1,600 in Confederate money and \$100 in greenbacks the lieutenant brought back with him.

Except the booming of cannon in the direction of Sedgwick's force and the uninterrupted vigilance of the sharpshooters, there was nothing of stirring moment until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the 2d and 3d Brigades of the division began preparations for an advance.

At five o'clock they moved out, and the 1st Brigade, extending its intervals, covered their ground and its own. They were a shapely body; their colors fluttered defiantly, muskets glistened brightly, and elbows touched lightly. Preserving their alignments with precision, with a ringing cheer they covered

the intervening open space at the double-quick, and were soon lost in the timber beyond. Their disappearance was almost instantly followed by startling volleys of musketry, and then again by their reappearance. The warm reception showed a determined occupation, and their purpose accomplished, they were at once returned to the line and the 1st Brigade resumed its proper position.

Active hostilities were continued in the direction of Fredericksburg. The artillery firing increased in volume, and did not subside entirely until some time after dark. Alarms on the picket line occasionally disturbed the night, another day closed and the vexed question as to who would maintain control of the situation was still an open one. Great battles are said to conclude with violent storms. So far the inference had failed, and the 5th opened with the usual bright inspiring sunlight.

Shortly after dawn the desultory picket firing assumed a scolding tone, and continuing for some time a persistent advance broke the picket line in front of the 1st Michigan, and the pickets fell back to the main line. The enemy pursued, advancing beyond the cover of the timber. He was permitted to enjoy his temporary advantage until the field was cleared of the retiring pickets, when several well-directed rounds of canister sent him quickly to his cover again.

It was necessary to speedily restore the broken lines, and the duty devolved upon details from the 1st Brigade, one hundred and sixty of whom, with a proper complement of officers, were allotted from the 118th. Captain Donaldson was assigned to the command of the entire brigade line; Lieutenants Batchelder and Thomas were also detailed from the regiment, and Captain O'Neill, at his own request, was permitted to accompany the detachment as a volunteer.

O'Neill was a quaint character. He was the ranking captain of the regiment, but on this occasion, craving some excitement, freely yielded his grade, for, as he oddly expressed it, he "was divelish tired of marking time behind the breastworks." He reported with overcoat, haversack, and shelter tent, equipped

for a lengthy march. When his attention was called to the fact that his tour of duty would probably be short, and he would likely soon return to his place in the line again, he persistently declined to relieve himself of his burden, remarking, in defence of his position, "There is nothing like always being in chune" (tune). Translated, he meant that it was better to be prepared for an emergency. He was selected for the prominent place of senior captain, as he had seen service with the British Indian contingent, and delighted to condemn all American army usages which he could not be made to understand, by the sweeping denunciation that "that was not the way they did it in Injee, when he served with her Majesty's 39th foot." What his Indian service was was never fully understood, nor did he vouchsafe to boast that his regiment, besides bearing upon its banners the evidence of its achievements in the Peninsular campaign, bore upon them also the still prouder distinction "*Primus in Indus*," for its eminent services with Lord Clive at Plassey. His quaintness, his oddity, his national mannerisms, his brogue and his many mistakes, which he had a happy way of gilding, ever supposing they had passed unnoticed or been forgotten, had secured him the sobriquet of "Owld Teddy." Yet with all his want of knowledge of military manœuvres, his intuitive Irish humor, his natural hard honest sense, his fierce bravery, his unsparing bitterness against the enemy, and his intense desire for fight had caused him to be much respected. It was this disposition not to miss a fight, so common to Irishmen, that doubtless prompted his volunteer service on this occasion.

General Griffin personally supervised the movement. His instructions were, that in case of a failure to reach the timber, the pickets should form in the depression about half way across the open space, that the artillery might fire over them, to aid their further progress. The signal for the advance was to be the dropping of a red flag in one of the batteries. The deployment was made in rear of the works with shortened intervals, and the men were personally cautioned as to their duties

and responsibilities. They seemed to be in special humor for their task, and determined that nothing should stay their advance before they reached the timber. They felt that that once gained, their dislodgement would be difficult. O'Neill was assigned to the right, Batchelder to the left. At a concerted signal the flag was dropped, and responsive to the "double-quick, charge," given by Captain Donaldson and vociferously repeated all along the line, the men at once rushed

from their concealment and gallantly breasted the storm of bullets that met them as they passed out in the open plain. Encouraging shouts and cheers from the brigade greeted the movement, and nerved the men to an accomplishment of their purpose. Batchelder, who, as always, was personally in front of his line, with sword slashing the air, and shouting loudly, kept his left continually



CAPTAIN F. A. DONALDSON.

in the advance. But the centre and right, not to be outdone, were promptly up, and the whole line, without hesitating at the tempting cover the depression invited; and facing the blaze of musketry that flashed from the timber, had soon pressed the enemy's fire from its edge, and were in full occupancy of the abandoned line. O'Neill and Batchelder, regardless of their instructions, in the excitement of the venture, thus far so successful, were still urging their men forward. Their

loud vociferations were necessarily restrained. Batchelder quickly subsided, but O'Neill, in anger or excitement, continually bearing in mind a man in his company, Tom Scout, whom he especially disliked, incensed at the restraint, continued to shout, "Out, Scout, bad luck to yez, why do yees stand marking time? Go forward, every one of yees."

When these officers had been quieted and the point effectually secured for the establishment of the line, as is not unusual with the best of men there was some competition for trees. Choice ones of large circumference had been each seized by three or four. As the man in front of the group was the only one who could use his rifle, the others were reluctantly forced to seek other cover or take the risk of open exposure. All, however, stood their ground and maintained their fire, and the enemy, who had it all their own way while the troops were crossing the plain without firing, were compelled also to find protection and shoot only as opportunity offered. Lieutenant Thomas, meanwhile, had been sent to report the successful occupation, and, returning with entrenching tools, individual rifle pits were constructed for an extended stay. Shortly after their completion the enemy fell back and their fire slackened, and an occasional slouch hat bobbing up and down among the bushes was all that could be seen of them.

Thomas, an eminently brave and excellent officer, fond of his creature comforts, always secured the best advantages attainable for their satisfaction. Opportunity for rest, entertainment or reflection, if not interfering with his duties, he habitually managed to enjoy, if at all within reach. Dangers or exposure in no way interfered. He managed to have constructed for himself a more commodious pit than the others, and, quietly ensconcing himself under its protection, selected a *Waterly Magazine* from among other literature of a like character that had been abandoned by some of the previous occupants of the locality, and was soon lost to the surroundings absorbed in an entertaining story.

Meanwhile, O'Neill had again been heard from. As his

activity had been restrained in checking his advance, he was determined not to be entirely inactive, and had opened an unauthorized communication with the enemy, looking to a temporary cessation of hostilities. He conducted his truce with some degree of diplomatic skill. Intimating by signs he desired to hold a parley, his invitation was accepted, and the officer of the Confederate pickets met him at a log about half way between the lines, which they had both indicated as the point for the conference. There they seated themselves, and proceeded with deliberation to discuss the purpose of their mission. O'Neill cautiously parried all attempts to ascertain his name or his command, and the strength and position of our forces. Save that his badge showed he belonged to the 5th Corps, and the number in his cap that he was of some 118th Regiment, nothing was disclosed. They freely interchanged views on the subject of picket firing after troops had occupied the same position upwards of twenty-four hours, in, as O'Neill expressed it, "a bit of a talk." The Confederate officer was firm in his convictions that, under ordinary circumstances, it was a useless exposure and a waste of ammunition. O'Neill agreed with him and, although not in command, assumed to act for his commanding officer. They parted with the understanding that the firing should cease, and that timely notice should be given if either side was ordered to open again; or if either should be relieved, and the troops relieving them should not agree to continue the truce. O'Neill's agreement was tacitly accepted, and the understanding was faithfully carried out until that detachment was relieved.

The firing was still maintained actively on the immediate left. Some of the bullets after passing beyond the line exploded. Such cartridges, unknown to our use, had usually been considered the English explosive ammunition, imported through blockade-runners. About eleven o'clock a small party appeared in that direction, accompanied by a mounted officer bearing a flag of truce. They passed through the lines, and as the fire gradually slackened and finally ceased altogether, it indicated that the

flag had been respected. Its purpose was said to be the recovery of the body of Major Chandler, of the 114th Pennsylvania. As it did not return within the reach of observation, it was not ascertained whether the mission was successful.

The firing in the timber had somewhat subsided. It was at a distance from this locality. The unburied dead, thickly strewn everywhere, indicated the vicinity had been the scene of some most serious fighting. The Confederate dead predominated, their scanty clothing and poor equipments in marked contrast with the more substantial and better appointments of the Union men. A notable peculiarity was the unaccountable difference in the positions of the bodies of the Union and the Confederate dead. The former were all upon their sides or faces, with their knees drawn up, while the latter were all flat upon their backs, their legs spread out, and their hands clinched convulsively, mostly grasping a twig or bough. Several attempts were made to account for this noticeable difference, but none seemed satisfactory. From the Union dead all the haversacks had been removed. It was evident, short as his supplies had run, the scanty portion remaining was some relief to his more famished adversary.

The rations had not been replenished, and, though the old supply was now entirely gone, other comforts were measurably increased. The many blankets scattered about the field were gathered, and fifteen or twenty appropriated to each pit. Such an agreeable couch was most unusual.

The quiet afforded opportunity to ascertain the losses. Quite a number from the regiment were wounded in the advance across the plain, and several had been hit on the line but refused to leave their post.

The prediction of the battle storm was verified before the day closed. About two o'clock dense clouds suddenly appeared in every direction, followed immediately by sweeping torrents of rain. It was not a shower, but a storm of strength and force, meant to discharge all the accumulations that had been gathering unseen for the several previous days. The pits soon

filled with water and were untenable, and everything but ammunition soaking wet.

The lowering clouds brought on darkness early, and with it came an intimation from the enemy that they were about to be relieved by Mississippians. Not conversant with the notions of the relief on the subject of picket firing, they suggested the propriety of seeking cover and watching sharply. The temperature had fallen, the mud had deepened, and the pits, with water still rising, were almost overflowed. Mindful of the terms of the truce, the men set about bailing their dug-outs, and sought the cover their damp and muddy walls afforded. The warning had come none too soon, as the relief, with no disposition to test the temper of their adversaries, immediately opened an angry skirmish fire. Besides, they were a wicked, designing crew, continually through the night conceiving projects to harass. The one generally practiced was to cautiously creep close to the works, then suddenly rise, flash a lantern, fire a shot and disappear. This manœuvre resulted in several disabling wounds. These active hostilities permitted no interval for bailing out, and the pits were again soon waist-deep. It was one satisfaction to know the enemy were equally uncomfortable, and another to feel that the punishment they were inflicting was being vigorously applied to them.

But O'Neill must not be forgotten. Just as the storm began he had conspicuously pitched his shelter-tent in full view of the enemy. Plentifully supplied with blankets, protected from the storm, he was hugely enjoying his comforts, whiling away the time with a newspaper. Meanwhile, with the darkness, the firing was resumed, but not to O'Neill's discomfort. He had come provided with all appliances for a lengthy stay, and audaciously proceeded to light up his den and adjust his candle to continue his reading. His form was plainly visible under the canvas, and there he lay pursuing his readings, utterly heedless of the many bullets that fell about the lighted target he so conspicuously displayed. Once only did he seem disturbed, as he rose, mumbling imprecations, to stop with a newspaper a

bullet hole through which rain was dripping, much to his annoyance. To repeated directions to extinguish his light he returned the answer that he "didn't care a divil for the firing, as he would as soon be shot as drowned entirely." As his candle was noticed to be flickering in its socket, he was permitted to retain it until it was wholly extinguished. He never afterwards explained how the light in any way aided the canvas in affording protection from the storm, and why he would not have been just as likely to be preserved from drowning if he had depended wholly upon it and abandoned his candle. So it was generally believed that, without directly asserting it, he meant to use some of his own aphorisms that would convey to him, if it did not to others, the indifference with which he usually accepted the presence of danger.

The rain had so covered the open field between the pickets and the main line as to throw over it uncertain reflections, and induce a belief that objects, real or imaginary, were occasionally moving across it. About one o'clock one of these objects assumed sufficient reality to prompt a challenge from Captain Donaldson. The reply, "a friend," followed by the click of a pistol trigger, removed all doubts and the soldierly form of Major Herring, whose voice had been recognized, loomed up through the darkness. Assured that he was among friends, he approached and made known the object of his visit. The storm had dispelled any idea of further operations, if there had been any, and all wheels excepting a few batteries had, during the afternoon, been sent to the other side of the river. The works had been rendered untenable by the openings necessary to discharge the water. The army had commenced to withdraw at dark, and the movement thus far had progressed successfully. He had been assigned to command the rear guard, with instructions to bring off the pickets, or abandon them as the necessity or opportunities demanded. Colonel Hays, with the 18th Massachusetts, who, at his own request, had been detailed to support the pickets if their withdrawal was found practicable, was just then in line of battle between the picket line and the works.

Major Herring had been floundering about in the darkness, vainly searching for the pickets for an hour or more, and was utterly lost and bewildered when he came upon the 18th Massachusetts, bound upon the same search. He at first believed he had fallen upon a body of the enemy, and approached with some degree of caution, but, discovering ultimately the organization and its purpose, he induced Colonel Hays to remain outside the works and await his return from a further search.

The withdrawal of the pickets, if it could be accomplished, was to take place without delay, and when Major Herring returned to the breastworks there were still some two hours of darkness left. He gave instructions to assemble the pickets at an early opportunity and retire to the breastworks, as the first rallying point, and there await the earliest indications of day for such instructions or action as the occasion might require. By three o'clock they were all assembled, and had moved stealthily over the plain without arousing the enemy's suspicions, and were within the works awaiting daybreak. There was much difficulty in arousing the men. In this private John L. Smith, of Company K, an active, energetic soldier, materially aided the officers. The men who were not on post had become numbed and chilled, and had dropped off in the deepest slumbers. One poor fellow, even with Smith's energies, would not stir, and had to be abandoned. Noticing the withdrawal, the 18th Massachusetts also moved inside of the works and held itself in readiness for support.

At daybreak the enemy moved out in pursuit. Their skirmishers were twice the front that was obtainable with safe intervals by our detail, and our line was withdrawn some half a mile to again await their advance. A road improvised for army purposes was the only pathway through the woods. The mud was knee-deep, and the rain still poured incessantly. A number of caissons and battery wagons mired to the axle had been abandoned. Another day's delay might have materially interfered with a successful withdrawal.

The enemy again appeared, this time more vigorously. An

active encounter ensued, and their onslaught was repulsed. Batchelder pressed his advantage handsomely on the left, and pushed them back some distance. Major Herring, who retained command of the rear guard during the entire withdrawal, had now succeeded in securing a fresh detail from the brigade, to relieve some of the famished and exhausted men who had served so continuously and faithfully. They were sent to reinforce Batchelder, who was instructed to extend his left and keep it well refused. This movement seemed to attract some attention, as it was followed by a stiff and persistent attack on the centre. It produced a momentary panicky sensation, but confidence was immediately regained and the line promptly restored. Colonel Hays treated it in an unwarrantably boisterous manner, drew his pistol and berated the men with language they illy deserved. His attention was called to the restored condition of things, he subsided to his accustomed affability, and leaving a portion of his own men as reinforcements returned to his immediate command.

This skirmish had subsided when a captain of the regular brigade, under instructions from General Ayres, appeared upon the scene, and deploying his detachment attempted to assume entire control. His conduct was sternly protested against by Captain Donaldson, and he was informed that the troops he was attempting to relieve were covering the rear of the army, by direction of General Barnes, commanding the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, 5th Corps, and placed there by his orders, and would only be relieved by them or those of his superior, and that General Ayres was not recognized as such superior. After much parley and palaver and reference of the question to General Griffin, who decided the regular had no business there, he finally withdrew. As it subsequently appeared, although no one seemed to know it just at that time, General Ayres had been detailed as the general officer of the pickets, with special instructions to cover the withdrawal of the army, and his authority was, of course, supreme.

The pickets continued to fall back slowly, fighting all the



way and halting at times to let everything get over the bridges, until they reached the edge of the timber which overlooked United States Ford. From there to the river the land was cleared and sloped gradually to the ford. The left bank was lined with artillery in battery. The enemy again began to press actively, when, obedient to command, the skirmishers fell back at double-quick to the foot of the slope, where, assembling on the centre, they were out of the range of the guns, which instantly swept the forests with rattling discharges, continuing the practice until the pickets were all over and the bridges removed. Their removal, in which the picket detachment assisted, began about nine o'clock, and, amid the pour of rain and roar of guns, was soon successfully accomplished.*

This whole affair, conducted with skill, tact and courage, received the personal commendation of the regimental, brigade and division commanders, the latter of whom mentioned that in announcing it in general orders, as he intended to do, he would make special mention of the commanding officer.

Other detachments from the brigade reported, and all set about the laborious work of loading the pontoons. It was nearly night when the work was finished, and the march commenced back to the old camping-ground, most of the army having reached their winter encampment during the day.

The artillery and caissons had ploughed the road into a condition that made the marching of the men more like the working of a tread-mill than anything else. Here and there the road passed over clay land. These spots had been made pools of puddled clay, but their smooth surfaces looked, in the darkness, like stretches of sand. William Gabe, of Company K, taking one of them for solid ground, was disappointed, and tumbled in. He was fished out after one-half of his body was submerged. Daylight, next morning, showed him to be half

* The *Compte de Paris* says in his work, "The History of the Civil War in America," Vol. III., p. 113: "It (5th Corps) crossed over the two bridges, leaving the post of honor—which was the rear guard of the whole army—to the regular infantry." The text flatly contradicts this statement, and the text is right.

blue and half yellow—a sort of harlequin uniform, hitherto unknown in the army.

Passing Hartwood Church, sorely tempted by the familiar surroundings and the prospect of a substantial meal, several officers quietly dropped out. After a free indulgence in coffee, corn-bread, ham and hominy, they sought the farmer's woodshed, just for a little further rest. They had no notion of remaining but a moment, but weary and jaded they soon forgot themselves in sleep, and knew nothing of their whereabouts until the breaking day aroused them to the reality of their situation, and they hurriedly resumed their journey. They had progressed but a few miles when their tramp was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a general officer and his staff. The general officer proved to be General Wadsworth, who angrily inquired what spirit of demoralization was prevalent in the 5th Corps which would permit a half dozen officers to be straggling some five or ten miles from their command. He demanded to know their names and organizations. One of the number, quick at manufactured and ready responses, replied that they belonged to Colonel Johnson's 25th New York, and gave, as the reason for straggling, that the colonel had led off on the return march at such a rapid rate that it was impossible to keep up with him, and that weary and worn they had reluctantly fallen out, and were now making haste to rejoin their command. Fictitious names were furnished the general, who left with the remark that he would take pains to have General Griffin informed of the utter lack of discipline existing in his 25th New York Regiment. Whether Colonel Johnson ever heard of the affair was never ascertained; probably not, as the party, who themselves kept the matter concealed, never heard that he did. The 25th New York, too, had been purposely selected, as it was a two-years regiment, with its term about expiring, which made it less likely that the occurrence, with troops so soon to leave the service, would ever be seriously inquired into.

The half-dozen officers were not all who fell out by the way.



REAR GUARD RECROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

As the regiment came to a piece of woods that seemed to invite by its shelter and material for fires, nearly all quietly left the lines and bivouacked. After the fighting and marching from the time the movement commenced, and the arduous duty that the regiment had been performing for over thirty consecutive hours, it was a fraction too much to expect them to march in mud and rain and blinding darkness, a distance of twelve miles or more.

The return to the Potomac Creek Camp did not wholly conclude the campaign. Through some misunderstanding the troops assigned to guard the pontoon train on its return march had permitted it to find its way home alone. When this apparent abandonment was known, considerable anxiety was manifested for its safety, and on the 8th a detachment of the 118th, under Major Herring, was sent to its assistance. He marched all day, bivouacking for the night at Berea Church, on the plantation of a Miss Withers, and there ascertaining the train had meanwhile safely reached its park, returned the next day to the regiment.

One of the detachment sent on this duty, a German, foot-sore and weary, on the return march gave out and sat down by the roadside, demoralized to the utmost. A teamster, driving by, upbraided him for falling out. Chris, for that was his name, in mixed English, answered: "Yah, dot is very nice for you fellers vot all the times rides mules, but if you has to valk on your own feet, you don't speak so much about it." The teamster, a good-natured fellow, told him to get on one of the mules, and, that he might do so, halted his team. Chris accomplished the feat of mounting the mule after several efforts, but in doing so he happened to touch his royal cussedness with his musket. A loud bray and the upward extension of a pair of hind heels followed, with a corresponding depression of the mule's forward part, and Chris and his musket departed from the mule, and slid along on the mud in front of the team. There was an exchange of profanity between the teamster and Chris, and the latter went limping on his way, a sadder and lammer man.



"THAT'S MY OVERCOAT!!!"

The mind of the army mule seemed to pervade not only its brain, but its ears, tail and heels. He was subject to sudden transitions from joy to sorrow, which were punctuated in his own way.

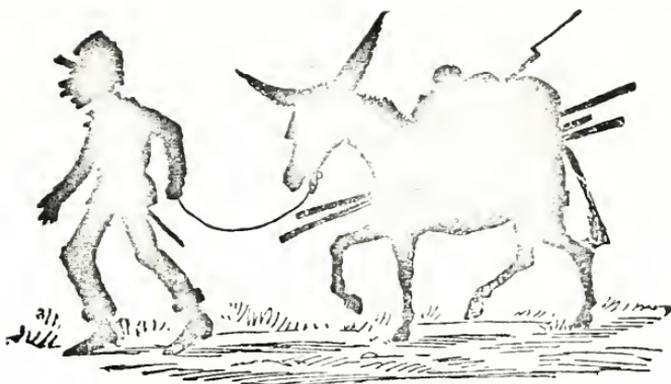
It was Gen. Hooker who invented the pack-mule system. The pack mule, when loaded on each side and with a medley of camp kettles and entrenching tools on top, was, to express it mildly, grotesque. Profanity was considered indispensable in mule-driving.

The value of the mule in the army was very great on account of its being less liable to injury than the horse, and because it could adapt itself to circumstances much better.

Before the war a dead mule was seldom seen. One would think they lived forever. Dead mules were very plenty in the army. They were hard to kill. They gnawed the poles off the wagons. To prevent this destruction they were wound around with hoop iron. Trees and brush were often dragged in front of the wagons for the mules to feed on.

It bore hard usage and scoffs and sneers with uncomplaining heroism, and was found dead on all the battlefields of the war. It was of inestimable value to the army, and it is doubtful if the varied operations could have been conducted without it.

Is it too much to say that to it, above some other distinguished claimants, should be given the credit of having saved the Union? And it has never been known to get a pension nor ask for one.



THE ARMY MULE.

BY TOM, OF CO. K.

For years upon years, very patiently, too,
I've waited for some one to give me my due.
The officers, soldiers, the batteries, flags,
The donkeys of all kinds, the cavalry's nags,
Have been mentioned with praise. It seems to me cruel!
That none should remember the old army mule.

Though my voice is no longer so vibrant or strong,
At the last I am driven to sing my own song.
For, boys, you remember, as surely you must,
I brought up your rations through mud and through dust;

I raided the hard-tack ; I chewed up the tents ;
In somebody's ribs made a couple of dents,
And doubled the fellow who was such a fool
As to tickle the side of the old army mule.

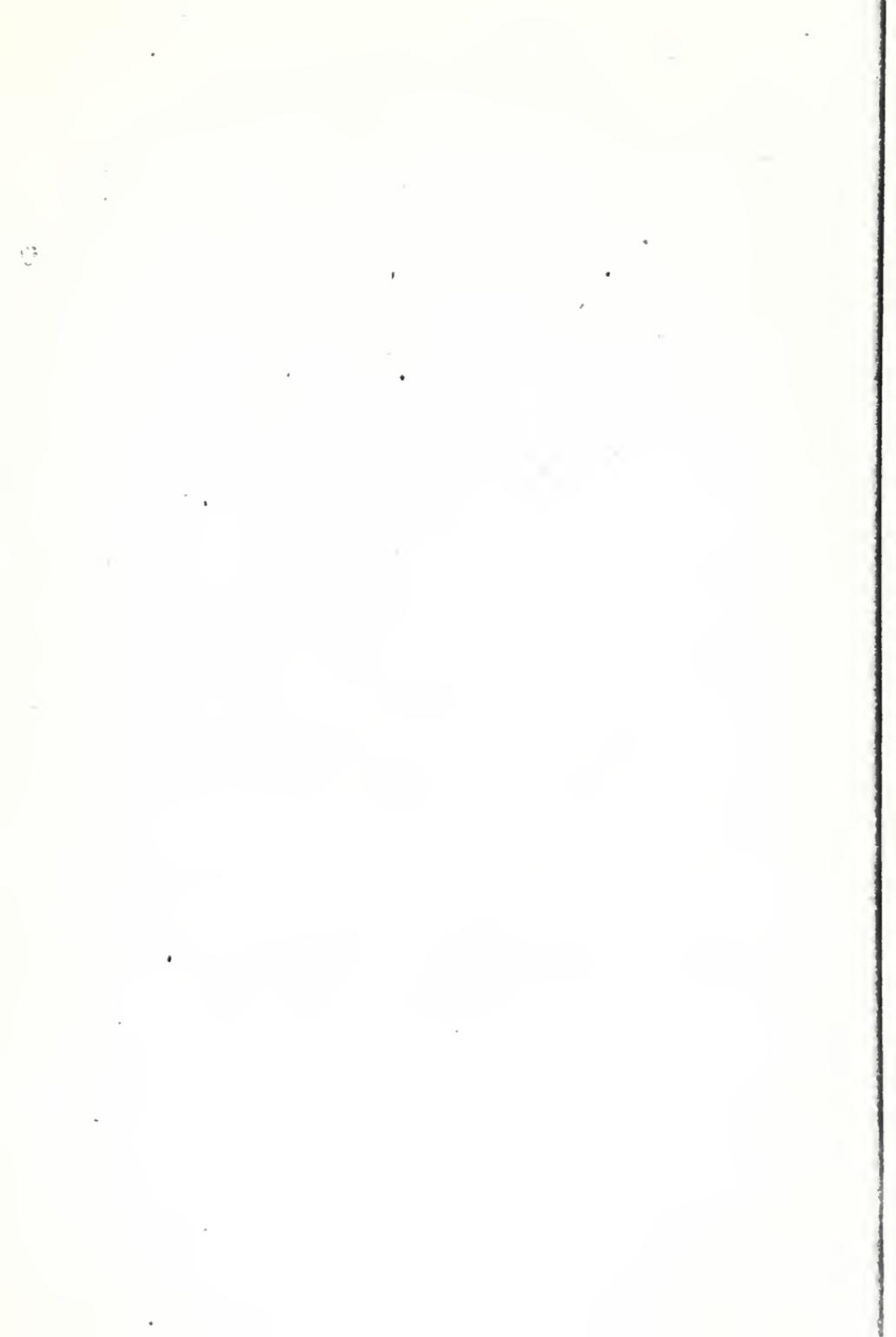
I stopped when I chose ; went on when it suited
Myself ; not because I was beaten or bootied.
We gave the bold Southrons a terrible licking ;
While you did the fighting, 'twas I did the kicking.

If I share not the honors with you in your pride,
Why did they put US in plain sight on my side ?
Ah ! the war days are over ; old friends have grown cool
To the broken-down, pensionless, old army mule.

As I creep down the tow-path, the old boat behind,
The days that have vanished come back to my mind
When forage was plenty ; how luscious and sweet
The juicy, green oats and the young, tender wheat !

How often at night when the teams reached their goal,
And forage was missing, I had but a roll.
Ah ! life on the tow-path, a tyrant to rule,
Will soon end the days of the old army mule !





Neither General Griffin nor Colonel Prevost ever made an official report of the operations of the regiment or division. There are no official utterances in the records of the part taken in the engagement by the regiment, or the observations which came within its scope, except in General Meade's report of the corps, and General Barnes's of the brigade and General Sykes's of his division. Official reports necessarily avoid adverse comment or criticism, and they are all silent on the subject of the neglect to improve the opportunity offered for the occupation of the important ridge on the 30th, or its subsequent unfortunate abandonment, after it had been carried by Sykes's hard fighting on the 1st. Most of the contributions to war literature from both sides are, however, confirmatory of the impressions abroad in the army at the moment, and unhesitatingly pronounce the act a lamentable blunder.

Another futile effort had staggered a disappointed country, and Chancellorsville was numbered with the other disasters. But the Army of the Potomac, with its seventeen thousand one hundred and ninety-seven, killed, wounded and missing, its buoyancy checked, and its expectations unrealized, was still resolute of purpose, confident in strength, and firm in conviction that it would yet gain the mastery. Neither the army nor the people had yet learned that the irresistible Anglo-Saxon race, when its representatives were battling against each other, could only be subdued when one side or the other should be worn into submission.

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse the general was lost,
For the want of a general the battle was lost.

Hooker lost his head entirely. The Army of the Potomac never had such a good opportunity to defeat Lee's army as it had at this battle. The order of withdrawal was a cause of astonishment to every intelligent soldier. No historian can ever gloss over the battle of Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER CHANCELLORSVILLE—CAMP AT GOLD FARM, ALDIE, MIDDLEBURG, UPPERVILLE, VA.

IN the course of a week after the collapse at Chancellorsville, by dint of close application, the regiment had slept, ate, and brushed itself into something like its normal condition.

Even Scipio Africanus, whose face had been uneasily solemn since the light from the bursting shell shone upon its terror in the wilderness, had so far recovered his spirits as to laugh at his adventure, and give his own version (not exactly truthful) of it to the other servants of the officers, as follows :

“ I was jes standin’ wid de offisuz, and bime-by, when nobody wuzn’t thinkin’ nuthin, de reb guns go boom! boom! an’ de shells begin to fizz and screech, and drop roun’ us like sparks from a skyrocket. Golly! we a’most think the end uv the world am cum fur sartin, an’ we dun no which end. Den de cap’n ax me would I take a messuj to de rear; an’ I starts wid de messuj, an’ I didn’t git but a piece when bang! der cum a shell an’ bust right in front o’ me; an’ wun dis side, an’ wun dat. I jes walk back and tell de cap’n dar ain’t no rear. An’ I tell yer, gemmen, de hones’ trufe, my hair’s a’most straight eber sense.”

It was the mellow Virginia spring-time. The giant oaks and tapering pines had vanished. The vast forests had yielded to the winter’s needs. The sturdy axes of the Northmen had cleared the acreage the great army covered, and made an arable soil ready for thrifty husbandmen when war should cease.

The spring-time brought with it no change of garb. There were no alterations fixed by fashion for the different seasons. The same shaped clothing, of the same texture and in the same



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

color, was suitable for winter and summer alike. Some of the officers affected a little tone by occasionally appearing in top-boots and corduroy pants, and neat-fitting jacket—sometimes, however, to their discomfiture.

Dress-parade was in progress on a genial afternoon, and General Griffin's presence had stiffened the men to their best endeavors. The adjutant was peculiarly happy, his natty jacket, well-polished top-boots outside his pants, and his neat-fitting corduroys setting off his shape immensely. But it was not uniform. He had reached the "Sir, the parade is formed," when the general, who had kept his eye upon him alone, could remain silent no longer. "No, it is not, sir!" said he, addressing the adjutant, "nor will it be until you return from your quarters clothed in the uniform of your rank; and, recollect, sir, with your pants outside of your boots." And then turning to the colonel, "I had hoped, sir, this would have received attention before I was compelled to notice it. You will bring your command to an order and await the adjutant's return."

The adjutant, meekly submissive, shortly appeared properly clothed and the ceremony was concluded. His subsequent orders lacked much of the snap with which he opened.

At other times a disposition to be unduly careless met with like reproof. General Griffin, during the hour for company drills, riding through the division to observe the regard paid to this requirement, happened upon a captain of repute, who wore a brown knit jacket instead of an officer's coat. The captain continued to manœuvre his company, with that special care and little self-importance always assumed when in the presence of superiors. The general interrupted him several times, addressing him as sergeant. The captain resented the application of the title and was at some pains to repeatedly announce his rank. The general was equally firm in his insistence upon the designation he had first used, and ultimately explained he could recognize no commissioned officer in such an unsightly garb discharging the duties of his office. He ordered the captain to repair to his quarters and change his coat, and that meanwhile

he would take charge of the company. He drilled it for some time and when the captain returned in his uniform, addressing him by his title, administering some wholesome advice upon the subject of dress, dignity, and use of the insignia of rank, directed him to continue the exercises.

In seasons of idleness the soldier delighted in promulgating stories of operations stupendous for their magnitude or ridiculous from their absurdity. Of the latter were those which encouraged the credulous to look for assignment in the vicinity of some large northern city, or to garrison duty in the coast defences. These the lingo of the day denominated "soft snaps."

The source of these rumors, when least likely to be true, or so choice in the selection of assignments as to be wholly beyond realization, were generally traced to the company cooks, and were usually dismissed by the incredulous and thoughtful as "cook-house talk." One prevalent about this time, that gained some credence because of its continuance, was that the 118th was shortly to be sent to Pennsylvania for duty at the arsenals and supply depots. Gradually these stories drifted into forgetfulness, but not before severe imprecations were heaped on the poor cooks for concocting such baseless fabrications.

The 25th New York, with others of the earlier regiments from that State, were enlisted for two years. The term of service was about expiring. According to the computation made by the men the time had expired, but by the government calculation there was still another month due. This month's service it was determined should be exacted. As a result of this decision the regiment first became refractory and ultimately mutinous. Their officers could neither enforce duty nor exact obedience, and threats to forcibly resist all authority resulted in the regiment being kept continually under guard. This unpleasant duty fell upon the other organizations of the brigade, and for the entire month a wing of a regiment always had the rebellious regiment in charge.

They were also kept on short rations. But their guards felt

that they were being unjustly treated, and exhibited their sympathy by looking another way and patrolling in another direction, while bags of hard-tack and quantities of pork, sugar, coffee, fresh beef, etc., were passed in to the New Yorkers by the comrades who had shared the toils, privations, and dangers of the war with them.

There were several instances of ignominious and degrading punishment. Ten non-commissioned officers specially named in an order from army head-quarters were directed to have their chevrons publicly torn from their uniforms. They were men well known for their excellent soldierly qualities. The disgrace attending such a punishment cut them keenly and aroused much sympathy in their behalf. Major Herring, who was in command of the guard on whom the disagreeable task of executing the order fell, and whose honorable, soldierly nature made him feel keen sympathy for these men, interested himself for a mitigation, and by a personal appeal to General Meade secured a modification of the order by permitting the men privately to remove their own marks of rank.

These stern and severe measures, condemned by the rank and file, were of excellent service in preventing a repetition of such conduct under like conditions subsequently. The same question arose when the term of the three years' troops ended; the men insisting upon an earlier date for their discharge, and the government demanding a later one. But the men yielded without turbulence. Such violence over the much wider field covered by the three years' expirations might have produced irreparable disaster.

Good weather and dry roads affording comfortable locomotion, there were frequent interchanges of social courtesies. As a class, soldiers in the field are of an eminently social turn and lose no opportunities to extend or accept hospitalities.

There was one occasion, about this time, of greater magnitude than others, but typical in a general way of all, whether of greater or less dimensions. General Barnes was trusted for his abilities, admired for his attainments, and esteemed for the

thoughtful care with which he watched the needs of his soldiers. It was resolved to make manifest the appreciation of his high soldierly qualifications, and the ardent personal regard for him as a commanding officer, in something substantial. A general officer's sword, sash and belt and horse equipment of superior workmanship and costly material, were selected as suitable gifts, and it was decided that the occasion of the presentation should be made memorable by feast, wine, wit, and song.

It was a notable assemblage. Officers of rank and distinction from everywhere throughout the army were there, and, apparently, all the officers of all grades from the 5th Corps. The feast, skilfully prepared by Northern caterers, was bountiful. Salads, meats, ices, sauces were in abundance. The innocent insinuating "fish-house" punch, the toothsome, appetizing bitters, and a preparation of gin, cordials, sugar and lemons, all deftly concocted, invitingly floated in cask, tub, and barrel, persuasively suggestive, silent and speechless as they were, of immense hilarity and a "lordly load." Reason graced the banquet, while with ready tongue and easy phrase the officer chosen, because he could do it well, in earnest emphasis told of the purpose of the gathering, and gracefully presented the gift selected. And then, when the general had fittingly responded, and the feast had been properly disposed of, wit and humor, song and story triumphantly asserted their mastery. They reigned supreme until the beverage was exhausted. And with the coming morn the last lingering minstrel sought his quarters, singing, "The cock may crow, the day may dawn, but still we'll taste the barley bree."

Memory recalls to the active participants in such affairs in those days another one that bore fitting parallel with this. Sedgwick's old division of the 2d Corps was much attached to him. As a mark of their appreciation, after he had been assigned to the 6th Corps, and while that corps lay at Warrenton, in the summer of '63, he was presented with a splendid horse, with trappings in keeping with the character of the animal. The ceremony of presentation was accompanied by a

feast equal in all respects to that which attended General Barnes's.

A notable incident happened at its conclusion, which, as it soon became the common property of the army, justifies its introduction here.

A distinguished brigade commander had quaffed deeply, to a stage of seeming generous merriment. Withdrawing, after the night had waned into the small hours, to the spot where his patient orderly had, presumably through all the weary time, watched his horse, his generosity for such a lengthy service overcame his dignity, and, lurching forward to mount, he steadied himself and, addressing the soldier in maudlin tones, said: "By George, Orderly, with all this hilarity abroad, do you know, I'd like to take a drink with you, but," then recovering himself he continued, sternly, "it wouldn't do, sir, it wouldn't do, sir. By George, sir, you're an orderly, sir, and I am a general, sir; recollect that, sir." From the orderly's reply it was quite evident he had found opportunity to refresh. Promptly asserting himself, he quickly responded, "By George, General, hadn't you better wait till you're asked?"

It was too much for the general, in his then condition, even to administer a reproof. He did not give the story away himself, but the whole occurrence had been overheard, and for many a day he was pleasantly twitted with the incident.

On the 25th of May Colonel Prevost permanently retired. His wounds wholly incapacitated him for active service in the field, and he was subsequently appointed to a regimental command in the invalid corps. His departure was quiet. His preference always to avoid display or demonstration was, on this occasion, a serious disappointment to his followers, who would have preferred, in some appropriate way, to have manifested their regrets at the separation. Colonel Prevost's high culture, superior military attainments and conspicuous gallantry had materially aided in maintaining the excellent standing the regiment bore at home and in the field. Though misfortune so early attended him, and prevented the continued dis-

charge of the duties of his office, his strong personal character gave a marked prominence to the organization while he retained the commission of colonel. The regard for him as a man, and respect for and confidence in him as a commanding officer, caused the separation to be deeply felt and his loss to be greatly regretted.



Winter Camp



Abandoning
the
Winter Camp

Rumor had not quieted. There were many conceptions and frequent suggestions of what the enemy were about to do; but late in May, without opportunity to gain information, instinct seemed to point to the conclusion, in the language of the boxer, that Lee was about "to spar for an opening." Events were

now rapidly culminating to justify this opinion.

On the 26th the picket details on the right flank of the army were strengthened, and a very unusual number—twelve hundred—from the brigade, under Major Herring as the brigade officer, were detached for that duty. And then on the 29th the old camp was abandoned, this time forever, and the whole right of

the army was extended first some twenty miles to Grove Church and the next day still farther, to the vicinity of Morrisville, about six miles southeast of Bealton, a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and some twelve miles in the same general direction from the familiar location of Warrenton Junction. The old soldiers, subtle fellows, consoled themselves with such remarks as, "We aint going to attack nothing; Lee is marching around our flank, see if he aint, and we're only watchin' to see that he sha'n't."

Men who had camped in forests and battled in the wilderness, who for months knew only of broad dales and open fields by journeying through them in rapid march, viewed the beauties and verdure of lower Farquier with a higher conception of the surroundings than the actual scenery justified. Farquier claimed to be famous among the richest of Virginia's counties, and "Gold Farm," on the lands of the Liberty Gold Mining Company, a few miles from Morrisville, in an open, arable region, was a choice location, and the camp was as carefully constructed upon it as the ground allotted would permit. A wood, bordered with majestic oaks, skirted its edge, and, in front, field and meadow rolled, boundless, out of view.

To the north and east, far in the distance, Bull Run mountains stood, green in early summer foliage, historic reminders of their silent sentinel duty, as they watched the fierce struggles which bear their name, wax hotly at their base. The productive soil, uncultivated and abandoned, was everywhere abundant with the golden field-daisies. Grass and weed and wild flower were alone the yield, when in the thrifty times of peace, at this most fruitful season, corn and wheat and oats had covered all these prolific acres.

There was an occasional cow browsing by the mansion house, but flocks and herds had disappeared, and a vast extent of pasturage lay waste and fallow. All the vigorous men had gone, and caustic matrons, defiant maidens, watched jealously the little garden truck, the single cow, the depleted smoke-house, the scant granary, and the attenuated fowls, the meagre

representatives of all their life-sustaining assets. And yet, venomous and uncompromising as these women were, they could not resist the temptation to barter a part of their scanty store for the reliable currency of their adversaries.

The Liberty Gold Mining Company, in prosperous times, had made a venture for the mining and reduction of the precious metal, said to exist in limited quantities in that locality. A stamp mill, in good repair, needing but the application of power, and a sufficiency of the gold-bearing quartz rock to put it in operation, standing idle and abandoned, was all that remained of the enterprise. It was a novel and unexpected find, and the curious and ingenious Yankees in the brigade whiled away their leisure in carefully inspecting the machinery. Either the war or a scarcity of metal had brought the venture to disaster.

On one of the marches Sergeant Chas. Brightmyer, of Company G, shot a pig, and carried a portion of twenty-five pounds all day in his knapsack, and was feeling very good at the idea of getting a good supper that evening after a long and hard march. About dark the regiment went into camp. Fires were made and water brought, and Brightmyer was in very good humor. When he returned from the creek, preparing his supper, on opening his knapsack, to his amazement, he beheld a stone that weighed about thirty pounds. Brightmyer was struck dumb with amazement. He looked bewildered. I do not think he "cussed," because that would not do the subject justice. He looked at the stone with a death stare; but he suspected Mulchay, and he went to Mulchay's knapsack, and there he found his porker. He wanted to kill Mulchay, had the soldiers not interfered and pulled him off by main force. His eyes blazed, and looked like those of a tiger. I would not have been in Mulchay's shoes for all the pork in Virginia.

Captain White made Mulchay carry that stone for two days to pacify Brightmyer. The badinage Mulchay had to endure from his fun-loving comrades during those two days was heavier than the stone he toted around.

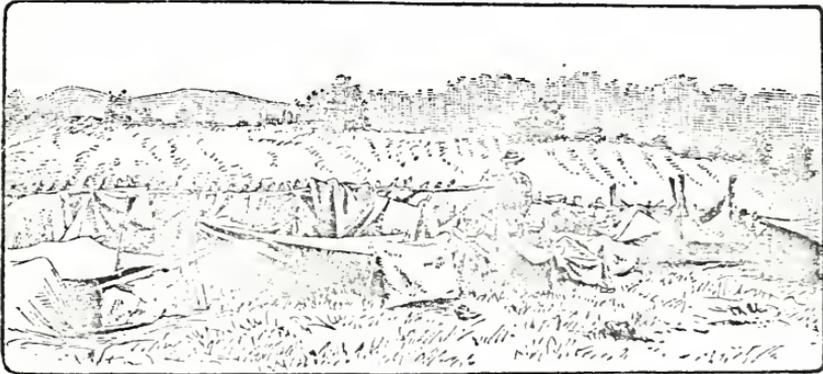
distant booming of guns came from the right and front. The entire cavalry force of the army—the infantry column was intended to join it—had struck the whole of the enemy's cavalry in the vicinity of Beverly Ford and Brandy Station. The first distinctive cavalry fight of the war, spirited and brilliant, it was a laurel fitted to be woven in the chaplet, with the many other splendid achievements of that most efficient arm of the service. The brigade was sent to cover the recrossing at Kelly's Ford, but the troops had all withdrawn before it reached there.

Important papers, found with Stuart's headquarters baggage, captured at Brandy Station, and the information gained in connection with the operations of the 6th Corps at Franklin's Crossing, indicated that the entire army of northern Virginia was moving towards the Valley of the Shenandoah; and on the 13th, at eight o'clock in the evening, the Gold Farm Camp was broken and the column moved to Morrisville, where, at ten o'clock, it bivouacked for the rest of the night. On the 14th, from eleven o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, the command poked along with halting, tedious delays, through Weavertown to Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. From thence the following day a tiresome continuous march was made, between five in the morning and nine in the evening, to Manassas Junction.

This region had been tramped over, fought over and camped upon at intervals for two years by both armies, and yet much of the fencing was still standing. It fell, however, before the exacting requirements of the 5th Army Corps. A negro, occupying a spacious mansion, sought to preserve the fence in the immediate vicinity of the brigade, by the doubtful assurance that his "marster," who "sot him free" when the "wah" broke out, had "done and give him" the fee of all his lands. The soldiers were skeptical. They traced the motive, or thought they did, for his "marster's" munificence, if the story had any foundation, to his conclusion that the vandals would avoid spoliation where the negro claimed an ownership. So they

laudably agreed to compromise by only burning the rails in half, as a fire in the centre would answer their purpose for cooking, and permitting the colored recipient of his "marster's" bounty to still retain the two ends. The darkey could not exactly see what benefit he should derive from this concession, but succumbed to the inevitable.

The bivouac was upon the margin of a stream, the bed of which was dry. Upon the banks was a growth of stunted timber. There was a scarcity of water and an abundance of toads, and if one or more saw fit to abide for a time in the limited quantity available for drinking or cooking, the water was considered no less desirable. Captain Donegan, with



BIVOUAC ON BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

much difficulty, had secured sufficient for a single cup of coffee. He had prepared the beverage, and while awaiting its cooling, a friendly toad took possession until forced out by the high temperature. It in no way destroyed the captain's appetite. His only regret was that he lost what the reptile had splashed over the sides.

On the 17th, at six o'clock in the morning, the column moved on again over the plains of Manassas, passing the Henry House, famous as the spot where the stalwart regular division held the victorious enemy until darkness permitted the withdrawal of the broken and shattered fragments of Pope's

disordered battalions—famous, too, in both the Bull Run battles as a point where the struggle waged the fiercest. Torn and shattered by shot and shell, the residence had still an occupant. A citizen, sullen and uncommunicative, stood in the doorway while the troops passed by. The battle-field was yet thickly strewn with leather accoutrements, shoes, canteens, the skins of dead animals, and all sorts of abandoned military property. Then the route lay by the Warrenton Turnpike, over the stone bridge spanning Bull Run, through Centreville, and thence to Gum Springs, on the Little River, or Leesburg Turnpike, where, at six o'clock, the day's march of twelve hours concluded. The march had exhausted some of the strongest. The heat was intense, and water scarce. Lieutenant-Colonel Gleason, of the 25th New York, overcome by the heat, died from sunstroke, and was buried in the evening in the little village church-yard, with suitable military honors. The men put leaves in their hats and cut boughs as a protection from the fierce rays of the sun. At a little distance, with some appeal to the imagination, there was a faint resemblance to a moving forest, and the well-known passage in Macbeth was recalled, "'Till Bernam wood do come to Dunsinane," and, for the moment, diverted attention from the remorseless burning sun, the dry, parched throat, and choking, penetrating dust.

The fatigues had been intensified by the tedious delays habitually attending wagon guard-duty, which that day had fallen upon the regiment. There was heavy cannonading out the turnpike in the direction of the Bull Run Mountains. A conviction had grown that Lee's purpose was invasion, but the suggestion that Pennsylvania was his ultimate destination was scarcely credited.

The bivouac at Gum Springs continued until two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th, when the march was resumed along an excellent turnpike road, terminated at five o'clock at Aldie, a post village of Loudon county, lying quaint and picturesque in a gap in the Bull Run Mountains. Beyond, towering above

the lesser range, the distant Blue Ridge loomed up majestically. A swift-flowing stream, upon the banks of which the little hamlet lies, trends northward and bears the waters of the valley and the mountain's side to the Potomac.

Goose Creek, for such is the undignified name it bears, seems recently to have been considerably noticed in the river and harbor appropriation bill. A fund was set apart to deepen its waters and remove its shoals. The old Potomac soldier would stand aghast at the likelihood of successfully navigating such a stream. One of the command, who looked like a truthful man, said that in the course of a two hours' march, in nearly a straight line, he had crossed the creek seventeen times.

The turnpike forked at the village, one branch crossing the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap to the southwestward, and the other at Snicker's to the northwestward. The Ashby Gap branch passes through Middleburg, Upperville and Paris, and the Snicker's Gap branch through Leesburg.

There were evidences of hard cavalry fighting all around the town. It was the point whence had come the sounds of artillery heard on the arrival at Gum Springs. The cavalry had had a severe tussle, and the engagement at Aldie was already known as a well-fought fight. Our cavalry were pressing for the gaps in the Blue Ridge for opportunity for observation of the Shenandoah Valley beyond, where the bulk of the rebel infantry was believed to be in motion; and Stuart was contending vigorously to prevent it. Wounded men lay upon litters of straw near the roadside and in the yards of the houses. Dead horses were scattered about, and lost and abandoned arms and trappings were numerous.

The band and scattered remnants of Colonel Duffie's 1st Rhode Island Regiment were in the town. A sergeant who had been badly sabred was taken prisoner and afterwards escaped. He graphically described the gallant fight made by his regiment. The regiment had been sent for observation from Centreville, through Thoroughfare Gap, with instructions to keep on to Middleburg. Stuart meanwhile advancing east-

wardly from Ashby's Gap, with intent to secure the gaps at Aldie, struck Gregg, with whom he became actively engaged.

Duffie drove a rebel brigade from Thoroughfare Gap, and, following out his instructions, to keep on to Middleburg, approached the place towards Stuart's rear, and so disconcerted him that Stuart, believing he was about to be cut off by a formidable force, hurriedly withdrew to Rector's Cross Roads to concentrate against Duffie. Subsequently the several rebel brigades, recovering from their discomfiture, advanced on Middleburg from different directions. Duffie had posted his troopers so skilfully, taking advantage of barricades and stone fences, that he was enabled to repel several assaults; but attacked by overwhelming numbers, he finally retreated by the road on which he had advanced, with the loss of some two-thirds of his command. So eminently successful was Duffie's resistance, so skilfully had he posted his line, that Stuart officially mentioned, subsequently, how manfully so light a force had combated him in all his strength for such a length of time. These operations were a severe blow to the enemy. He lost the pass at Aldie; Hooker had possession of Loudon county, and the marching column was thrown far to the westward.

The brigade remained at Aldie on the 20th and until two o'clock on the morning of the 21st. The cavalry meantime had been manœuvring and reconnoitring preparatory to another effort at Ashby's Gap. By break of day the infantry column was well on towards Middleburg, and by daylight, with Gregg's brigade of cavalry in advance and Vincent's 3d brigade on their left, it had entered the town.

Beyond the town the country is open for a distance, then there is a wood, and beyond it again rises a hill of considerable elevation, the white turnpike winding up its slope. The plains, the woods and the hill had been the scene of a severe cavalry fight a few days before. The struggle was for the eminence, the charges against which the enemy appeared to have successfully resisted. Their artillery, well served from the crest, seemed, from the character of wounds on the bodies of the

dead animals which lay around in large numbers, to have done the principal work. In one instance a twelve-pound solid shot, entering the breast, had gone entirely through the body and passed out at the tail. The roadway and fields were thickly strewn with the bodies of the horses killed in the action, and in the yard of a house, from around which the fences had been removed, there were eighteen. As their trappings indicated, they were of both sides; it was evident they had met there in a charge. This action bears the name of the "engagement at Middleburg," and it, together with Duffie's valorous resistance, has made the town famous in the history of the Gettysburg campaign.

Middleburg was a village of some six hundred inhabitants, with two churches and a few stores, in the midst of a well-tilled, productive region. Its men, thrifty and industrious, with all the prosperous plenty of their surroundings, had lost taste for peaceful callings and were away to do battle with the rest of Virginia's disloyal manhood for the disruption of their common country.

About eight o'clock the brigade pushed through Middleburg and deployed. The 118th held the right, and the line extended to high ground overlooking the position Stuart had selected to await attack. The extent of his front was plainly observable. The Union right was well beyond his left. That the infantry on the right might be concealed, the pieces were ordered at the trail. It did not seem to be effectively done, for apparently, discovering their presence and feeling the pressure of the dispositions made by Vincent's brigade on the left, the enemy started to withdraw. Of this the cavalry took prompt advantage, and with skirmishers, and the whole line at a trot advanced handsomely. It was but momentary, before the lines impinged, and the infantry had the rare opportunity of a full view of a cavalry charge. The two lines intermingled in apparent inextricable confusion. Sabres flashed, men yelled, horses reared. There was cutting, slashing, cheering; riderless horses dashed madly to the rear, or, lost and perplexed,

ran aimlessly up and down the line. For an instant it seemed the onslaught would be repulsed, but one by one the enemy unwound themselves from the writhing mass and found safety in flight. Stuart was badly worsted, and some of his horse artillery, the gunners sabred at their pieces, were a trophy of the fight.

The disorganized squadrons were speedily assembled, and the movement continued towards Upperville, the cavalry leading.

A batch of some fifty prisoners, fine, sturdy fellows, passed by the column. They were rather a communicative set, and loud in their commendations of the fighting and riding of our cavalry, one shouting vociferously, "You'ns will soon be as good as we'ns." The enemy would occasionally halt on a commanding position, but retire before deployment was perfected, preserving his lines creditably in spite of the hammering of the Union guns.

The country is a succession of ridge and valley, of field, meadow and wood. The houses, substantial and spacious, indicated intelligent farming and industrious thrift. A prominent feature of the landscape, as viewed from the ridges, were the stone fences. They intersected each other in every direction and at all angles. There were none of any other material, and the field patch-work of green, divided by such distinctive lines, was marked and picturesque. They were utilized, at times, to obstruct the advance. But there was no material obstruction. The march was a succession of halts and advances, ployments and deployments. The purpose of the enemy was, seemingly, to force the delays incident to the changes from column to line and line to column.

It is about nine miles from Middleburg to Upperville, and there the enemy made a more determined resistance. Upperville is directly at the base of the mountains at the entrance to the gap. Both bodies entered the town together. The contest was close, the fight vigorous. Pistol-shot and sabre-stroke were indiscriminately used, and the angered combatants jammed

and choked the roadway. From the cover of fences and dwellings dismounted cavalry greatly annoyed the charging column, but it pressed the enemy successfully through the village and into the gap, up the defiles, thence towards the summit, where they rallied at the little hamlet of Paris. There the enemy's infantry appeared in the shape of a portion of Longstreet's corps, and Stuart taking refuge behind it, the affair at Upperville terminated.

So determined and valorous were the Union cavalry during the conflict, that many who had received sabre-wounds on the face and arms rode to the moving hospital in the rear to have their wounds dressed, and then returned to the front in hot haste to take further part in the battle. The brigade, which had been moved into the village at the double-quick in the height of the fight, bivouacked there for the night.

Of these cavalry charges General Vincent, who a few days later fell at Little Round Top, while gallantly protecting it against overwhelming odds, officially speaks in his report of the operations of his brigade: "The charges of cavalry, a sight I had never before witnessed, were truly inspiring, and the triumphant strains of the bands, as squadron after squadron pushed the enemy in his flight up the hills towards the gap, gave us a feeling of regret that we too were not mounted and could not join in the charge."

The evening, a pleasant one, was not permitted to pass without cultivating social relations with the cavalry, and extending congratulations upon their brilliant achievements at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville. The most prominent guest was Colonel Taylor, of the 1st Pennsylvania, among the most distinguished of Pennsylvania cavalry soldiers; and his regiment, originally the lamented Bayard's, was among those famous for daring through all the years of the war.

There was but a limited opportunity, in the absence of trains, to extend very bountiful hospitality, and scarce any to satisfy the hunger of which the cavalry officers most complained. Fortunately appliances and material were at hand to concoct

the "Hooker's Retreat," a beverage that had gained an immense celebrity since the battle of Chancellorsville. The formula of simple ingredients was well known to Crocker, Thomas and Donaldson. They so skilfully and frequently adjusted its combinations that the ravenous appetites were stayed, hunger disappeared in hilarity, and the entertainment closed harmoniously as the midnight hour was fast approaching. The colonel, who had complained at the beginning that he had not been so hungry for "eleventeen hundred" years, generously remarked as he withdrew, he had never, in his lifetime, so hugely relished such a nourishing meal.

Upperville, at the base of the mountains and entrance to the gap, is a smart little Virginia village. The crops had been neglected and the advancing season gave no indication of the summer harvests. The population, some two or three hundred, was considerably depleted. Its strong men, familiar with all the roads and mountain passes, were

Often seen on Stumpless Envelope of Soldier's Letter.

Soldier's letter. Not a cent; Empty shelter—lost its rent— Uncle Sam, just let her through. I'll get my back pay, then pay you.
--

doubtless the sinews of the partisan warfare so judiciously and successfully waged in this and the neighboring localities.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 22d the infantry column commenced its return movement by the turnpike, in the direction of Middleburg and Aldie. The cavalry closely followed and the enemy were not far behind. Occasionally the proximity was annoying, and our cavalry massed to resist their charge. Then followed a halt and no further demonstration. The masses deployed again, but were compelled to frequently repeat the same manœuvres by the enemy's repetitions of his hesitating tactics. Approaching Middleburg there was unmistakable evidence of massing for a determined effort, when our columns were opened, the roadway cleared, and a battery speedily unlimbered. With a little excellent practice the pur-

suing force rapidly disappeared. Except a few occasional shots at long range, the march progressed to Aldie without further incident. There at five o'clock the brigade went into bivouac on the right of the road, opposite Sykes's division of regulars. As there seemed a prospect for more than a night's delay, shelter-tents were brought into requisition, and a comfortable camp established.

The regulars were an orderly, proper set. They went about



ALBERT HAVERSTICK.

their business in a methodical, mechanical way, preserving a painful silence. Their habits were strange, contrasted with the volunteers, whose lusty shouts when they "broke ranks" never failed to exhibit anger or merriment as the day's tramp had pleased or incommoded.

Mosby had not been idle. This region was his "happy hunting-ground," and the 5th and other

Corps trains had suffered somewhat from his forays. Fortunately the wagons of the division escaped entirely. From the limited supply of clothing they contained an issue was made, fractional as compared with the needs which, with the heavy work already done and the still heavier likely to follow, were increasing daily.

These were the dark days of the Union, darker than any since Valley Forge. What followed lifted the gloom and relieved the depression that had well nigh strangled the manly efforts of a loyal people.



Major-General George G. Meade.

CHAPTER IX.

GETTYSBURG.

LEE'S design was manifest. The forcing of his cavalry westward may have interrupted, but did not alter his purpose. A Northern invasion, skilfully planned, had been consummated, and the famed historic Potomac had ceased to be the border which controlled the strife. Lee's legions had put the Potomac river behind them, and the unsuspecting farmers of Maryland and Pennsylvania were startled in the very early summer time by the advance of his mighty army. order ceased. The loyal North, although confident and reliant, stood aghast in awful pause, anxiously awaiting the impending conflict. The army, with no knowledge of these anxieties, with

no fear of consequences, tractable, obedient, enthusiastic, was assured of its strength, confident of its ability. It trudged along complacently to again measure swords with its old adversary. This time not through the swamp, forest, wilderness and bog of the enemy's less favored clime, but through the open fields, over the broad dales, and down the gently-rolling valleys of its own native heath.

Four days sufficed for whatever necessitated the stoppage at Aldie, and the march begun which culminated in battle on the distant field of Gettysburg. On the 26th, in a drizzling rain, by the broad turnpike road through Leesburg, the column moved to Edwards' Ferry, near the mouth of the now famous Goose Creek, and there crossed the Potomac.

It would have been impossible for the regiment to have a dress-parade upon this march. Wardrobes among the soldiers were so scanty that the clothing which was not upon their backs could easily have been disposed of in a pantaloon's pocket. The extra garments usually consisted of a pair of socks. Dress-coats did not average one to a dozen men.

As the government did not furnish perambulating laundries for the convenience of the enlisted men, each man was forced to do his own washing. When the army halted near a suitable stream, the men disrobed and each washed his only shirt. When the march was resumed the dilapidated and tattered remnants of more prosperous days were tied to the bayonets, and flapped in the wind as the army moved on. An army with banners truly; not beautiful, but picturesque.

Leesburg and the ferry, so near ill-fated Ball's Bluff, revived memories of that disastrous fray and sad recollections of its consequences. They gave way before the buoyancy and relief that was always felt by the old Potomac soldier when he left war-blasted, inhospitable Virginia behind him and trod again the fair fields of Maryland. The long June days and brief summer nights made short bivouacs.

The Monocacy was forded below Frederick City. The water was waist-deep. Just before the city was reached the men

came to a remarkable spring. It gushed from a horizontal cleft in a rock about three feet from the ground, and in a stream fully a foot broad, with such force that a tin-kettle not held firmly in the hand would be dashed several feet away. The water was icy cold, and the tired, hot, thirsty soldiers eagerly and gladly availed themselves of the refreshment it offered.

For both days all there was of daylight and part of the night had been allotted, with but few irregular and short intervals for rest, to the march.

“Old Four Eyes,” such was the happy synonym for Meade, when he was too distant to observe and too far off to hear, was much berated; and the officers who led the column, in shocking epithet and vulgar phrase, were repeatedly consigned to the cruel fate of being shot to death by musketry for their inconsiderate disregard of comforts and conveniences. All hard usage was forgotten, all harsh epithets were changed to commendations, when it was learned that, by this severe measure, General Meade had successfully interposed his corps between Stuart and the main Confederate army, and, as it subsequently appeared, this deprived Lee of the valuable services of that indefatigable chieftain with his cavalry at Gettysburg.

It was a fitting closing triumph of Meade's career as a corps commander. On the 28th, in recognition of his abilities, his energy, his courage and his patriotism, he was selected to succeed Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, who, at his own request, had been relieved. General Sykes, an officer of splendid reputation, high soldierly attainments and superior military education, by virtue of his seniority, became General Meade's successor. There were some mild comments among the rank and file, in homely phrase, as to the propriety of “swapping horses in crossing a stream,” but it had no material effect on the *morale* or temper of the army. The soldiers were occasionally demonstrative when attempts were made to arouse enthusiasm, but matters were generally viewed more stolidly than in the earlier days of the war.

Frederick City had seen a good deal of soldiers, and the sol-

diers knew much of it. There is always temptation "to do a village" when in close vicinity. In spite of stringent orders, many of the men eluded the efforts put forth for their enforcement, made merry with the townsfolk, ate at hotel tables and drank at hotel bars, on the day and evening of the 27th, during all of which time the halt continued near the town.

On Monday, the 29th, the "general" sounded about eight o'clock, and by eleven the column was in full swing through Frederick. It was quite a parade occasion. The citizens lined the sidewalks and crowded the windows. The reception was generous and the people demonstrative. There was neither hesitation nor stint in a very general expression of hope that, in the approaching conflict, success might attend the Union arms. At two o'clock, the general direction of the march being a little east of north, the column passed through Mount Pleasant, and at seven o'clock bivouacked beyond and near Liberty, still in Frederick county. The march, though not lengthy, was a hard one and stragglers were numerous, but the evening roll-call brought a full response.

The troops were in a section wholly unacquainted with great bodies of armed men. Thickly peopled, highly cultivated, alternating between wood, meadow and field, it rolled in easy undulations, and from its gently rising knolls one scene of rich grandeur appeared as the other faded from view. The grasses had been garnered; vast fields of golden grain were ripening; oats and corn were advancing. The rich green and golden yellow were beauties of landscape and evidence of thrift, striking in their contrast with the wasted fields, bared woodlands and fenceless farms of exhausted, battle-scarred Virginia. Over the succulent meadows and on the green sloping hillsides flocks and herds revelled in fattening pasturage. Poultry was plentiful, milk, butter and eggs abundant. The country store bartered its wares and the roadside inn supplied its guests. The miller had grists to grind, the blacksmith his horses to shoe, the wheelwright his wagons to build. Peace, plenty, thrift, prosperity everywhere abounded. The men feasted in

the luxuries of this region of abundance. Men, maidens, matrons and children gazed in wonderment as the column hurried through their villages, and gathered around the bivouacs eager listeners to the soldiers' stories of war. As the names of their towns, Liberty and Union, indicated, the citizens of Frederick and Carroll county were a loyal people, and the sturdy farmers bade the soldiers be of good cheer and tarry not until their lands were freed from the ruthless invader.

On the 30th it rained. By break of day the bivouac was astir and at four o'clock the column had lengthened for its all day march. The brigade had the advance. The direction was still about north by east. By eight o'clock Unionville, some twelve miles from Liberty, was passed and then Union at ten. There were few intervals for rest. At Union Mills, with upwards of twenty miles accomplished, the command, at six o'clock, halted for the night. It was the turn of the 118th for picket, and its march continued some distance farther. Union Mills is in Carroll county, seventeen miles from the Pennsylvania line.

The 1st of July was bright and bracing. Bivouac was broken at ten o'clock and the march conducted under the most stringent, exacting orders, probably, ever published during the war. Under no pretext whatever should a man be permitted to leave the column. Disobedience of this order, any attempt to straggle, would be followed by instant death. Officers were instructed to march in rear of their companies and rigidly enforce the execution of the order. Although the emergency was urgent, such a cruel and unusual measure was scarcely justifiable. As soon as the men understood the situation, they needed no stimulant to untiring exertion, nor any threat of punishment, but put forth every energy they possessed. The disagreeable duty of rear-guard to the brigade fell upon details from the regiment, and Captain Donaldson was assigned to its command. His instructions were to rigorously enforce the order and execute its penalties. Any failure on his part to discharge the painful duty would be followed by arrest and court.

martial. All men found skulking by the roadside, regardless of their organization, were to be forced into the brigade ranks. Drivers of pack-horses, cooks, servants and other non-combatants were to be seized, placed in the ranks and made to do duty as soldiers. The captures from this class were meagre. An intimation of the instructions must have reached them and they found safety in concealment or flight. One poor fellow, in charge of a head-quarter pack-horse, was not so fortunate. He was a poor, weak-minded creature, utterly unfitted for a fight and suitable only for such employment as his detail required. His horse was turned over to a contraband; he was furnished with gun and accoutrements and a place in the ranks given him. The fates were against the regimental barber; he was picked up and for once had an opportunity to join his fellows in a little active duty. An Irishman in a New York regiment held back so vigorously despite all efforts to urge him forward that it was about time to use the pistol. He seemed to be a good man, either stubborn or overcome by fatigue, not intending to avoid battle, and of that class which usually find their regiment at night. As a further effort, two men with levelled bayonets were placed behind him with instructions to run him through if he did not move on. General Sykes and his staff appeared when all known means had been applied, and for some time watched their repetition. Apparently satisfied that the guard had about exhausted all conservative remedies, and that the fellow was likely to be shot, the general turned to the officer and in a loud, commanding tone said: "Go ahead, captain, and leave this man to me; I'll get him along." With that he struck the fellow several smart blows with his riding-whip and ordered him to "double-quick." Without stirring a foot and apparently not heeding the whip, the headstrong, good-natured fellow, for with all his stubbornness he had a fund of good-natured humor in him, turning his head to one side and looking the general full in the face, said, apparently in all sincerity, neither discomfited nor annoyed: "I say, general, 'ave ye any tobucky about ye?" It was too much for everybody:

roars of laughter followed, and the general, heartily joining in it, rode rapidly away, remarking as he did so: "Captain, let that man go; I'll be responsible for him."

Rousing cheers, demonstrative shouts, ringing enthusiasm greeted the good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The unfurling of colors and rolling of drums at one o'clock in the afternoon indicated the crossing of the line. There was a firmer step, better closed ranks, more determined countenances. Beyond there had been some cavalry fighting. The fences were down and the bodies of dead horses scattered about; those branded C. S. A. the more numerous. Rumors were rife of the close presence of the enemy, and stories of a battle to be momentarily expected. Information, none of it of value, was eagerly seized and distributed with frightful exaggeration.

The broad, level acres of York, in Pennsylvania, took the place of the rolling lands of Carroll in Maryland. The rich soil, too productive to permit the timber to stand, was almost entirely cleared of the forests, and patches of woodland were rare. The great red barns, cosey spring-houses, and large, roomy stone mansions were indicative of the successful results of good, substantial tillage.

Hanover, a town of considerable size and of flourishing business, was intended as the destination of the day's march. Its railway depot, extensive warehouses, large stores, substantial dwellings, were the evidence of its enterprise, thrift and comfort. One of the oldest settlements in southern Pennsylvania, it had long been a centre for the gathering and distribution of the prolific yield of the surrounding country. Its broad streets were the terminals of excellent turnpike roads leading to all neighboring important towns. Its main railway outlet, with branches from Gettysburg and Littlestown, was by the Northern Central to Baltimore and Harrisburg, its own branch tapping that line at Hanover Junction. Here, on the outskirts, the column halted at four o'clock in the afternoon, with something of a conviction that it was for an all night's rest. Immediately, in wonder and astonishment at this sudden visitation

by such a mass of men, apparently all the people from far and near gathered for a more familiar acquaintance with their uninvited guests—as one of them not inaptly expressed it, for a more intimate association “with these travel-stained, dusty, walking arsenals, licensed to do murder at their chieftain’s bidding.” They were deferential, respectful to the rifle and bayonet, and at first cautious and hesitating about a near approach to them. But upon being assured that the arms were not dangerous unless used to do harm, they became interested in their mechanism and evinced some degree of boldness. But the most attractive feature was the fair ladies of the vicinage. Their tastes ran wholly to culinary affairs, and they were delighted by the explanations and ocular demonstrations, as some of them styled it, of the primitive, original and uncouth way in which the soldier prepared his limited diet. The most fascinating and agreeable among the officers were at pains to convince them of the excellent social, intellectual and moral standing of the officers and men of the regiment. As ragged and dirty a specimen of a soldier as happened in view was pointed out as the son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Boardman, Philadelphia’s most distinguished Presbyterian divine, and it was suggested if he was of such excellent stock, it might be well imagined how high the better appearing ranked in the social scale. This twitting pleasantry was apparently accepted as verity, and as the citizens seemed reluctant to leave, it was assumed they were agreeably entertained as well as instructed.*

The conviction that the stoppage was for the night was erroneous. It had been a busy day at Gettysburg, some eighteen miles away. General Reynolds had been killed and the 1st and 11th Corps, after excellent fighting, had been badly worsted by the more rapid concentration of the enemy. All

* A member of the 1st Michigan, writing respecting this march, says: “The night march from Hanover, with women and children handing food and water to our veterans, is another picture never to be forgotten by us; and when they said: ‘Don’t let them come any further, boys,’ the response, ‘We will not, we will not,’ came from our Michigan men with a meaning which they exemplified in their next day’s fighting.”

the army was ordered there with the greatest speed human endurance could sustain. The great battle had opened, upon the determination of which hung the success or failure of the invasion. So at nine o'clock, guided by the shimmer of a brilliant moon, the column headed toward the then quaint old-fashioned borough, now the famous historic battle town of Gettysburg.

As the army moved forward the bands and regimental drum corps played through the streets of every town through which the corps passed to keep the men awake. As it neared a point of concentration, moving through batteries on one side and infantry battalions on the other, a staff officer approached the colonel, and drawing a paper from his pocket, with the aid of a lantern which he carried, read from it to the effect that McClellan had been restored to the command of the army and would have charge in the next day's battle. This information was evidently intended for publication, but before it was formally announced, the reading having been overheard, the news passed from one to another, until it became known to all the troops in the vicinity. The effect was electric and the result astonishing. So long a time had elapsed since the removal of McClellan it had ceased to be a subject of comment, and the old-time enthusiasm for him it was believed had disappeared forever. The announcement was received with shout and yell and cheer, and as they echoed and re-echoed from battery to battalion and battalion back to battery again, the woods and fields were resonant with the enthusiastic demonstration. It all passed away as suddenly as it came, and was soon lost and forgotten in the startling and thrilling incidents soon to follow.

At 3.30 on the morning of the 2d the column halted in a piece of timber by the roadside for a rest in the little darkness left before the dawn of a day to close big with the fate of the nation. There was little comprehension of the situation beyond the fact that a great battle was likely to be fought, but it was not viewed as in any way different from the many other hot and bloody contests through which the army had already passed. There was no realization of the portentous result of

the issue, nor was it remotely conceived that history would record it as the decisive battle of the war. The halt was made some miles southeast of the town of Gettysburg, the distance marched since the early morning of the 1st having been about thirty-seven miles. The spot could not have been a great distance from the woods that skirt the base of the now memorable Culp and Wolf's Hill, then the extreme right of the fish-hook shaped Union lines. At daylight within view was a prominent heavily-wooded knoll, evidently the now well-known Wolf's Hill. The clear, red sunrise indicated intense heat, and as the day advanced the indications were verified. It bore down with sweltering, withering effect, until its discomfitures were forgotten later amid the thunder of guns and the intense activity of the conflict.

At daylight, or shortly after, the column was on the march, and emerging from the timber where the morning halt had been the division was deployed in line of masses, the battalions doubled on the centre, and the brigades arranged from right to left in their numerical order—Tilton's, Sweitzer's and Vincent's. In the 1st Brigade the 118th had the right, then followed the 1st Michigan, and then the 22d Massachusetts. The 18th Massachusetts was temporarily detached for special service early in the morning and did not rejoin the command until the afternoon. The divisions were arranged in the corps, with Barnes on the right, Ayres in the centre, and Crawford on the left. The movement was conducted with precision and distances established with accuracy. Except for the proximity of a battle-field, it gave every evidence of preparation for a grand review. The ground was specially adapted for such a ceremony with so large a body of troops, being so level that, when the deployments of the masses were completed, the mounted officers had the entire corps in view.

The alignment perfected, with colors unfurled and pieces at a right shoulder, the masses advanced, preserving their alignments and distances with all the force, effect and impressiveness attending a display occasion. The fences were removed and grass, grain, bush and weed were crushed by the heavy tramp

of the solid advance. Pennyroyal was prolific and the air was permeated with its odors. Silence prevailed, interrupted only by an occasional caution to "recollect the guide" and observe the direction. Rising a knoll a short distance beyond where the formation was effected, wooded crests and promontories stood out boldly; beyond were the sounds of musketry. These now historic grounds had the neighborhood designation of Culp's, Wolf's, MacAllister's and Power's Hill. Nearing the base of the hills the corps may be said to have arrived at Gettysburg. The hour is differently reported, by some at seven and others at eight o'clock in the morning, the time between daylight and the arrival having been occupied by the formation and the advance. Here the direction was changed by the right flank, and the first intended purpose of the 5th Corps to extend the right of the line of the army was virtually accomplished. The masses were deployed into lines, and shortly after, it being thought the lines of the army were too extended, the brigades were formed by battalion columns and direction changed twice by the left flank.

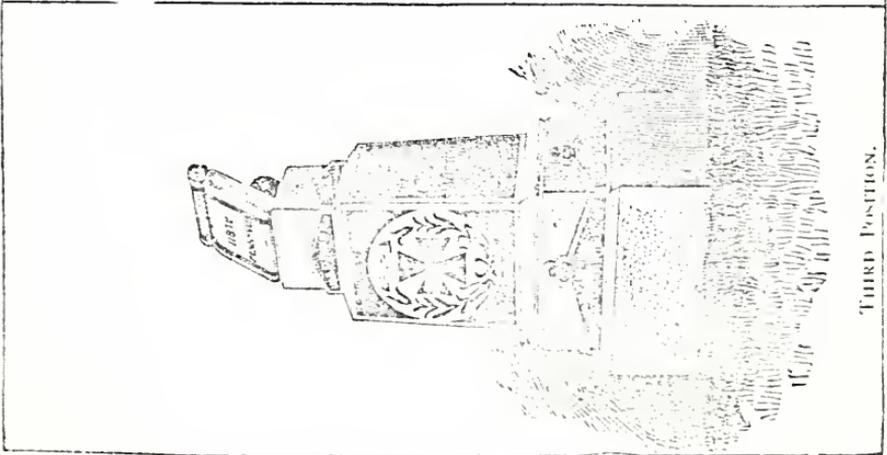
After moving a considerable distance in the last of the new directions, the division crossed Rock Creek near the Baltimore and Gettysburg turnpike, and massed there in the vicinity of an orchard, the corps being for the time held as the reserve of the army, where as such it lay within easy reach of the 12th Corps. The original relative position of the several brigades in the division, and of the regiments of the 1st Brigade, was retained. These manœuvres and changes from the arrival until crossing Rock Creek occupied the time until after midday. There were then several hours of ease. There was an intermittent, bickering sort of musketry fire continually going on, with an occasional discharge of a piece of artillery. It was ominous of preparation, indicative of assault.

The tempting opportunity for a bath in the creek could not be resisted, and a few seized it in the interval of rest as a refreshing relief from the fatigues of the incessant marching. Some dropped into peaceful slumber, oblivious of the coming storm.

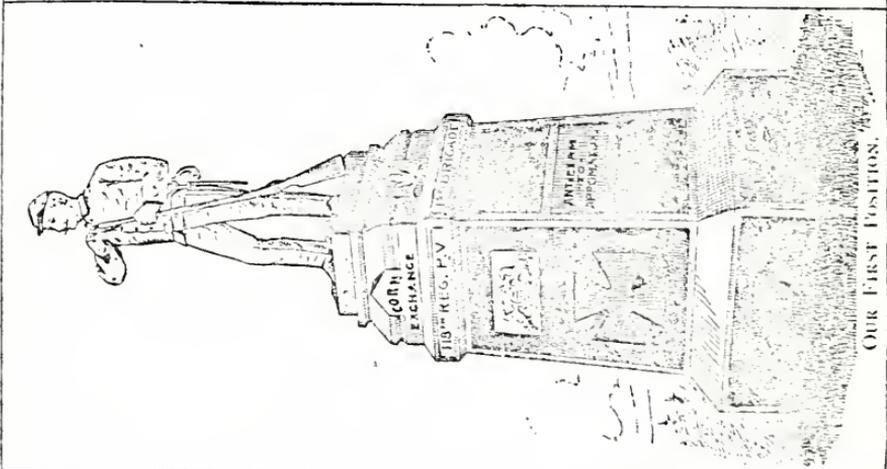
Toward three o'clock, on the left, in front of a rocky ridge

terminating in a round knobbed, timbered mountain, the musketry increased to a roar and the guns thundered with the energy of determination. Shells, shot wild of their intended destination, passed over the closely crowded reserve and exploded harmlessly far beyond. The 3d Corps, fighting in a death grip, was crumbling, front and flank, before Longstreet's assaulting hosts. The rest was broken; the sleepers were awakened. "Fall in," "attention," "load at will, load," harsh, stern, determined, in quick succession, obeyed with alacrity, brought a realizing sense of the immediate responsibilities. The columns stood in earnest readiness, sternly awaiting the moment of contact with that twinge and tingle of anxiety, indefinite, indescribable, invariably attendant on the command to load. The first instructions to detach a brigade from the 5th to the support of the 3d Corps were countermanded. The whole of the 5th was then ordered to the threatened position, and the imperilled left thus fell sacredly to its keeping. To repeated applications from General Sickles for assistance while the 5th Corps was approaching the field, General Sykes replied: "It is impossible for me to give it; the key of the battlefield is entrusted to my keeping, and I cannot and will not jeopardize it by a division of my forces."

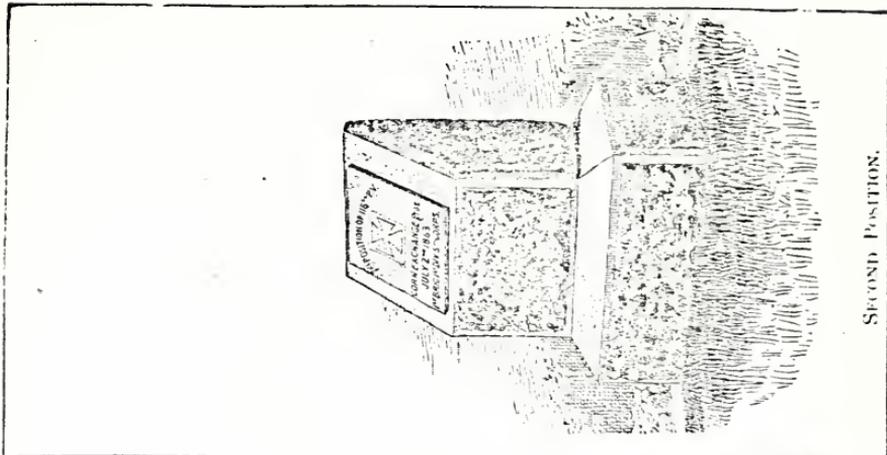
At 3.30 the division moved by the left flank to the south-eastward in the direction of the heavy fighting. The brigades reversed numerically, brought Vincent on the lead, with Sweitzer following and Tilton to the rear. By this change Tilton's brigade lost the opportunity for the high distinction won by Vincent's in its magnificent repulse of the assaults on Little Round Top. General Warren, who had discovered its vital importance, neglected or abandoned as it was, just as the head of the division column was nearing it, seized the troops closest at hand to hold the rocky eminence. As Vincent's brigade led, it was thrown hurriedly to the crest. If the movement had been by the right, Tilton's brigade would have been assigned this important duty. Upon the 22d Massachusetts, its left regiment, would have devolved the trying respon-



THIRD POSITION.



OUR FIRST POSITION.



SECOND POSITION.

OUR MONUMENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

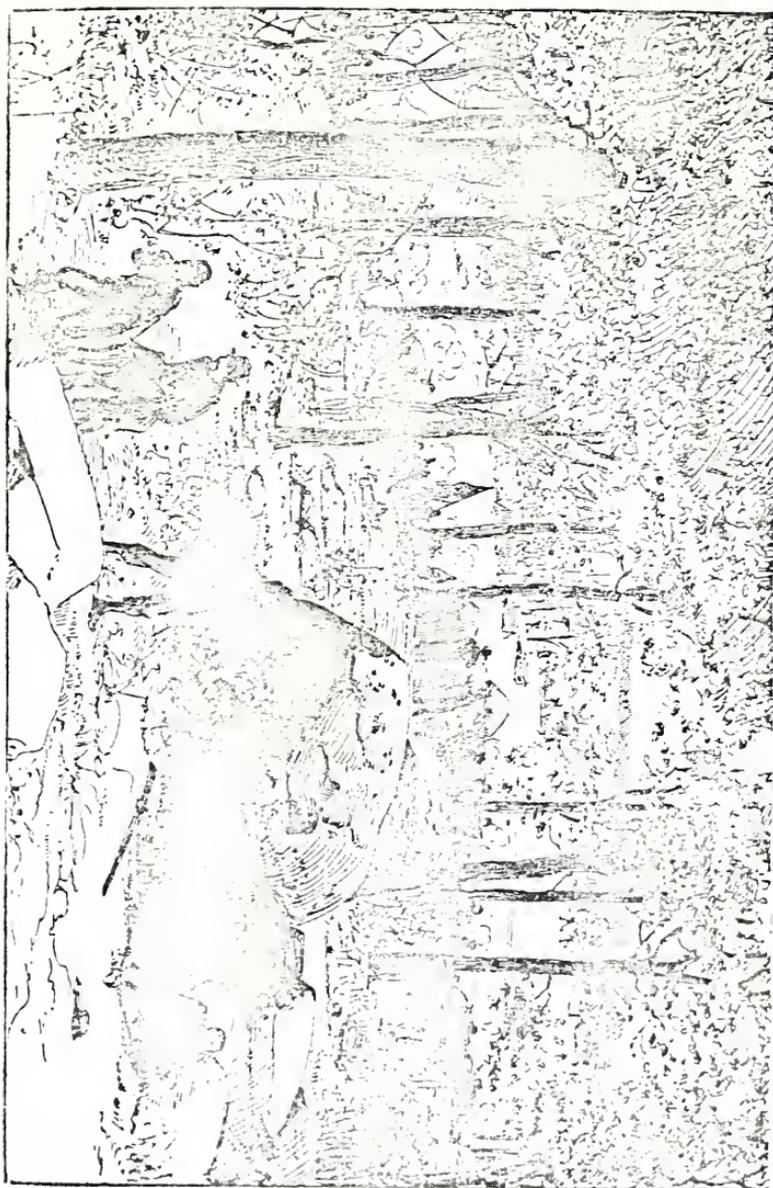
sibility, so valiantly discharged by Chamberlain's 20th Maine, of repelling the overwhelming odds hurled against them and of maintaining alone the extreme left of the defensive line of the Union army, and of eventually driving the enemy from the face of Big Round Top.

The march was by roadway, timber skirting the flanks most of the distance. The battle was raging fearfully. The wicked screech and angry whistle of shot and shell were persistent and continuous. The enemy's batteries were served with unusual determination and unwonted vigor. The noise, confusion, bustle and excitement of the rear were more than usually intensified. Ammunition wagons, parked close together, ambulances, jamming and jostling each other, were imperilled and threatened by the bursting bombs and ricocheting shots. The harrowing sights of shocking wounds and bandaged limbs, as borne on stretcher, carried in ambulance, or limping in pain, men sought a place of safety, thickened as the column neared the scene of action. The demoralizing rumors of irretrievable disaster grew to shameful proportions, as the fears of skulkers and malingerers magnified the enemy's onslaught. A splendid black charger, too valuable for such exposure, said to have been the horse of Captain John Fassit, of the 23d Pennsylvania, an aide on General Birney's staff, had his right foot torn off as he was being led along the flank of the column.

The rocky eminences, Big and Little Round Top, commanded almost an entire view of the plateau held by our army. Rising a ridge near them, the column passed over it, down its rocky, wooded sides, into a gorge filled with huge stones and massive boulders, towards the enemy. It was now in the midst of the active combat. Shot, shell and musketry raged terrifically. The familiar piercing rebel yell, incapable of description, conceivable only by those who knew it, dominated the uproar. The march trended diagonally through the gorge by lane or by path, and thence by the roadway which connects the Emmetsburg turnpike with the Taneytown road, crossing the gap between the two Round Tops. Following this road a short

distance, then removing the fences, the column turned to the left into the timber, beyond and in front of the famous wheat-field. Rocks and boulders were scattered about, not so large or massive as those in the gorge. The ground in front, well cleared, fell off in quite a slope and was interspersed with rocks and a few straggling trees. Beyond this open ground and in full view was the Rose House on another rise. To the right, on the other side of the road, was an open space apparently unprotected, the source of much anxiety. Here were a number of batteries, their left resting on the opposite side of the road at the point where the brigade had entered the timber, their right extending towards the front, in a line deflecting a little from a direction nearly parallel with the road. The only one noticeably in view was Bigelow's famous 9th Massachusetts Battery of brass twelves on the extreme left. His guns were being served with wonderful rapidity, accompanied by that pluck, energy and determination as much a part of all well-appointed batteries in action as were the guns themselves. These batteries apparently were wholly without infantry support on their right. As soon as the brigade had nearly cleared the road it was halted and faced to the front, upon the further edge of the timber. This restored the formation as it was before the march to the battle-field began, bringing the 118th again on the right.

The 2d Brigade had preceded the 1st into the woods and left so little space for it to occupy between its right and the batteries that the 18th Massachusetts was necessarily thrown to the rear as a support, and the whole of the right wing of the 118th was refused to the right at a sharp right-angle. As the division was then posted, the 118th was the extreme right regiment. Except the troops that had been in the peach orchard, which was but a short distance in front, and those on the Emmetsburg turnpike, the brigade was farther advanced than any troops on the left had been or subsequently were during the battle. As the line was established, a thin line of battle in front, not heavier than a strong skirmish line, taking it for granted that it was relieved, withdrew. They were immedi-



OUR FIRST POSITION, SECOND DAY.

ately replaced by skirmishers from the brigade. During all this time the firing had been very heavy in every direction, and the men, in eager expectancy of an assault, manifested such an anxiety for action that they were cautioned to restrain themselves long enough, in case of attack, to permit the skirmishers to retire. They were kept but a moment in waiting. The increased activity of the guns, their loud and deafening roar, loud cries for canister, indicated, though his lines were still unseen by the infantry, that the artillery had discovered the enemy and were determined to inflict prompt and damaging punishment. It was ineffectual, and the onslaught, timed as at twenty minutes after four, terrible and severe, first fell upon the left of the brigade. The musketry rolled in continuous roar, volley after volley was poured in heavily as nearer and nearer the enemy approached the right. The ground trembled, the trees shook and limbs quivered. "Shell without cutting fuse!" shouted Bigelow. All the other batteries had retired and one section of his. The skirmishers came in hurriedly, and then across the unguarded space a column of the enemy appeared through the smoke, moving with shout, shriek, curse and yell, about to envelop the entire exposed and unprotected right flank of the regiment. They were moving obliquely, loading and firing with deliberation as they advanced, begrimed and dirty-looking fellows, in all sorts of garb, some without hats, others without coats, none apparently in the real dress or uniform of a soldier. The regiment now opened vigorously, and the entire brigade was hotly engaged. The man who had been summarily relieved of head-quarter pack-horse duty by the rear guard, a few days before, showed conspicuous gallantry. Begrimed with powder, hatless, a few paces in advance, shouting continually, "Give them hell, boys!" he was doing excellent work. Twitted and jeered for his previous failures, the slurs changed to commendations at this early attempt at leadership. The line preserved its regularity; there was no attempt to seek cover among the rocks or timber, but the men stood erect, stepping a pace to the rear to load and returning promptly to the front

to fire. The enveloping process continued with alarming rapidity. Colonel Gwyn had noted its progress with anxiety. A change of front or a disorderly break would alone prevent capture or annihilation. Discipline, firmness, courage were in readiness, and in response to Colonel Gwyn's order, repeated in the stentorian tones of Major Herring, ringing out above the din of battle, "Change front to the rear on 10th Company, battalion about face, by company right half wheel, march!" the regiment, under all this withering, pelting fire, executed the movement with as much alacrity, precision and detail as it ever did on any parade occasion. The rest of the brigade had also executed a similar manœuvre, which changed the entire front in the new direction. The position of the organization was so far altered as to bring the brigade into two lines, the 118th still retaining the right of the first line. Colonel Sweitzer was notified of the change and directed to conform his movements to co-operate in resisting the heavy attack. The line retired, loading and firing with deliberation, for some 300 yards, crossing a corner of the wheat-field and making another stand in the timber behind a stone fence, about 200 feet from the gate opening into the lane of the Trostle House. So orderly was this retirement that there was neither break, hurry nor undue crowding. Save when Major Biddle, of General Meade's staff, rode his horse into the ranks, earnestly imploring a halt, there was neither waver nor hesitation. These movements were neither sudden nor panicky, but performed in obedience to orders and conducted with all military propriety. Bigelow, sorely pressed and his battery in imminent danger, followed the movement, withdrawing his pieces by *prolongs*. Then he took position in the angle, almost at the Trostle House gate, slightly in front and to the right of the regiment, where he did damaging execution. He had not moved until the enemy, with a savage yell, were on the very top of him and had completely covered both his flanks. Sergeant Augustus Luker, Company E, Corporal DeWitt Rodermel, Company E, James J. Donnelly, Company C, Sergeant Joseph Turner,

Company F, of the 118th, gallantly assisted in keeping back Kershaw's skirmishers from his left flank, and Bigelow to this day continues to refer admiringly to their gallant conduct. Whilst lying behind the stone wall, the same James J. Donnelly, who had taken his place with Company E on the extreme right, attracted attention by the cool, deliberate and accurate manner with which he used a carbine that he had picked up at Aldie and carried with him afterward. Donnelly



SERGEANT AUGUSTUS LUKER

had been detailed for orderly duty at regimental head-quarters and, being without musket or equipments, had taken this method to provide himself with a weapon, intending to use it to a purpose at the first opportunity. He had exhausted his ammunition and, desiring instructions what he should do for more, from Lieutenant Samuel N. Lewis, who stood in his immediate vicinity and had noticed the man's behavior, was di-

rected to leap over the wall and remove the cartridge-box and take the musket from the dead body of a soldier that lay some fifteen or twenty paces to the front. Without hesitation, amid a shower of bullets, he executed the direction, slowly removed the accoutrements, seized the musket and returned to his place. He then called Lieutenant Lewis's attention to a Confederate stand of colors and its color-bearer. Taking deliberate aim, he fired, and the standard almost instantly fell. Donnelly, enraptured with his success, never afterwards returned to his orderly duty, but remained, courageously fighting, in the ranks, and towards the end of the war was rewarded with a well-earned promotion to a first lieutenancy.



JAMES J. DONNELLY.

The yard and grounds of the Tros-
tle House soon swarmed with skir-
mishers from Barks-
dale's brigade. The
Mississippians
crowded every cor-
ner, knoll and rock that offered protection, pouring in a de-
structive and accurate fire. Their line of battle, with colors
well to the front, developed distinctly and still continued to
envelop the right and the battery, punishing it most seriously.
They soon covered the rear as well as the flank. With a
mad rush they made for the guns. Bigelow was almost
surrounded; he had lost eighty horses. Nearly all his men
were killed or wounded. Yielding to the inevitable, the pieces

were abandoned, and all four fell into the enemy's hands, to be subsequently, however, retaken before the close of the day. This spot no longer tenable, a further withdrawal was necessitated. Just as it commenced the color-bearer of the 21st Mississippi regiment advanced through the gate of the Tros-
tle House and, halting in the road, stood gallantly and courageously waving his colors in the midst of the thickest of the



CAPTAIN RICHARD W. DAVIDS.

melee. Beside him a Confederate skirmisher was seen to drop on one knee and take deliberate aim at Captain Richard W. Davids. His shot was effective. The ball penetrated his body; staggering, he fell into the arms of Smith, who was by his side, and with his aid and that of others he made an effort to reach the rear, but fell within a few paces of where he had been shot and expired where he fell. He met his fate with true soldierly composure. Captain

Davids was a man of positive convictions, earnest purpose and strong determination. Of high soldierly instincts, his courage was heroism and his bravery daring. With his superior military attainments he coupled a genial, generous disposition. Cultured, affable, firm, he was endeared to those with whom he associated, admired by those whom he commanded.

At this time Lieutenant James B. Wilson and Lieutenant Inman were severely wounded. Lieutenant Inman's wounds were of a character that prevented his ever again resuming his duties in the field, and Lieutenant Wilson was a long time recovering.*

As the command withdrew, a Georgia regiment, moving at double-quick, with arms at the right shoulder and colors flying, passed the left of the regimental line. They were prisoners of war, guarded by a small squad of their captors and were being hurried to the rear to get them out of the fire of their own people. In the flurry of the capture the demand was not made that they should lay down their arms, and they apparently unconsciously continued to bear them, although they were prisoners. It is probably fortunate for the small squad who had them in charge that they, as well, unconsciously forgot to use them.

The enemy seemed startled and appalled at their success.

* Lieutenant Inman says: "Lieutenant Wilson and myself were wounded, and I lay upon the field until the morning of the 4th, when some of the men of Company F, of which I was an officer, carried me off on a stretcher to the hospital, where Dr. Thomas operated on me. On Thursday night, whilst lying within the rebel lines, the 139th Ohio Regiment came to where I was, and I quietly called one of the sergeants and asked him to help me into our lines. He reported to the colonel the fact of being within the enemy's line, when he immediately ordered right about face and fell rapidly back, leaving me alone with the dead. That night a number of stray hogs came to where I lay and commenced rooting and tearing at the dead men around me. Finally one fellow that in the darkness looked of enormous size approached and attempted to poke me—grunting loudly the while. Several others also came up, when, waiting my chance, I jammed my sword into his belly, which made him set up a prolonged, sharp cry. By constant vigilance and keeping from sleeping I contrived to fight the monsters off till daylight."

They had lost something in organization, but their numbers were overpowering. Their yells and howls never ceased.

Colonel Gwyn gave orders to "about face." It has been said that our brigade was withdrawn with undue haste. Now, if it was not time to retire, when the guns of the 9th Massachusetts were in the hands of Barkesdale's Mississippians, who were on our right flank, and firing so close that Corporal S. M. Caldwell, of Company E, was shot through the right side of the head, then all we had learned or knew of the art of war as veterans was in *vain*. Lieutenant S. N. Lewis and other officers emptied their revolvers at the now eager enemy, who were charging and firing on us. Our men withdrew slowly, firing on them as we fell back. Organization was fairly preserved. The whole battlefield was in a twirl since the attack had begun in the frequent changes of front, and directions and requirements had become so intermingled that they were at the moment trying to unwind themselves. There were times when regularity of formation was lost; but the colors indicated vantage ground and confidence to the hesitating ranks, and the men kept their eyes on the colors. It is said that the 21st Mississippi Regiment of Barkesdale's Brigade, McLaw's Division, who charged on us and the 9th Mass. Battery, lost every color-bearer. Many of our men had their cartridges on the ground ready for quick firing as the Rebels charged on us. They were the troops who charged on us in our first and second positions.

No histories give mention that the 118th Regiment supported Bigelow's Battery, and rendered good service. Phillips' 5th Massachusetts Battery also did splendid fighting, vainly struggling to check the onward rush of the rebel masses. The rapid peals from their guns told the awful work allotted them was being well done by the gallant cannoneers. The rebel General Wofford attacked the line held by Zook and Sweitzer. Barnes' two brigades were driven out from their position in the woods and wheatfields. The losses were frightful, and our whole line at this part was soon broken. Humphrey had meanwhile completed his movement.

Generals Sickels and Barnes were wounded. Bigelow's Battery, with the 118th Infantry as support, was on the left of the Trostle House, near the left bank of Plum Run, and opened fire upon the enemy, now advancing from the west and south, and taking their battery.

The batteries of McGilvery, consisting of thirty or forty pieces of artillery, were hurried into position, with their front at the trostle-house on our right. They opened on the enemy, and, together with Hancock's other batteries, got a cross-fire upon the advancing, yelling enemy.

The Confederate battle-flags could be plainly seen, and on our left the wheatfield where Generals Zook and Taylor were killed. The fighting was desperate, mingled with the solid, defiant cheers of our men and the groans of the wounded and dying. The men had no time for sensations of fear. As they said, "If we cannot whip them in our own State of Pennsylvania, where can we?" It was the men's battle, and fought with no thought of being defeated.

It would be well for future historians, in writing up the history of the 3d and 5th Corps to extend the high-water mark to the Round Tops, where the greatest losses and most desperate fighting took place on the afternoon of the second day; when Longstreet, with the entire right wing of Lee's army of 45,000, the largest body of men that advanced together on any part of the field, was repulsed after fiercely charging again and again until compelled by darkness to cease, and failed to carry the key of the whole battle-field. This is what all the military men say, both Union and Confederate, who were there. General Meade states that his greatest losses were on the second day, and this we claim is the high-water mark of the rebellion. Our first division did some desperate fighting. The dead and wounded, with the red maltese cross on their caps, were lying all over the field.

During the long, hazy moonlight night of July 2d parts of our lines were being strengthened by breastworks, and many wounded carried to the hospital, and there was but little rest given to the weary veteran who had fought through the day.

established in front and a little to the right of the point where the command had crossed the ridge near Little Round Top in the afternoon. Concerning the retirement Colonel Tilton officially said: "I think, however, I saved my brigade from great disaster, after it could no longer be of any good at the front, and succeeded in forming a new line, which was retained during the night."

While the withdrawal from the Trostle House was in progress, attention was attracted to the solid, ringing, regular tramp of firm, determined men. Concealed by the smoke and the irregularities of the ground, the sound of the approaching mass was heard before the line appeared in sight. As it drew nearer and nearer, that splendid division, the Pennsylvania Reserves, came suddenly into view, sweeping everything before it, as if confident in the assurance of its own inherent strength. With Crawford leading, hat in hand, waving his followers on to victory; with fixed bayonets, steady tread and in excellent alignment, shouting and cheering, as if the victory were already theirs, they pressed on in that memorable charge that restored so much of the ground lost and recovered so many of the guns taken during the afternoon. Their rush had been so sudden that many of the enemy, who had succeeded in working around the right of the corps, were caught between their advancing and Barnes's retiring lines. There was no escape, and, yielding reluctantly, they stepped out hurriedly to a place of safety. The 1st Brigade was small, and the prisoners taken by them almost equalled in numbers the strength of the brigade. With some the reluctance was not so manifest, and they expressed satisfaction at being safely out of that "blazing hell."

After the division had withdrawn to its second position, it having been reported that Caldwell's brigade, of the 2d Corps, was driving the enemy to the left and front, Sweitzer's brigade was sent to its assistance. The 18th and 22d Massachusetts regiments, of the 1st Brigade, accompanied it. The effort was futile, disastrous, and resulted in severe loss. The 4th Michi-

gan and 62d Pennsylvania crossed bayonets in actual contact with the enemy. Colonel Jeffords, commanding the former regiment while mounted, was thrust through with a bayonet, as he gallantly attempted to rescue his colors. With the exception of this advance, the movements of the two brigades corresponded with each other during the entire engagement, and they were together when the line was established in the evening in front of the ridge near Little Round Top.

Thus, to sum up, while repulsed at every other part of our line, the Confederates held possession at Kulp's Hill, on the extreme right. Thus ended the second day of the bloody struggle at Gettysburg. That night Meade called his generals together to determine whether they should continue on that line, and fight it out on the morrow or retreat. The verdict was to fight it out, and Hancock, in giving his vote, remarked that "the Union army had retreated too often already."

* Dr. Joseph Thomas furnishes the following graphic description of the scene after the second day's battle: "About eleven o'clock at night the ambulances were busy collecting and carrying to the rear great loads of mangled and dying humanity. The wagon-train, with tents and supplies, had not yet arrived, and the wounded were deposited on the ground. The site selected for the wounded of the 1st division was a field just in rear of Big Round Top, a little over a half mile from its base. As they were removed from the ambulances they were placed in long rows, with no reference to the nature or gravity of their injuries, nor condition or rank. Friend and foe alike, as they had been promiscuously picked up where they had fallen, were there laid side by side in these prostrate ranks of bleeding, suffering and dying unfortunates. Soon the ambulances ceased their visits, as they had gathered up all that were accessible or could be found in the darkness. There were about 250 or 300 thus collected and lying upon the ground awaiting examination by the surgeon, as soon as dawn should appear to furnish light for the painful work. Opiates were administered to alleviate pain, and water supplied to appease their thirst. One of the surgeons then wrapped himself in his blanket and sought a brief repose to prepare himself for the busy work of the morrow. It was futile to attempt to sleep, for the horrors of the environment put this out of the question. Sounds of pain and anguish, invocation and supplication, singing, and even cursing by some in their delirium or sleep, were promiscuously intermingled. To sleep was impossible. At last morning dawned, and at the same time orders were received to remove the wounded farther to the rear and out of range of the enemy's batteries, which were expected to shell that quarter as soon as it was light

The earliest streaks of dawn had scarce made objects distinguishable, ere the pickets signified their purpose of continued strife by sharp, persistent firing. The 3d of July, the third of these three eventful days, had broken to close again in bloody strife, and to roll back in terrible disaster the final attempt to break the hard-pressed Union lines. At daylight the brigade was shifted to the rocky face of Round Top, and there relieved Vincent's brigade, now commanded by Rice. The strength and valor of that brigade, tested to the highest degree of soldier manhood, had saved that commanding eminence, and with it the entire line from the momentary grip the enemy had upon it. This wooded promontory, boldest of all the hills in the vicinity, was visible for miles in every direction. It was without road or pathway, a mass of huge, round, smooth, slippery boulders. Securely manned, the hill would have been almost invulnerable against assault. To the natural defences the position afforded, the troops relieved had added a substantial stone breastwork. The trees were rudely scarred, split and torn in every conceivable way, and scarce a bush, twig or limb but that bore convincing evidence of heavy firing from both cannon and small arms.

This position commanded a view of all the country between the two lines to the left of the Union centre, covering a scope of some two square miles. Immediately in front for some half mile was thick timber, concealing the rocks, stones, caves and boulders that made up the well-named, weird, forsaken and desolate Devil's Den. Through this, and extending to the right beyond it, coursed a sluggish stream of width and volume scarce sufficient to dignify it with a name, called Plum Run. Its waters were not confined to its channel, but spread out in

enough. Ambulances simultaneously arrived, and the wounded were again placed in them and taken to a more remote point back on Rock Creek, where tents were subsequently pitched to shelter them. In lifting them upon the conveyances, it was discovered that many were dead. The removal from the place was accomplished none too soon, for as the last load was moving off, shells and solid shot began to fall in formidable numbers on the place."

swamp and bog over loamy ground grown rank in a tall swamp grass. Beyond this growth of timber in its front to the Union left, the country rolled off in open, arable, cultivated lands until it was interrupted by the timber crowning the other crest, Seminary Ridge, which the enemy occupied. The enemy's lines were distant, all along his front, about three-quarters of a mile. The ridge he held ran almost parallel with that occupied by the Union forces, until it reached beyond Round Top, where it deflected to his front, terminating not far from the base, and almost on the flank, of that mountain. It was much lower, and in no sense commanded it. The Emmetsburg road, a broad, well-made turnpike, extended the entire distance between the two lines, but was nearest the Union line. Along it, and elsewhere over the scene, fine old-fashioned farm-houses, with large, substantial barns, stables and out-buildings, dotted the undulating lands. Just at the season of wheat harvest, the whole country teemed with abundant crops, ripening to a rich maturity. The battle doubtless made the wheat harvest of the locality a failure, and the usual prolific yield of the other crops was probably materially interfered with. Numbers of these commodious houses and roomy barns fell victims to the flames, and all through the fight great volumes of smoke from burning buildings, barns and hay-ricks rolled up like huge spires—for there was but little wind—at various points between the lines. It was a field that more strongly contrasted thrifty, enterprising, prosperous peace with harsh, rude, relentless war, than any other on which the Army of the Potomac ever fought.

In proportion to the number engaged, the greatest loss sustained by any regiment during the war was that of the 1st Minnesota. On the afternoon of the second day the Union line was driven back in confusion from its position along the Emmettsburg Road. While Hancock was patching up a second line he saw a column of the enemy (Wilcox's Brigade) emerging suddenly from a clump of trees near an unprotected portion of his line. The 1st Minnesota were on right of the 118th, and Hancock, desirous of gaining time until reinforcements could be brought forward, rode up to Col.

Colville, and ordered him to take the enemy's colors. A desperate fight ensued, in which the enemy were forced back, leaving their colors in the hands of the 1st Minnesota. There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. The regiment took 262 officers and men in this fight. It lost fifty killed and 174 wounded. Total, 224.

A remarkable feature of the loss is that none were missing. Seventeen officers were killed or wounded, including the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major and adjutant. The killed, with those who died of their wounds, numbered seventy-five, or over twenty-eight per cent. of those engaged—a percentage of killed unequalled in military statistics.

This regiment (141st Pennsylvania) went into the fight with 198 men, of whom twenty-five were killed, 103 wounded and twenty-one missing. The killed, with those who died of wounds, numbered forty-nine, or twenty-four per cent. of those engaged. They fought in the peach orchard on the second day afternoon.

The 26th North Carolina Regiment, Confederate, went into action with over 800 men. They sustained a loss of eighty-six killed and 502 wounded; total, 588, in addition to 120 missing. This loss occurred mostly in the first day's fight, in front of the 151st Pennsylvania and Cooper's Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania. Total loss, 708. This loss was the heaviest regimental loss during the war.

The regiment was just becoming familiar with its new surroundings on Round Top when a Confederate officer, without sword or belt, with his coat thrown back with an air of ease, independence and authority, comfortably enjoying a cigar, moving calmly and leisurely as if he were quietly out for a stroll, deliberately walked into the lines. The enemy was close, and our skirmishers were advanced but a few paces. He had passed through them unobserved, or had been permitted to do so, with a conviction that his capture was certain to follow elsewhere. Astonished, he moodily accepted his fate, and was promptly conducted to the rear. He was a staff officer, and had no idea

he was in such proximity to the Union lines, when a few moments before he sought a short respite from the bustle and activity of head-quarters by strolling off in a direction where he thought he would be alone. Of good address and culture, he was keenly sensitive to the reproach that might follow the unfortunate way in which he had permitted himself to be taken.

There were many distressing sights of torn and mangled bodies upon the mountain side. One Confederate in the death grip had seized the sharp edge of a huge rock, and with feet held fast in a cleft of the rock above, hung head downwards between the two. Wild hogs feeding on the corpses magnified the surrounding horrors. One of the enemy, evidently mortally wounded, shot early in the engagement on the previous afternoon, had been placed upon a stretcher to await opportunity for removal. Meanwhile his people had been driven from their position, and he had lain all night in fearful agony, scarce able to articulate from thirst. Grateful for the water that temporarily allayed his sufferings, he was removed a short distance to the rear, but not far enough to be out of the range of the bombardment that followed a few hours later. At its conclusion his body was found frightfully mangled. His own guns had expedited a death which would have surely followed the wounds inflicted by his enemies. He, with others, spoke of the terrible punishment their forces had received, and was by no means sanguine of ultimate success. They had been encouraged in the assurance that they would encounter only militia, and took some consolation in the fact that their failure to make good their onslaught had been due to the tried and experienced soldiery of the old Potomac Army.

All the morning there was a hushed and painful anxious stillness. Save the bickering of the pickets, the two great armies were in quiet repose, or gathering in cautious preparation for another stroke. So quiet was it that, tempted by the silence, the chaplain found his way to the front to minister consolation to the dying and call the attention of the living to the uncertainties of human existence, by a liberal distribution of

tracts and periodicals. His flock was not as appreciative as he would have desired, nor his means and methods as convincing as he would have had them. The battle-field, where men become stolid against its horrors, indifferent to its fear, heedless of its anxieties, seems not the place for the encouragement of religious training, or the propagation of the Gospel's teachings.

But relief soon came to the anxious waiting; the painful stillness was abruptly broken. At one o'clock every gun in every battery that lined the crest of Seminary Ridge opened in simultaneous crash. Instantly every gun on the Union ridge responded. Without let or hindrance the cannonading continued for well nigh two hours. There was not first a gradual subsidence and then a swelling again to the discharge of all the guns, but without stop, break or interruption the firing continued as it commenced, throughout the whole time of the bombardment, by all the guns of all the batteries of both the armies, for which position could be found on the ridges they respectively occupied. From the position on the slope of Round Top the enemy's line, as marked by its fire, was in full sight for two-thirds of its entire length.

The sun shone in unusual splendor, and made the puffs from each discharge from the enemy's batteries so distinct, until the thickening smoke cut off the view of ridge and valley, that seemingly, though almost a mile away, they flashed in the very faces of those at whom the fire was directed. Screech, whistle, roar, crash, thug, explosion, so filled the air with inharmonious, conflicting noise as to drown the human voice.

As the more deadly whirl and buzz of the flying fragments of exploded shell dominated the screech and whistle of bolt and solid shot, men cast anxious glances at each other until the sound died away harmlessly in the distance. The guns, served as if with venomous rapidity, would send the solid shot along with the fury of a maddened bowler who, angered at his luck, recklessly sends his balls in rude confusion to their destination, careless of his aim, heedless of results, anxious only that his task were done. The blows from the weighty missiles fractured

rocks, splintered timbers and shattered the loose material of the entrenchments. This contributed to wounds and bruises, where the weight of metal had failed of its more deadly purpose. The army had not yet acquired tact or speed in the construction of breastworks, nor was the rocky surface so adapted to their erection as the more pliable soil of Virginia. There was no such cover as the well-built lines of Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg afforded, and the open country contributed to a better accuracy of fire.

The buzz and hum of conversation ceased. There was a strange and remarkable stillness. Every man was motionless and silent. The prophetic enthusiast, ever ready with his boastful foreknowledge of the next move on the chess-board of battle, ceased to prophesy. Poor practice was greeted by no such jocular phrase, irresistible on other fields, as "Shorten your fuses," "Elevate your pieces," "Depress your guns." Vivid animation yielded to sober, serious reflection. Stilled to an awful pause, save when the batterymen worked with untiring energy and ceaseless activity, the whole army lay prone, hushed in appalling silence. Men investigating their surroundings, ministering to the needs of the wounded, hurriedly sought their places. Veiled in smoke, obscured by the timber, the soldiers as close to the ground as if they were part of it, it was scarce conceivable these wooded hillsides concealed a great army of animated, living beings.

And the incessant roar and the wild, unremitting screech continued all this long and weary time—weary from long inaction—when it slackened and then ceased as abruptly as it began. The smoke slowly lifted, and there was nothing to obscure a full view of almost the whole length of the enemy's front and of the more than three-quarters of a mile of open country that separated the two lines. The great silence, the portentous lull, was ominous of the enemy's assault. Unlike such other operations, there was no attempt to protect or conceal the column of attack. There was no overhanging mist of breaking day, no uncertain shadows of a lingering twilight, no

glimmer of a pale and sickly moon, no friendly timber, no sheltering knoll. But, in the full glare of the afternoon sunlight, Seminary Ridge suddenly bristled with activity, and from the timber which crowned its crests there emerged, covering half its length and opposite the Union centre, two solid, unwavering lines of battle. Their distances were preserved with accuracy, their mounted officers occupied their several proper stations. The standards fluttered defiantly, the muskets, at a right-shoulder, glistened brightly. Upon their right flank huge columns of masses moved in support, and as the lines cleared the woods, heavy bodies followed in reserve. Four hundred yards is considered to be the limit of distance fair to test the strength and metal of men. Here there was nearly a mile to cover before the lines would impinge, and then the point of impact was against the enemy's centre rarely effectual. No other word fittingly describes those splendid lines as they appeared before shot or shell disturbed or shattered their symmetry save the somewhat extravagant adjective—magnificent. There was no crescendo yell, no wild, weird shriek, and the tramp was steady, solemn, silent. As if in waiting for a full disclosure of the purpose, the Union guns reserved their fire. Then deep, sonorous, rapid, they plied their terrible punishment, and yet, with unflinching nerve and steady grandeur, the formidable charging column pressed right along in the full sweep of a resistless energy. There was hesitating, anxious questioning whether at the point of contact there was strength sufficient to withstand the crushing blow. A slight crumbling on the flanks forced a deflection to the left; but, recovering promptly the direct advance, the whole mass passed out of view behind an intervening wood, amid unrestrained expressions of admiration for such heroic daring. Again everything disappeared in the gloom of the impenetrable smoke. As the lines approached the enemy's fire noticeably slackened and the Union guns continued with increased wicked, nervous intensity. Suddenly they too ceased for a moment, and then, as if with universal crash, the death-rattle of small arms drowned all other sounds.

The usual musketry smoke curtain indicated a scene of frightful carnage. The noise of the contest rose and fell in heavy surging volumes, and then, as first, groups and knots, and then other groups and other knots appeared beyond the woods in the desperate hurry of confused retreat, it died away to rise again in sullen anger as the enemy's guns opened to help back home again the pitiful few who alone remained of all that splendid host. Pickett's charge, to be memorable throughout the ages, was a failure, and historic Gettysburg, from whence Confederate treason began to slowly ebb its life away, was over.

The soft and soothing shimmer of another moonlight night hushed the battle-field in slumber, and the Fourth of July, bathed in calm, refreshing sunlight, dawned as if in joyous commemoration of the old freedom and in bright recognition of the nation's new birth of liberty. As if there had been work enough, the bickering of the pickets subsided to watchfulness, and by noon the battle-field was in repose.

About ten o'clock the brigade moved out to feel and develop the enemy. At the foot of the hill and in the gorge there were thrilling, horrifying scenes of blood and carnage. The dead lay in all shapes and in every direction, some upon their faces, others on their backs, while others were twisted and knotted in painful contortions. The progress of the advance was much impeded in the effort to tread without stepping upon the bodies. Some kneeling behind the rocks had met their death where they dropped for shelter. The men gave way at times instinctively from the muzzles of muskets resting upon rocks and stones, down the barrels of which the sightless glassy eyes still gazed and the guards of which were grasped by hands convulsed in death. Seeking shelter in kneeling, to aim, they had fallen in the act of firing. Numbers of the enemy lay in a shallow trench they had dug, evidently to avoid the unerring fire of some expert skirmishers. They had torn and twisted leaves and grass in their agonies and their mouths filled with soil—they had literally bitten the dust. One or two were in the act of biting tobacco, of which most of them had a lavish

supply in their mouths. At one spot, a point either of desperate resistance or formation for an assault, thirty-seven dead bodies lay in line, side by side. In Confederate clothing, their uniforms were better than usual, and all had new black slouched hats, doubtless from the stock of some neighboring dealer. In front of these bodies lay that of an officer of fine proportions, manly physique and remarkably handsome features. His head rested upon a stone; his limbs were straightened, his hands folded; he had evidently been prepared for decent sepulture. A letter, through which the ball had passed that penetrated his heart, identified him as Captain William A. Dunklin, of the 44th Alabama. Many years after the war the incident of finding his body was brought to the knowledge of his relatives in Selma, who, up to that time, knew only of his death at Gettysburg, but nothing of its attendant surroundings.

The advance pushed on without interruption to the edge of the timber bordering the wheat-field. In the belief that what still remained of the standing grain concealed the enemy's pickets, the skirmish line, under Lieutenant Walters, was pressed vigorously into it. A formidable volley, the appearance of large bodies on either flank and a movement in front, indicating a purpose to engage, sufficiently accomplished Colonel Tilton's instructions to develop the enemy, and he withdrew to the vicinity of the point from whence he started.

The brigade fell back a short distance and formed a line of battle in a piece of woods. An hour or so after taking up this position a storm arose and the rain descended in torrents. The bayonets of the guns were jammed into the ground to prevent the water running into the barrels.

A farm-house stood near. In the midst of the storm its proprietor came out, approached the general and insisted that the troops should be moved further out. "Couldn't the general see that if a fight took place there his house and outbuildings would be ruined? Why, those heavy shot and shell would go right through the walls, and one place was as good as another

to fight in." He pleaded, begged, beseeched, stormed; but all to no purpose. The unfeeling general told him that a movement was impossible, and the hard-hearted soldiery greeted his appeals with roars of derisive laughter. The regiment bivouacked that night in the same position, the storm continuing unabated.

This storm, breaking the intense heat of the three preceding days, was so memorable that for a long time it was designated as the rain of the Fourth of July, '63, and, in any confusion of dates in the memories of the participants in the battle, served as a guide to rectify discrepancies.

While the regiment lay crouching for protection in its first position near the Rose House, before it had yet become engaged, a rabbit, startled from its cover by the advance of McLaws's assaulting Georgians, rushed in frightened, headlong leaps towards the Union lines. Innocent of purpose to harm, he plunged in one of his aimless jumps right into the ranks and planted his cold, sharp claws firmly into the neck of a soldier who lay flat near the right of the regiment. It was too much for the poor fellow. He gave it up, and, jumping to his feet, with pitiful expression, in woe-begone tones, wringing his hands in agony, announced himself a dead man; that he had been shot in the neck; that the ball had passed entirely through, and there was no hope for him. He recovered his equanimity, however, when those in the neighborhood, who had observed the cause of his trouble, received his dire announcement with the merriment it necessarily created. When informed that a poor little rabbit had innocently been the cause of his discomfiture, he sheepishly resumed his place.

This rabbit has become so historically famous, it is to be regretted that it has not been preserved by the taxidermist and a place found for it in the Smithsonian Institute.

General Lafayette McLaws, in a recent article describing his attack on the Union lines at this point, mentioned an unsuccessful assault that Wofford's brigade made upon a rabbit during their advance. He escaped their fire and found safety

within our lines. When the coincidence of time and place was brought to General McLaws's attention, in a very happy vein of correspondence, he identified this particular rabbit as the one which Wofford's men missed and which so alarmed the poor soldier whom he jumped upon. He gracefully yields all claims to it and expresses a willingness that it be known as the rabbit of the 118th Pennsylvania.*

* PHILADELPHIA, August 11, 1886.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE MCLAWS, *Savannah, Ga.:*

DEAR SIR:—In your article in the *Philadelphia Weekly Press* of August 4 you made mention of a "rabbit episode" on the afternoon of the 2d day of July at Gettysburg.

You say, speaking of the retreat of Sickles's men and the pursuit by Wofford, "there was a wide space between the advancing and receding forces. Within that space a rabbit jumped up and ran towards the Federal lines. Wofford's men, reckless fellows as they were, fired at the rabbit. *The rabbit was not hit.*"

A history of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers (1st Brigade, 1st Division), 5th Corps, is in course of compilation and has advanced measurably towards completion. Among the amusing incidents told therein is the following one taken from a letter to his mother, written by Lieutenant S. N. Lewis after the Battle, in which he describes the part taken by the 118th in that great fight. I quote from the letter, not the manuscript. "Our brigade immediately took the place of Sickles's retreating men, and, as the enemy's artillery continued to play upon our line, the men sought cover behind rocks and stones. On the right, where my company occupied its place in line, it was more open and uncovered, and the men lay upon their faces. Meanwhile could be heard the shouts and yells of the advancing enemy above the din and roar of battle. At this juncture a rabbit, frightened by the advancing foe, ran among our men and made a jump on the back of the neck of private ———, who, throwing up his hands, exclaimed: 'Oh! I'm shot! I'm a dead man! Shot clean through the neck!' This set the men laughing, notwithstanding the shells and bullets flying around, and they fairly roared at the poor fellow."

Can this possibly be your rabbit?

Yours truly,

F. A. DONALDSON, *late Captain 118th P. V.*

SAVANNAH, GA., August 18, 1886.

F. A. DONALDSON, *late Captain 118th P. V.:*

DEAR SIR:—I have read with great pleasure your letter of August 11, and thank you for your kindness in writing me and for the incident you relate so well.

I think that, in all probability, it was the same rabbit, and perhaps it was the same one which a Confederate "hollowed at," saying: "Go it, old fellow; and I would be glad to go with you, if I hadn't a reputation to sustain!"

The regiment's proximity to both positions of Bigelow's famous 9th Massachusetts Battery, during a part of its three hours' serious fighting, justifies a reference to its eminent valor on that occasion. It was its first engagement. Its losses were exceptional and greater than that of any other light battery in any single battle in the war, except one, and then the battery was captured by a sudden charge. The very critical and daring operation of retiring by *prolonges* in the presence of charging infantry columns was successfully accomplished for a distance of some three hundred yards. The guns were double-shotted with canister and the contents of the

At any rate, the coincidence of time and place and circumstances is strong enough to make us believe that it was the same animal. Your incident corroborates the one I related, and the only question between us is one of proprietorship.

You have probably heard that in the West and South the rabbit is regarded by the negro specially as a witch, with a power of getting information and of getting out of a difficulty beyond that of the human family, and, therefore, it would not seem strange, from a Confederate standpoint, if we should assume that the said historical rabbit—as I will call him—in running away from the Confederates, had heard from other rabbits the condition of the Confederate commissariat and knew that if he ran into their lines he most certainly would be caught and broiled and eaten, and thus preferred to run the risk of being shot, in order to get into your ranks where he was not wanted "so bad."

The Confederates were fond of hunting rabbits, in order to add to their meat ration, and would hunt them by regiment and even by brigade. The line would be formed in single rank, the men a yard or more apart, armed, some with sticks, others with rocks, but the majority with nothing, and would march across the country for miles, beating the bushes as they went, and as a rabbit was started all in the vicinity would shout and try and throw at it, which would so frighten the animal that it was easily killed, and thus few escaped. In this way many rabbits were killed, sometimes a hundred or two, and even partridges became too frightened to fly but for a short distance and were caught or killed.

So that you can see how the presence of a rabbit, running before them, would excite "spontaneously," as the negroes say, the spirit of the Confederates.

As my men did not catch the rabbit on the occasion referred to, for reasons which it is not profitable to discuss, I yield all claim to it and am willing that it be known as the "Rabbit of the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers."

Again thanking you, I have the honor to be

Very truly and sincerely yours,

L. McLaws, late Major-General C. S. A.

limber chests were laid by their side for quick work. Fuses were cut from case-shot and shell, that they might explode quickly. Eighty out of eighty-eight horses taken into action were killed or disabled. Of four officers present two were killed and two wounded. Six of the seven sergeants were lost, two of whom were killed. Seven corporals and privates were killed, twelve wounded and two missing. When surrounded the few survivors fought their way back with handspikes and sponge-staffs. Two guns were saved, four abandoned. Those thus abandoned, and useless to the enemy for immediate operation for want of rammers and sponge-staffs, were recaptured the same evening and returned to the battery the next day.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was one of the greatest of European wars. Larger armies were never assembled. The Germans took 797,950 men into France. Of this number 28,277 were killed or died of wounds. A loss of 3.1 per cent.

In the Crimean war the allied armies lost 3.2 per cent. in killed or deaths from wounds. In the war of 1866 the Austrian army lost 2.6 per cent. from the same cause; but in the American civil war the Union armies lost 4.07 per cent. and the Confederates lost over 9 per cent.

The two greatest battles of the age in point of loss are Waterloo and Gettysburg. Between them there is a remarkable similarity both in numbers engaged and the extent of casualties. At Waterloo the French numbered 80,000 men and 252 guns. The allies numbered 72,090 men and 186 guns. At Gettysburg the Union army numbered 85,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, and the Confederates about 80,000 men and 250 pieces of artillery.

At Waterloo Wellington's army lost 23,185 men; at Gettysburg Meade's army lost 23,003. The loss of the French at Waterloo has never been officially announced, but has been estimated at 26,300. The Confederate loss at Gettysburg as officially reported by the Confederate surgeon-general was 20,448, to which must be added 7,077 wounded and prisoners

whose names were omitted from his list, but whose names appear on the record at Washington.

In the Franco-Prussian war the greatest loss occurred at the battle of Gravelotte, where the Germans lost 4,449 killed, 15,189, wounded and 939 missing; total, 20,578, out of 146,000 troops engaged, exclusive of 65,000 reserves. At Gettysburg Meade's army sustained a greater loss with half the number engaged.

In the American civil war the Union armies lost 110,070 killed and 275,175 wounded; total, 385,245, exclusive of the missing in action, who were not accounted for.

Except that a battle of great magnitude had been fought in which both armies had suffered severely, Gettysburg, viewed from an army observation at the time, was not different from the many serious encounters which preceded and followed it, save the very unusual and satisfactory



opportunity the soldiers had of observing the enemy's withdrawal, instead of participating in one themselves. Great battles are rated as decisive as their ultimate results may bear on the general issue of great wars. Armies treat those battles as decisive that so cripple, disrupt or annihilate their foes as to destroy their future usefulness for the purposes of war. In no such sense was Gettysburg a decisive battle. Badly depleted in numbers, materially weakened in *clan*, the enemy had withdrawn in excellent order, and was

apparently still ready to show a formidable resistance against any demonstration of determined assault. The indications clearly pointed to another advance into Virginia, and nothing was so calculated to soften enthusiasm over successes north of the Potomac as the prospect of a speedy change from the thrifty, prosperous surroundings of Maryland and Pennsylvania to the inhospitable, exhausted, sterile regions of Virginia. The Army of the Potomac, taught in its early career to be demonstrative and enthusiastic, had many times been sadly disappointed. As its campaigns increased its experience, it became more cautious with its cheers, more chary with its shouts. It preferred to await real results and certain conclusions before it would indulge in any untimely or unwarranted manifestations. Its business sense increased with its age, and until the fruits of its victories were safely garnered it was deemed wisdom to restrain any open expression of its appreciation of them. It felt with the loyal North that a great burden had been lifted from the nation with the failure of the invasion, but it saw before it, more clearly than the people, long years of bloody war before the army of the rebellion should be so attrited and wasted that it should cease to be a power strong enough to resist and defy the national authority. So, when Colonel Gwyn, in publishing the congratulatory order announcing the Gettysburg success, failed to secure a response to his urgent appeal for cheers for the commander-in-chief, and very imprudently did his own hurrahing, it was from no lack of regard for General Meade or any want of appreciation of his high soldierly abilities, but simply because the men of the 118th Pennsylvania, with their lights and experiences, could not see the wisdom or the occasion for any such manifestation of enthusiasm.

As a battle of enduring importance, of such practical influence on the social and political condition of our country that a contrary result might have varied the whole of the war in all its subsequent scenes and operations, Gettysburg may be reckoned as decisive. It was the final check to the power of the Confederate arms to invade or conquer. It was the dividing

line between the battles fought for the maintenance of the existence of the Confederate States and those fought to retard their downfall.

This prominence has turned upon Gettysburg a fire of criticism and analysis that seems to gather and strengthen as the years roll on. So persistent, and at times so violent, have been discussions that many a hero of his score of battles has doubted his own remembrance and wondered whether Gettysburg was the only battle. Save some vituperation, a little spleen, and very exceptionally prevarication, these discussions have been conducted in a spirit of fairness, and will doubtless contribute material aid to the book-makers of the coming years. This crucible of criticism has brought the skill of the chieftain and the valor of the soldier to the closest and severest test of inspection. Forsaking all other fields, the mass of writing on this has turned the attention of the student towards it as the one upon which to frame a general judgment for skilful management and soldierly courage everywhere. It was remarkable for skilful movements and splendid valor, but there are other fields which do not pale before it. Both Meade and Lee have been characterized as intelligent fighting men, doing their best with the means at hand to accomplish the end in view. It is not conceded that by some superior stroke of genius Lee could have changed the result. He was forced to fight an offensive battle, engaged in an "offensive defensive campaign," upon ground of his enemy's selection. Outgeneralled at the beginning, he was defeated at the end in measures, both of which the skilful leader would have sought to avoid. That Lee should have avoided battle where he assaulted will be conceded. That neither his communications, his supplies, nor his ammunition, at the time of Gettysburg, had yet been so seriously threatened as to force him to an engagement, must also be conceded. So when, inspired by his first day's success, he was tempted to his third day's defeat and compelled to the rarely successful and most unusual effort to pierce his enemy's centre, he signally failed to maintain the reputation for genius

which his followers had claimed for him, and with which many loyal Northern men yet credit him, as above their own military chieftains.

If there ever was a battle won through the courage and intelligence of the rank and file of the army, without planning strategical movements or audible commands from their officers, it was Gettysburg. Such is now the universal opinion of the men who fought there. The battle was eminently a people's fight, and the sturdy Northmen won.



CORPORAL JOHN MICHENER.

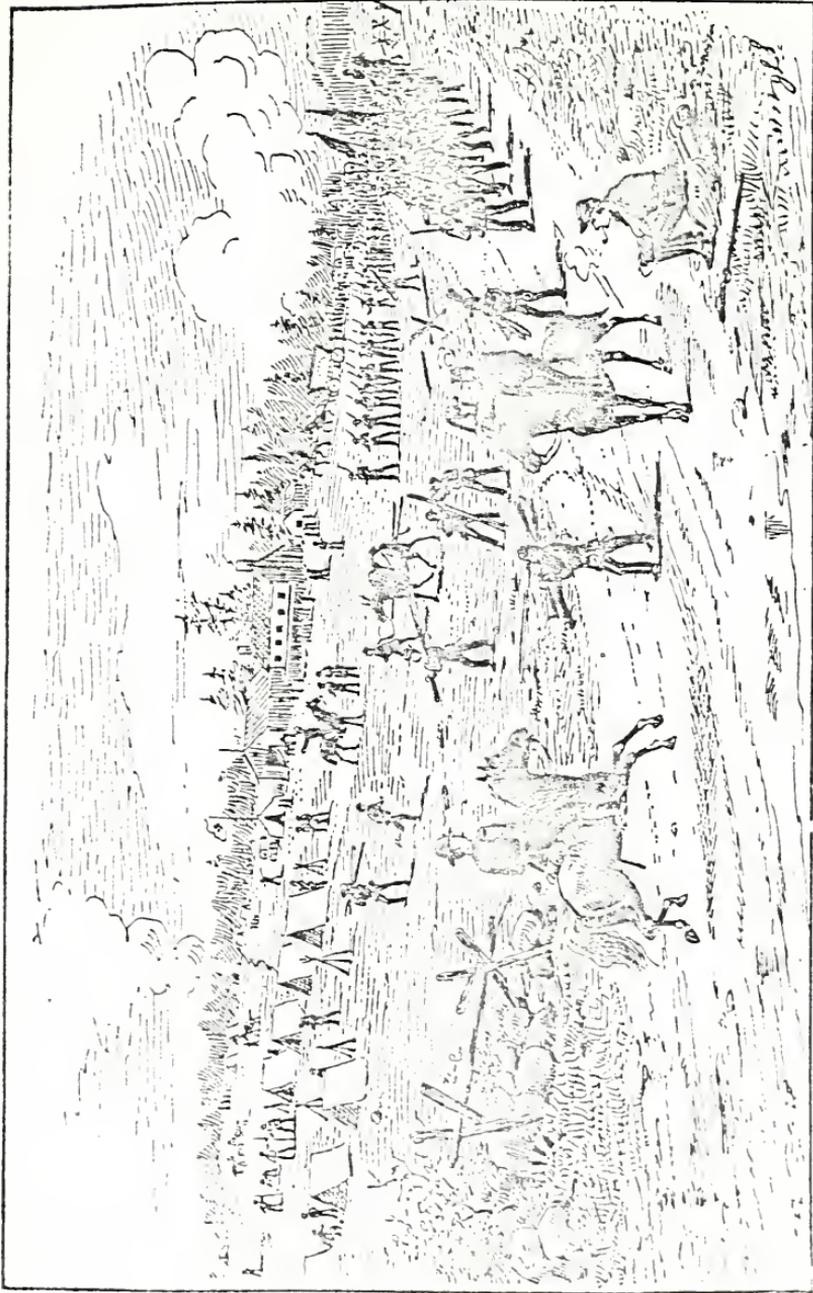
CHAPTER X.

FROM GETTYSBURG TO WARRENTON.

THE army loosened its soaking vestments to permit the bright rays of the morning sun to absorb the heavy moisture with which the severe storm had laden all the soldier wore or carried. The enemy had disappeared. Other corps were in pursuit, but the 5th, fortunate in its opportunity to dry out thoroughly, did not move until six o'clock in the afternoon, and on the night of the 5th of July bivouacked about eleven o'clock on the banks of Marsh Creek, some distance below its confluence with Willoughby Run. The route marched was across country, around the southern base of Round Top and well to the Union left of the battle-field.

General Griffin, who had arrived on the field during the engagement and who refused to relieve General Barnes, now resumed command of his division.

General Barnes had been severely wounded on the second day of the battle, but still kept the field. On the 9th, forced to yield to surgical treatment, he relinquished the command of the brigade and, though he subsequently returned for a time, never afterwards participated in so great an engagement. With the brigade he had won honors and fame, secured the esteem and confidence of his subordinates and the admiration and regard of his soldiers. He justly deserved the consideration shown him by General Griffin, who arrived amid the heat of the contest and declined to assume command until the battle was over. Griffin considerably remarked: "To you, General Barnes, belongs the honor of the field; you began the battle with the division, and shall fight it to the end." Barnes's sol-



GOING INTO CAMP.

dierly form is best remembered as at Gettysburg he rode valiantly amid the thickest of the fray, encouraging, persuading, directing, with that same courageous judgment which had ever been his distinguishing characteristic.

A few days after the battle of Gettysburg numerous carriages from Baltimore and other towns in Maryland visited the hospital, bringing with them delicacies, jellies, wines, etc., intended exclusively for the Confederate soldiers in the hospitals. The latter were receiving the same care and attention as our own soldiers, getting a part of the supplies furnished by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. It was most provoking to observe the preference for the Confederate wounded by these Southern sympathizers; consequently the surgeon determined to put a stop to it and directed that all such things should be left at the hospital supply tent, where all might receive a share at the proper time. A guard was therefore placed at the principal approach to the hospital, with instructions to halt all carriages bringing these supplies. On the next day after this order was issued a carriage drove up, containing a darky coachman, two ladies and two gentlemen. They stated to the guard that they were from Baltimore and desired to know where the tent was located containing the Confederate wounded. The guard informed them that his instructions forbade him to permit them to visit these tents; that all supplies should be left at the general hospital tent, and the surgeon in charge would direct their distribution. They appeared very indignant and inquired at once for the surgeon in charge. Surgeon Joseph Thomas put in an appearance, when they inquired by what authority a guard had been placed to prevent them from visiting and distributing the delicacies they had brought to the Confederate wounded. He replied that he had given the order and was responsible for its enforcement, adding that the treatment of the Confederates was in all respects the same as that of the Union soldiers; that they got their share of both Sanitary and Christian Commission supplies, as well as food and medicines furnished by the medical department; that previous

visitors to the Confederate wounded had made a distinction and given their presents exclusively to Confederate soldiers, and, therefore, he had determined to allow no further communications of this character, but that they should leave their wines, jellies and other delicacies with the steward, to be distributed alike to Union and Confederate, as might be deemed proper. Thereupon the visitors became intensely indignant and threatened to inform General Meade of the surgeon's conduct. Surgeon Thomas replied that it concerned him very little what they might report, or to whom; that he had charge of the hospital and would tolerate no interference with his authority by Confederate sympathizers, and that he advised them to leave what they desired and retire from the vicinity, or else he would at once direct their arrest as rebels. He called their attention to a squad of soldiers standing near. "You perceive," he said, "that we have the power to hold your party, and we shall most surely exercise it unless you leave the camp immediately." They concluded that prudence was the better part of valor, and pulled out a small bottle or two of wine and left. The hospital was not troubled thereafter by such unfriendly visitors.

On the day the battle closed, O. H. Osborn, of Company F, was detailed for temporary duty with the hospital department, and there was called upon to assist in burying the large accumulation of amputated limbs. As he passed by one of the field hospitals with his armful of legs he was carelessly accosted by one of two wounded soldiers of the 1st Michigan, who were complacently engaged in a game of cards. The one who addressed him had lost his leg in the second day's fight and was anxious to identify it. Thinking it might be with the load Osborn carried, he requested him to halt and permit him to make an examination. "Recollect," said he, "my leg can be readily distinguished from the others by a carbuncle on the little toe. It gave me much annoyance when I had the entire use of the missing member, and I would just like to see how the ugly parasite is thriving without me."



CORPORAL JOHN L. SMITH.

1892-1892.

Osborn's time was precious, and, in refusing the request, he consoled the soldier with the assurance that if limbs lost on the battle-field should be finally restored, he might be able to recognize it in the hereafter. "Good enough," said the Michigan man, and quietly went on with his game.

On the 6th reveille sounded at four, but there was no movement until ten, and then but a shifting of the bivouac for a mile or so in the direction of Emmetsburg. The usual congratulatory battle order was published; otherwise the day was uneventful.

The commissariat had fallen off to a few and indifferent supplies. The continuous marching and hard fighting had prevented foraging. The few hours of leisure in the vicinity of Marsh Run afforded an opportunity to test the capacity of the country.

Smith, John L., of Company K, apt and ready with his tongue, and withal a judicious provider, was despatched to barter and trade with the good people of the vicinity for a fair supply of the nourishing products of the neighborhood. Captain Crocker's instructions, to whose company Smith belonged, were that he bestir himself and find something to eat. He left the character of the edibles wholly to Smith's discretion, to be selected from such as the market afforded. Gun in hand, he started on his mission, meeting many others on his route bent upon similar errands. Some three miles out he came across a well-to-do farm-house, in which were three women and a number of soldiers. Attracted by a flock of geese in the yard, the first poultry he had seen, he opened negotiations with the most matronly of the party, and, selecting the largest of the lot, inquired its price. "Seventy-five cents," said the matron, and Smith promptly closed the bargain. As he seized the goose the good lady, doubtless aware it had passed the years when its mastication was possible, generously cautioned him to cook the fowl well, as it was very fat—she may have said tough. Smith, however, understood it as fat. Expressing his thanks for the intimation, he soon had the

goose in condition for the fire, and, with her permission, utilized the pot and stove in the kitchen to fully complete its preparation for the table.

While the goose was cooking, Smith had bargained for several loaves of bread at the very exorbitant figures of forty cents each. He then adjusted himself to quietly wait till the goose was cooked and the bread baked. But he was met by competition. Other soldiers were about bidding handsomely for supplies. To their demands our good housewife could only reply that her resources were exhausted. Unfortunately for her reputation as an honorable dealer, she disclosed Smith's figures. That settled it. The others immediately advanced the loaves to sixty cents. Yielding to the temptation, she repudiated the Smith contract and accepted their proposition. He, meanwhile, not inactive, had overheard the conversation and, promptly seeing the raise and going fifteen cents better, eventually secured a delivery at the very high rate of seventy-five cents.

All business transactions closed, the conversation naturally turned to the all-absorbing subject of the war. Though truly loyal Adams county Pennsylvanians, they had heard but little, and knew nothing except as the attendant scenes of the late battle brought them to a realizing sense of its terrors. Smith, in the course of the conversation, pushing and inquisitive, and having noticed how the male sex was conspicuously absent, graciously turned to the elderly one of the four and, assuming that she was the mother of the other three, in a tone of condolence remarked, "By the way, madam, I assume you are a widow, and with all these cares upon you in these troublous times your task is by no means a light one." It was too much for them. Hitherto controlled solely by mercenary motives, and forgetful of their loss, in a traffic which yielded such tremendous profits, the interrogation revived the remembrance of a dear and absent father, and, all bursting into tears, they managed to stammer out an explanation. When the head of the enemy's column had appeared in that vicinity a few days before,

the good man, husband and father that he was, prompted wholly by a motive to save his goods and chattels from destruction, spoliation and seizure, announced himself as heartily in sympathy with the Confederate cause, and ready to serve it in any capacity for which he might be fitted. "Good for you, my man," said the general officer whom he made his confidant, and promptly equipping him with cartridge-box and rifle, he forced him into the ranks, and that was the last they had seen or heard of him. They would not be comforted nor cease their weeping until the appearance of the shekels again consoled their misfortune, and the bargain and the interview closed cheerfully when the goose was boiled, the bread done, and all the articles paid for. Whether the old man ever returned, and if so, in what condition, was never subsequently ascertained.

Smith returned to the camp in the waning of the afternoon and, proud as a successful huntsman, laid the trophies of his chase at the feet of his gallant captain. The bread was divided among those who had contributed to its purchase, and the goose reserved by Crocker to be enjoyed by the favored few whom he called about him to partake of the dainty morsel.

They sat about in anxious expectancy. Crocker cut and sawed, and hacked, and then another tried it, but to no avail; the bird would not part. Having exhausted all appliances at hand for the carving of fowls, ancient and modern, they concluded that there were heavier muscle and stronger tools among the men, and that to them this old, tried specimen of Adams county poultry should be generously assigned. Summoning Smith, Crocker bade him have the first sergeant procure an axe and divide the fowl as far as it would go among the company. It finally yielded to the sturdy blows, but the flesh refused to respond to all efforts at mastication. The fragments were gathered together, and the last seen of the goose were its remains being escorted, with muffled drums and reversed arms, to a place of decent sepulture. The Confederate general was too much for the husband, but the old lady beat the Union soldier—an uncommonly cute one, too.

On the 7th it rained, and with a three o'clock reveille the march began at four. This delay of nearly twenty-four hours was to await a pending consideration of change in the manner of the pursuit from one directly following to a movement around the enemy's flank.

At six o'clock, quietly, soberly, and silently, the column crossed the Maryland line. No joyous shouts, no demonstrative enthusiasm greeted that boundary as when, a few days before, the advancing hosts had entered Pennsylvania with the belief that their stay would be a long one. The march was hard and fatiguing and, with twenty-five miles behind them, at seven o'clock the troops bivouacked within a short distance of Frederick City.

The 8th broke dull, heavy and rainy, the storm increasing in intensity as the march was resumed at six o'clock. At ten, on the summit of the Catoctins, it was dark as night. Up there among the clouds vivid flashes of lightning followed each other with startling rapidity, and the thunder rolled incessantly. It was dark as eventide, although not yet noonday. Completely enveloped in a storm-cloud, the column seemed lost in the weird, desolate grandeur of the lonely, wooded mountain top. But the angry elements soon spent their fury, and the sunlight shone out again on quaint old Middletown, freshening the bright familiar beauties of the rich Catoctin valley. Renewing acquaintanceship with that old-time village, about two o'clock, a short distance beyond it, the regiment went into bivouac. Sounds of cannonading were heard during the afternoon from what was subsequently learned to be a brisk cavalry affair near Boonsboro. The sound of the distant cannonading was not so startling as when the reverberations were heard among these same hills and valleys the year before. Constant familiarity with the sounds and effects of gunnery had served to deaden the sensibilities.

On the 9th, a day of sunshine and shadow, the column leisurely followed the old turnpike road over the September Sunday's battle-field of the year before, through Turner's Gap in

the South Mountain range, and by a little after twelve o'clock was in bivouac again just west of Boonsboro. A heavy brigade picket detail, one hundred and twenty-five men from the regiment, in charge of the major of the 1st Michigan, indicated the presence of the enemy.

Colonel Tilton, of the 22d Massachusetts, had temporarily succeeded General Barnes in command of the brigade. Frequently in temporary command, he had come to be well known. He was of eminent courage and superior attainments, and consequently inspired confidence and commanded respect. At Gettysburg, seen everywhere in the heaviest of the engagement, he conceived and personally conducted the delicate manoeuvre which relieved the brigade from the imminent peril of its first position.

The scenes and surroundings were familiar. All the memories of the past autumn were vividly revived. The same scenery was there in all its grand picturesque effect, but heightened by the beauty of its summer verdure. The promise of a hostile battle-front upon the thither side of historic Antietam completed the parallel.

A daybreak reveille on the 10th ushered in a bright, clear day. Moving at seven in the morning, the division crossed the Antietam at noon and, taking position in two lines of battle, bivouacked for the night with the entire 3d Brigade on picket duty, some five miles from Williamsport.

With the heavy marching and with no opportunity for renewing clothing, at least half the regiment was almost shoeless. In the hope that the trains or a supply depot might shortly be reached, a requisition was forwarded for 154 pairs.

On the 11th, at six o'clock, the brigade marched a short distance and then formed line of masses, with the battalions doubled on the centre. Pushing through a corn-field to an orchard beyond, it so remained in mass until five in the afternoon as a support, if necessary, for artillery there unlimbered and in battery. During the day Senator Wilson paid a visit to the old 22d, scarred, ragged and depleted since he had last seen

it, by its many casualties and vicissitudes. Patriotic speech, gracious greeting, and generous sentiment welcomed the eminent statesman, and enlivened the day with grateful memories of his distinguished services.

Towards evening the line of masses advanced in a north-westerly direction for some two miles and bivouacked at eight o'clock, still in the same formation, on a bluff near the banks of a narrow stream which flowed at its foot.

The 12th, a cloudless Sunday morning, was followed in the afternoon by rain. At eleven o'clock the advance in double column was again resumed and continued, with hesitating halts, until the enemy's earthworks, located on a distant rise, appeared in view. Upon an eminence of equal elevation the double columns were deployed to battle lines, and there awaited developments or directions. The swale between the two rises was open and under high cultivation. The farmers had been interrupted in their harvest, and the wheat, cut and gathered but not stored, stood stacked at the usual intervals over the fields. Between these stacks was the Confederate skirmish line. The whole Army of the Potomac appeared to be in position, the 6th Corps on the right of the 5th, and the 2d on the left.

General Meade and his staff came upon the ground, and riding to the front of the brigade for some time closely scanned the enemy's lines. Ultimately he ordered three companies to be detached from the 118th and sent out to support the pickets. The right and left companies, E and B, were thrown forward, and H, the centre company, moved out in support. As this detachment entered the wheat stubble, its appearance provoked firing. An engagement seemed so imminent that Quartermaster Gardner, who wholly unsuspecting of the situation had been drawn to the front to exchange a few social greetings, rapidly rode away, laughingly remarking that such unnecessary exposure was by no means essential to sustain the dignity of the non-combatants.

He was by no means peculiar in his views. Officers of his department frequently very properly sought the seclusion of the

rear in moments of impending peril. On one occasion a midnight assault was made on the lines in front of Petersburg. The bullets whistled about the head-quarters, rattled against the logs and tore through the canvas. The adjutant-general, roused from his slumbers, bethought himself first of the necessity for his steed, and yelled loudly to the orderly to saddle his horse.



SKIRMISHING AMONG THE WHEAT STACKS.

The assault was repulsed, things resumed the usual quietude, and all returned to their slumbers. The next morning the quarter-master, who had not been noticed in the darkness and confusion the night before, was absent from the mess table, and continued absent for several days thereafter, when he reappeared as suddenly as he had departed. Called upon for an explana-

tion of his absence, he replied that all he distinctly remembered to have heard during the assault of the night or two before was the very penetrating voice of the adjutant-general directing his horse to be saddled. Concluding from his experience that the only purpose for a horse on such occasions was to run away, and desiring not to be behind that officer in such an exploit, he quietly ordered his accoutred, and had stolen off on it to more secluded quarters. Where he had remained away so long he did not vouchsafe to tell, but his appearance indicated he had been most generously entertained.

A further evidence of the imminence of an engagement was the astounding conduct, prompted by his overweening religious zeal, of Chaplain O'Neill. General Meade still retained the position from which he had given the directions for the movement of the three companies to the support of the pickets. The chaplain, with head uncovered, solemnly approached him and boldly inquired whether the impending battle could not as well be fought on the next day as on God's holy Sabbath. All who heard him expected he would meet a crushing rebuke, but instead of this General Meade received his interrogation most graciously and naively replied in parable, drawn to it doubtless by the scriptural calling of his interrogator. He said he was like a man who had a contract to make a box. The four sides were completed, the bottom finished and the lid ready to be put on, and that he proposed to do with the engagement about to begin. Delay might vitiate the entire contract, and he saw no way out of it except for the fight to go on. "Then," said the chaplain in tones as if he were administering Heaven's thundering anathemas, "as God's agent and disciple, I solemnly protest, and will show you that the Almighty will not permit you to desecrate his sacred day with this exhibition of man's inhumanity to man. Look at the heavens; see the threatening storm approaching." And the chaplain's prediction had scarce been made before it was fulfilled. The clouds that had been gathering all the afternoon suddenly broke forth in copious showers, vivid lightning and pealing thunder followed and deep darkness settled everywhere before the storm was over.

The skirmishers stood confronting each other, quietly taking the soaking, their individual identity so lost in blankets that in the distance each man more resembled a crow-deceiver than the stalwart hero of "big wars."

The regiment was moved into a wood to the left, where it bivouacked for the night; but a heavy detail of a hundred men under Crocker and O'Neill did picket duty in the near vicinity. The firing was occasionally rapid and distinctly heard in the bivouac. The duty was an important one, and the wisdom was commended which had put such intrepid officers in command. There had been a question as to whose tour it was to perform the duty. Crocker had been out continuously, and his skill and courage were given as the reason for an assignment which it was believed would require the exercise of his best judgment. The picket detail of the day before remained on duty until the afternoon, when it was relieved by detachments from the 3d Brigade.

On the 13th it rained again. The brigade was set to building breastworks and soon completed a well revetted earthwork fortification with depressions at intervals for artillery. A single gun of Captain Martin's battery was run into position in one of them.

General Meade again visited the vicinity and rode slowly along the lines, examining the position with some care.

Chaplain O'Neill was determined to make up diligently for lost opportunities, and, though it was a secular day, organized what he deftly styled a war service. With the two lines facing each other in battle array, his phrase was not inaptly used. He took his text from the gospel of St. Matthew, 13th chapter, 9th verse: "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." His strong voice and earnest manner commanded an audience, and it was irreverently suggested that before he had concluded the ears of the whole brigade had heard every utterance.

Lieutenant Horace Binney, 3d, who had been some time before detached as an aide on the staff of General Thomas H. Neill, then commanding a brigade in the 6th Corps, paid his

old associates a visit during the afternoon. Binney was a splendid fellow. His elegance of manner, cultured address, gentlemanly carriage, all peculiarly and unostentatiously his own, were the stamps of his high breeding and evidences of his distinguished, intellectual ancestry. He bore himself nobly as a soldier. In action, of unusual nerve and exceptional courage, he preserved that same distinctive individuality which characterized him elsewhere. Always an attractive figure on horseback, the graceful composure with which he rode through the exciting dangers of the battle-field was ever noticeable. He passed through the war unscathed. Young and promising, not long after its close, the alluring prospects of a successful legal professional career were before him, when a rapid and insidious disease carried him speedily to a very early grave. A welcome visitor, he continued his intimate associations with his regiment whenever location afforded him opportunity.

On the 14th it was still raining. At 6.30 A. M. the brigade was ordered under arms in support of a reconnoissance conducted by General Crawford's 3d Division. The brigade did not, however, move until noon, and then, occupying the enemy's breastworks for a short time, continued the march to Williamsport, halting there at two o'clock, bivouacking in a wheat-field for the night. Lee's legions had disappeared during the previous night and by daybreak were across the Potomac. A number of the enemy's stragglers fell into our hands during the march. Captain Sharwood, who had been left behind quite ill on the 30th of June, rejoined the regiment. He was promptly seized for duty and detailed as officer of the day.

On the 15th, clear and warm, the march began at 4.10 in the morning and continued over the South Mountain, through Crampton Gap, on the road to Burketsville, until 5.30 in the afternoon. It was a lengthy, trying march and much straggling followed.

At five o'clock on the 16th, with clear weather, the column was again off, freshened after a night's good rest. At 6.30



LIEUT. SAML. N. LEWIS

A. M. it passed through Burketsville, and by 9.15 A. M. was in camp at Petersville, within a short distance of the Potomac, and there was rest and leisure for the balance of the day. The wagon trains made their appearance for the first time since before Gettysburg. During the night it rained again severely.

On the 17th it was still raining. The bi-monthly muster for pay, forced off by the heavy pressure incident to the Gettysburg preliminaries, was completed. Moving at four in the afternoon to Berlin, and crossing the Potomac on pontoons laid at that point at 5.50, the regiment was again in old Virginia, and at 6.45 in camp at Lovettsville.

Some venomous spirit prompted retaliatory measures for wrongs done in Pennsylvania. Threats were made to destroy the village. General Griffin checked the affair in its incipiency, preventing a disgraceful scene of sack and pillage.

Lieutenant Batchelder, who had been ill for some days, here became so seriously sick that it was found necessary to leave him. Comfortable quarters were found for him, where he was well and tenderly cared for. His health completely failed him, and he was honorably discharged in the following November. Subsequent to the war he fully recovered and is now in vigorous health and prosperous business.

Batchelder was of firm determination and high courage; earnest, zealous, patriotic. His record was bright; his prospects promising. Steady, reliable, respected, trusted, the vacancy caused by his loss to the service was not readily supplied.

On the 18th it cleared and at five o'clock the march commenced, terminating as early as 9.30, some three miles from Purcellville.

The irregularities at Lovettsville the chaplain thought demanded clerical condemnation, and he held a special service with that in view, taking for his text, "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh." He dwelt vehemently on vandalism. Some of the facetious

construed his selection as having especial reference to the frustrated intention of "going for the rebel property."

On the 19th, a clear, warm day, the march began, the brigade being the rear brigade of the rear division of the corps, at 8.45, and, passing through Purcellville at 10.45, the regiment bivouacked in the woods a short distance beyond that village a little before noon.

Here an order was received directing the detail of three commissioned officers and a number of enlisted men to proceed to Philadelphia to secure for the regiment its proper quota of drafted men from the conscription then in progress in the North.

On the 20th it was still clear and the day decidedly hot. Reveille sounded at two o'clock and the brigade moved at five, passed through Union and bivouacked shortly after noon between Middleburg and Upperville, where it remained during all of the following day.

On the 22d, at nine o'clock, Colonel Gwyn, Captain O'Neill, Adjutant Hand and six enlisted men, including 1st Sergeant Crossley, of H, left for Philadelphia, in obedience to directions to procure for the regiment its proper quota of conscript assignments. The command of the regiment devolved upon Major Herring.

The forty-eight hours' rest was broken and at noon the march resumed. It terminated at five in the afternoon in the vicinity of Rectortown.

The 23d, a clear, fresh morning, when the march began at seven o'clock, closed in more stirring scenes than had enlivened the few days preceding it. The 3d Corps, pushed close up to the base of the Blue Ridge, near Manassas Gap, had struck the enemy at Wapping Heights. The 5th Corps, ordered to follow in support, reached the vicinity of the action about half-past four in the afternoon. Forming line of masses with battalions doubled on the centre, the brigade experienced the rare opportunity of observing an engagement entirely out of range and without participating.

The country rolled abruptly. Knolls, some more commanding than others, descended suddenly into the swale and then rose again. There was no timber until the westernmost valley terminated finally at the base of the wooded mountain side. From where the brigade took position knoll and swale, green and grassy, were all in complete view to their timber terminal.

The enemy, his line partially concealed, held the first rise on the mountains and our forces occupied a parallel knobby crest. Both skirmish lines were in the valley. Each was firing with marked deliberation, and from the other side the artillery, served with slow regularity, was planting its shots with creditable accuracy. Our lines repeatedly advanced over the skirmishers, under cover of the batteries, and pouring in telling volleys of musketry withdrew again to their position. The enemy had been driven to the defensive position he held on the mountain side, and the tactics of advancing and withdrawing, which continued until nightfall, indicated that there was no determined purpose to force him out, as it was believed that he would retire in the darkness. This he did.

As the regiment was moving towards the scene of the engagement it passed through the Keystone Battery of Philadelphia. The men were standing by their guns ready for action. The battery had enlisted for a year; its term was drawing to a close, and as up to this time it had not been in action, there was a manifest anxiety to engage.

There were many mutual acquaintances in both organizations. An incident was told in the interval of the short halt in their vicinity illustrative of how a little delay changed the whole phase of their service, and of their disappointment at the loss of the opportunity for distinction which resulted. With many other batteries they were in park in the vicinity of Centreville, when the Army of the Potomac reached that point on its march to Pennsylvania. Ordered to join the Reserve Artillery, they were making hurried preparations to do so, when, in deference to the wishes of a general officer of the 2d Corps, they

delayed a short time to accommodate him in the transportation of some of his private stores, he having no means at hand of his own to carry them. The delay was fatal. Their want of promptitude so annoyed the chief of artillery, as his batteries were all on the move, that he substituted Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery in their stead, and they were returned temporarily to the defences of Washington and did not reach the Army of the Potomac until Gettysburg was over. They thus escaped the peril and failed to share in the glories of Bigelow's desperate encounter on the second day at Gettysburg, that has made him and his battery famous for all time.

On the 24th, at seven o'clock, the brigade moved up the ragged mountain side by the "right of divisions to the front," in support of the 2d and 3d Brigades, which were in line in advance. The hill deflected but little from a perpendicular. Overhanging crags, huge boulders, a thick growth of stunted forest trees, dense underbrush, lined the hillside to its summit.

The bloody laurels for which a regiment contends should always be awarded to the one with the longest roll of honor. Scars are the true evidence of wounds, and the regimental scars can be seen only in the record of its casualties. But the identity of the private in the ranks is merged in that of his regiment. To him the regiment and its name is everything. He does not expect to see his name on the page of history, and is content with the proper recognition of the old command in which he fought. He is jealous of the record of his regiment, and demands credit for every shot it faced and every grave it filled.

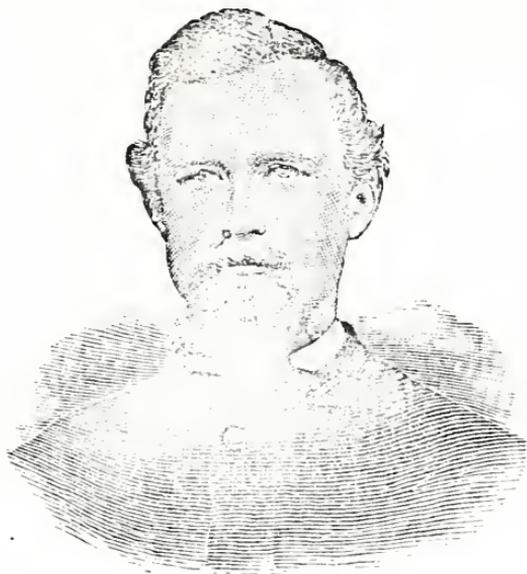
The men were hungry; but the rations were exhausted and the mountain top was rich in an unusual yield of luscious blackberries. The attractive scenery was neglected, and craving appetites appeased from the bountiful supply of fruit, sufficient in quantity to satisfy all existing wants.

At noon the division returned down the mountain and went into bivouac about a mile from its base.

Reveille was sounded at four o'clock on the 25th and the

march began at 7.30, with the 1st Brigade as rear-guard. It terminated at 5.20 in the afternoon at Orleans. Here two days' rations were issued. It was a clear, warm day, but rained hard during the night.

On Sunday, the 26th, it was clear and hot. The division



SERGEANT JAMES H. HAMAN.

culminated in the battle of Gettysburg and which terminated in march and pursuit at Warrenton or in its vicinity, virtually began on the 5th of June and concluded on the 31st of July. In the official itinerary of the Army of the Potomac it is noted that, beside the great battle itself, there were during the marches that preceded and followed it, at separate points, between those dates, 107 different engagements, combats, actions and affairs at arms. Twice in every fifteen hours of the summer daylight throughout that campaign shots by somebody, somewhere between the Rappahannock and the Susquehanna, were exchanged with deadly intent.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND WARRENTON—BEVERLY FORD—EXECUTION OF FIVE DESERTERS.

THE termination of the nearly sixty days of arduous duty attending the Gettysburg campaign was followed by a short season of "liberty." There were several days of mirth-provoking hilarity. The best and brightest spirits drifted into the volunteer army, and genial humor and sparkling wit were never wanting. Though liberal potations stimulated the merry-making, good order prevailed and the "liberty" days closed in peace and harmony in due and timely season.

On the 31st of July Captain Sharwood was detailed as acting brigade commissary. Orders were received to move on the following day, but it passed uneventfully with the regiment still occupying the camp-ground described in the last chapter.

Deprived, during the very active season which had just closed, of the observance of many of the requisite military formalities, Sunday morning inspections were at once resumed, and were usually conducted in person by Major Herring. A humorous incident occurred at one of these inspections. Sergeant Andrew Cassidy, of H, had not been over-cautious in examining his cartridge box before coming upon the inspection ground. Some one had, without his knowledge, substituted for the tins and ammunition in it a full deck of cards. The inspection progressed satisfactorily until the command "open boxes" was given. Noticing the absence of the tins, the major looked farther and discovered the cards. "How many have you, Sergeant?" he pertinently inquired. "Sixty, sir," promptly replied the sergeant. "Wrong, sir; I count but fifty-two. Cap-

tain, you will direct the sergeant to report to head-quarters to account for the deficiency." The sergeant, much mystified, remained in ignorance of the situation until he returned to his quarters and had opportunity to examine for himself. When he reported to head-quarters he had recovered his boxes and properly accounted for all the missing cartridges. A word of caution was administered not to permit himself to be again tampered with by a practical joker.

The orders for the movement intended to be executed on the 1st were carried out on the 3d of August. The camp was broken at six o'clock P. M. by the bugle signal from division head-quarters. It so happened the division head-quarters were located in full view from most of the regimental camps. The order to move had been promulgated, and the troops only awaited the sound of the "general" for final preparations. Head-quarter tents were down and everything packed up in the vicinity, but the bugler was disposed to be a trifle humorous. He came out, planted himself conspicuously and mildly blew the few sharp notes of the "division call." Usually another call of some sort followed instantly after the last note had died away. Our facetious trumpeter would not have it so. He stood erect, with shoulders square, heels together, unusual for a mounted man, and with a calm assurance of his immense importance, knowing he was intently observed, deliberately surveyed the anxiously waiting assemblage. Then, as if determined to continue their expectancy, he slowly wiped the mouth-piece, pressed the instrument to his lips, distended his ponderous jowls, and without sounding the faintest note removed it, and doubled himself up with laughter. This he had all to himself; nobody laughed with him; a few did at him. The same operation he again and again repeated, each time his laughter becoming louder and more extravagant. Finally, either concluding his efforts to entertain were not appreciated or wearying of an effort that amused only himself, he straightened himself, and the "general" rang out full, clear, and free. A derisive yell followed the first note, and the disgusted bugler hunted

obscurity amid shouts of "shoot him," "stuff rags in his horn," "put him out," "tramp on him," and many like uncharitable phrases.

After a light evening stroll of a couple of hours, a bivouac was made about nine o'clock near Bealton Station.

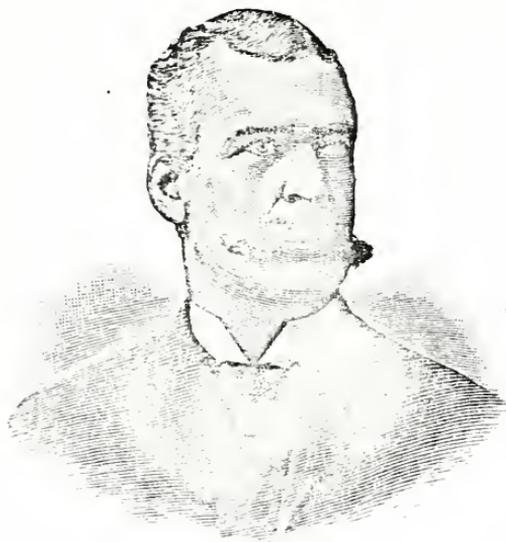
Afterwards the regiment moved a short distance and, breaking into column of companies, established a camp with more regularity than usually attends the nightly halts between daily continuous marches. To the southward, artillery firing was heard for several hours. The tardy paymaster appeared, and gladdened the soldiery by a distribution of greenbacks.

Captain O'Neill and Adjutant Hand returned with one hundred and nine drafted men and substitutes. The quota allotted was one hundred and fifty-nine, and with that number they had started from Philadelphia. Fifty, however, had eluded their vigilant attention and disappeared on the route. This was not unusual. Scarcely any detachment of recruits of such a character ever reached the front without seriously suffering from desertion. Occasionally the guard, catching them in the act, upon their refusal to surrender shot them as they attempted escape to friendly timber, or jumped from ferry boats crossing rivers. This latter method of escape, in the darkness of night, was frequently resorted to. It was questionable whether the wholesale desertion of substitutes—the evil was confined almost exclusively to them—did not almost make the conscript system a failure.

A few of these substitutes, stout, well-built fellows, were disposed to be independent and presuming, claiming to have been once captains and lieutenants, and one actually assumed the dignity of an aforesaid brigade commander. They presumptuously addressed each other by titles indicating their former rank, and would not be suppressed until severely disciplined. A little training dissipated these extravagant notions, and most of the detachment were ultimately shaped into tolerably good, and some became excellent soldiers.

Among the drafted men, so consistent in their conscientious

convictions against fighting that they would not purchase substitutes to fight for them, were five Pennsylvania Quakers. They were submissive and obedient, ready in the discharge of every duty, but still, consistent in their convictions, positively refused to "bear arms." Lacking nothing in courage or endurance, they expressed entire willingness to march and go into battle, but utterly declined to be instructed in the use of the



SERGEANT ALFRED MACQUEEN.

musket. Force and persuasion were of no avail, and the reasons for their refusal appearing to be wholly in their consciences, the War Department ultimately ordered their discharge.

O'Neill and Hand were directed to simply deliver the recruits placed in their keeping, and then return to the rendezvous at Philadelphia. They were not slow in responding to the latter part of their

instructions, and commenced their return journey on the night of the day of their arrival.

A high wind and heavy rain demolished all the arbors erected to break the intense heat. They were no longer needed, however, as an early daylight move and short march brought the regiment to another camping ground near Beverly Ford, within half a mile of the Rappahannock. Here the regiment remained for a considerable time.

The entire month of August was a season of intense, enervating heat, breeding swarms of pestering insects and con-

ducive, in the lowlands along the river bottom, to frequent malarial disorders. To counteract these unhealthy surroundings there were occasional issues of quinine steeped in liberal allowances of whisky. This medicinal stimulant was a cheering beverage to appetites measurably restrained from the use of liquors for want of means and opportunity to secure a supply. There were those, however, who, stolidly fixed in their principles of total abstinence, would pour their ration upon the ground in the presence of their companions, much to the disgust of many who were convinced it could be devoted to a decidedly better purpose.

A captain of the regiment, in a venturesome mood whilst bathing in the Rappahannock, swam the stream, and without stopping undertook to return. His temerity came near having a tragic ending. When midway back he was seized with violent cramps and lustily called for help. He manifested, though, no such panic or alarm as did his friends who stood upon the bank. They seemed to lose their heads. One frantically seized a fence-rail and pushed it toward him. It failed to reach him. All seemed to fear his grip. In his shouting he had told the cause of his trouble. He was fast becoming exhausted and was about to give up when Lieutenant Arthur Bell, of the 155th Pennsylvania, who was the most self-possessed of all those who watched the scene, hurriedly divesting himself of his outer garments, heroically plunged into the stream and struck out manfully to the discomfited swimmer, all the while calling to him to keep up—that help was at hand. The captain feebly called to him to come close—that he would not grasp him; and, placing his hands upon Bell's shoulder, was safely brought ashore. Bell's heroism was applauded, and his generous gallantry was long the theme of appropriate comment. The captain soon recovered from his exhaustion and, profiting by his experience, was afterwards a more cautious bather.

Five of the men who had eluded O'Neill's vigilance were subsequently apprehended in attempting to recross the Poto-

mac. They had enlisted under the names of Charles Walter, Gion Reanese, Emil Lai, Gion Folaney and George Kuhn. They were all foreigners, unacquainted with the English language except one. Two were Roman Catholics, another a Hebrew, and the others, if of any faith, were Protestants.

Assigned to the regiment, they had never joined it and were wholly unknown to it. Charged with a crime, conviction for which was likely to be followed by capital punishment, they were sent to the regiment only as a forum where judicial cognizance could be taken of their offence. In fact conviction, followed by any of the punishments usually inflicted for desertion, would have connected them with the regiment only as prisoners awaiting trial or as criminals awaiting approval and execution of their sentences. They had, therefore, been thrown into an organization where they were entire strangers and which had with them neither friendship, memories nor associations, and as they had come there as prisoners only for the stern administration of military justice, they could look for little sympathy.

Desertions, bounty-jumping and re-enlistment had followed each other with such alarming frequency that the death penalty became necessary as the surest method to prevent their recurrence. Except for desertion to the enemy, capital punishment was rarely, if ever, inflicted. The authorities, having determined, if possible, to eradicate the shameful practice of bounty-jumping, had instructed courts-martial in all well-established cases, upon conviction, to impose the severest penalty known to the law. This failing to entirely remove the evil, and "to be shot to death by musketry" being deemed too honorable a death for such abandoned characters, the mode of execution was subsequently changed to the rope and the gallows.

Tempted by the very extravagant sums paid for substitutes and the large bounties offered by district organizations to complete their allotted quotas and thus avoid a draft, large numbers from the worst classes of the community entered the service. A large proportion never reached the army.

The court which tried these five offenders was presided over by Colonel Joseph Hayes, 18th Massachusetts Volunteers, and convened, pursuant to General Order No. 35, of August 15, 1863, at head-quarters, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps. The numbers arraigned, the frequency of the crime, the expected severity of the sentence, attracted the attention of the whole Army of the Potomac. Besides, it was almost the first, if not the first, of this class of cases; and was given unusual publicity, officially and otherwise. The prisoners were all found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The order, fixing the time of the execution as Wednesday, the 26th of August, between the hours of 12 M. and 4 P. M.,* reached the regiment on the 24th, and was at once published to the prisoners by Major Herring, in the presence of the chaplain, through the aid of an interpreter. The difficulty in securing the services of a priest and rabbi, who came specially from their Northern homes, induced a respite until Saturday, the 29th, between the same hours. On the day following the announcement of their sentence they addressed a communication to General Meade, craving a merciful reconsideration of the punishment imposed. It was the composition and in the handwriting of one of them, and read as follows :

“ BEVERLY FORD, VA., *August 25, 1863.*

“ MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE :

“ GENERAL :—We, the prisoners, implore your mercy in our behalf for the extension of our sentence, so that we may have time to make preparations to meet our God; for we, at the present time, are unprepared to die. Our time is very

{ * HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
August 23, 1863.

General Orders No. 84.

. These men evidently belonged to that class who are trading upon the necessities of the country and have embraced enlistment with a view to desertion for the purpose of gain. It is hoped the prompt punishment awarded to their crimes will have the effect to deter others from attempting a like criminal and dishonorable course of conduct, as the commanding general will unhesitatingly punish all such cases with the severest penalties of the law. This order will be published to every company in this army at the first retreat parade after its receipt.

By order of GENERAL MEADE.

short. Two of us are Roman Catholics; we have no priest, and two are Protestants, and one is a Jew and has no rabbi to assist us in preparing to meet our God. And we ask mercy in behalf of our wives and children, and we also desire you to change our sentence to hard labor instead of death, as we think we have been wrongfully sentenced; as we, being foreigners, were led astray by other soldiers, who promised us there would be no harm done.

"Your obedient servants,

" CHARLES WALTER,

" GION REANESE,

" EMIL LAI,

" GION FOLANEY,

" GEORGE KUHN."

The death penalty having been announced, the guard was strengthened, and every movement of the condemned men closely and carefully watched. An exhaustive search was made for everything that might be employed to commit suicide. Captain Crocker was placed in charge of the guard, and Lieutenants Lewis, Bayne and Thomas were assigned to duty with him. Four men inside and four outside the place of confinement were continually on duty.

Lewis conducted the search. He took a pocket-book from the Hebrew, who pleaded earnestly for its return. Lewis, yielding to his entreaties, was about returning it without examination, when Major Herring, who had supervised the operation, promptly directed him not to do so until he had carefully examined its contents. Concealed in its folds was a lancet. The Jew had not observed the examination, and when the pocket-book was handed him his countenance lightened, and, nervously clutching it, he began to search it closely. Discovering that the lancet had been removed, his countenance fell again, and, handing back the book to Lewis, he mournfully remarked through the interpreter, who had repeated all that had been said, that he had no further use for it and any one was free to retain it.

From the time of the publication of the order until the day of the execution not a soldier was permitted to leave the regimental camp limits, nor were visitors allowed to enter them. All military exercises and camp duties were performed decorously and quietly. An order was issued forbidding noise and

levity, but it was needless ; the awfulness and solemnity of the coming event pervaded every heart.

It may seem strange to some that men who could shoot at others in battle without compunction should feel so serious about the fate of five deserters. It is one thing when soldiers with heated blood and inflamed passions, face to face and hand to hand in fierce conflict, inflict horrid wounds or death upon others. It is a very different thing to look forward to a scene in which men are to be done quietly to death without any of the circumstances which rob war of half its terrors and hide its real character.

The day of the execution was bright, clear and cool. The site selected was the further end of a plain, in rear of the head-quarters of the 2d Brigade. The plain was sufficient in extent to accommodate the entire corps with each division deployed in line of masses, battalions doubled on the centre, on three sides of a hollow square. From the open front to the rear the ground gradually rose, bringing the final scene of the tragedy in full view of all the soldiery.

The morning was busy with preparation. Twenty men, under Sergeant H. T. Peck, were detailed to bear the coffins, and ten pioneers, with spades and hatchets, under Sergeant Moselander, were charged with filling the graves and closing the coffins. Captain Crocker, to whom was assigned Lieutenant Wilson, commanded the guard of thirty men.

Father S. L. Eagan, the Catholic priest, had arrived from Baltimore the afternoon before, and with Chaplain O'Neill had spent the night ministering religious consolation to those of the prisoners whose faiths they represented. The Jewish rabbi, Dr. Zould, did not arrive until shortly before noon of the day of the execution.

The prisoners, clothed in blue trousers and white flannel shirts, accompanied by the clergymen, the escort guard and detail, were marched a little after twelve o'clock to a house in the vicinity of the 2d Brigade's head-quarters to report to Captain Orne, the division provost-marshal, and there await the formation of the corps.

The troops assembled slowly. The 1st and 2d Divisions were in position, occupying the second and fourth fronts of the square, when at three o'clock, without awaiting the arrival of the 3d, which subsequently hurried into its place, the solemn procession entered the enclosure on the right of the second front. On the right was the band, then followed Captain Orne, the provost-marshal, with fifty men of his guard, ten to each prisoner, as the executioners. Then there were two coffins, borne by four men each, and in their rear the condemned Hebrew with his rabbi. At a suggestion from Major Herring, the one representing the most ancient of religious creeds was assigned the right. Other coffins, each borne by four men and followed by the prisoners and the priest and chaplain, brought up the column of the condemned. The prisoners were all manacled. Four of them bore themselves manfully, moved steadily and stepped firmly. One, with weak and tottering gait, dragged himself along with difficulty, requiring support to maintain his footing. Captain Crocker, with his escort of thirty men, closed up the rear.

The procession moved slowly; the guards, with reversed arms, keeping step to the mournful notes of the dead march. The silence was broken only by the low, doleful music, the whispered words of consolation of the men of God and the deliberate martial tread of the soldiers.

The column, with the same slow, impressive pace, moved around the three fronts of the square and, halting at the first or open front, faced outward. The five coffins were placed opposite the foot of five new-made graves and a prisoner seated upon each. The provost-guard, subdivided into detachments of ten, with loaded pieces, faced their prisoners thirty paces from them.*

The provost-marshal read the orders directing the execution.

*The pieces are not loaded by those who bear them, and one in each of the ten is charged with a blank cartridge. None of the firing party is supposed to know who discharged the musket loaded without ball, and, as a consequence, none know who actually fired the fatal shots.

The minister, the priest and the rabbi engaged in earnest, fervent prayer. Time grew apace, and the hour within which this work of death must be consummated was rapidly expiring. General Griffin, who, annoyed from the beginning with unnecessary delays, had anxiously noted the waning hours, observed that but fifteen minutes were left for the completion of what remained to be done. In loud tones, his shrill, penetrating voice breaking the silence, he called to Captain Orne: "Shoot those men, or after ten minutes it will be murder. Shoot them at once!"

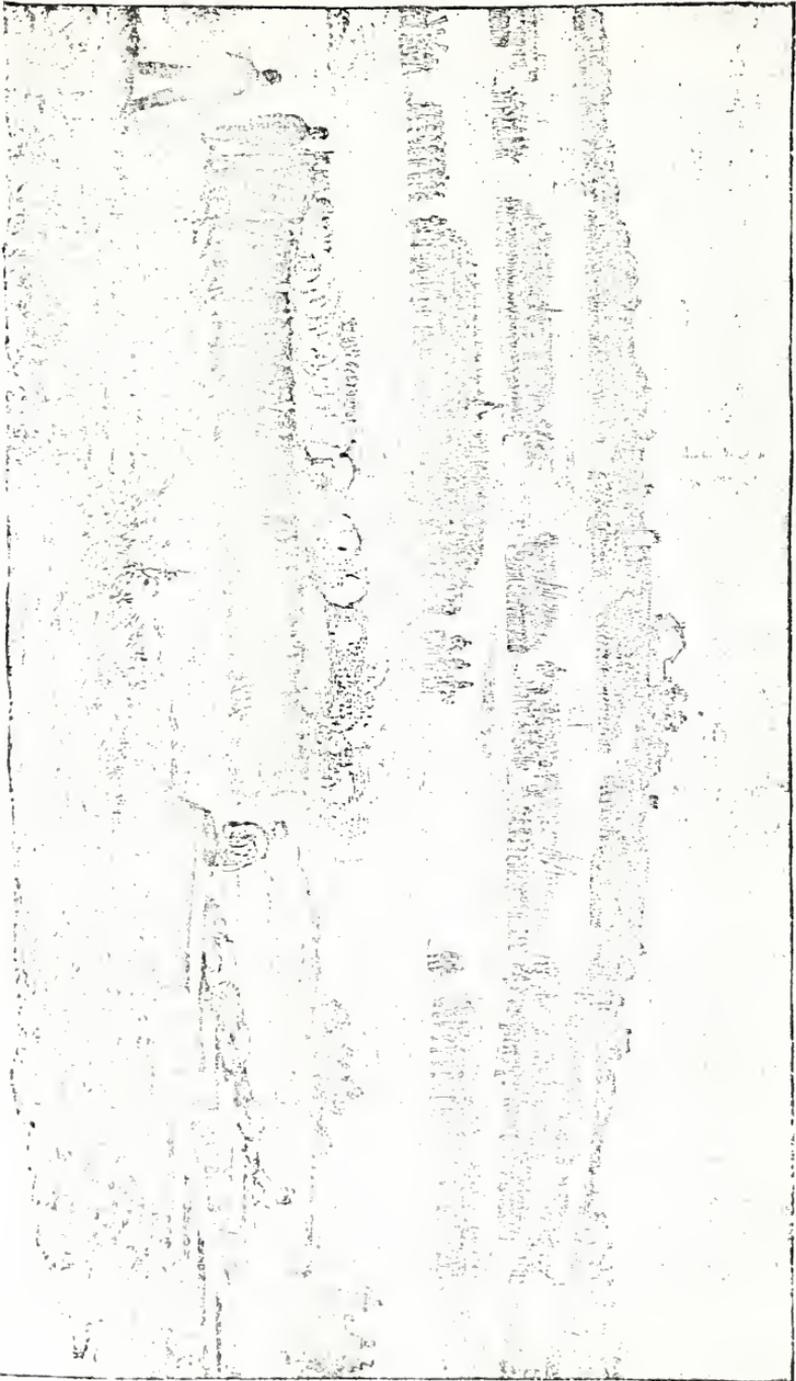
To many and many of the thousands of those assembled there, there will but once more come so solemn a moment—the moment when death nears them.

With a few parting words of hope and consolation, the clergy stood aside. Lieutenant Wilson quickly bandaged the eyes of the prisoners, and they—though in the full vigor of life and health—were literally upon the very brink of the grave.

The terrible suspense was but for a moment. "Attention, guard!" resounded the clear, ringing voice of the provost-marshal. "Shoulder arms!" "Forward!" "Guide right!" "March!" Every tread of the guard fell upon the stilled hearts of the motionless army. Twenty-five paces were quickly covered. At six paces from the prisoners with appropriate pause and stern deliberation the command was given: "Halt!" "ready!" "aim!" "fire!" Simultaneously fifty muskets flashed. Military justice was satisfied and the law avenged.

Four bodies fell back heavily with a solid thud; the fifth remained erect. "Inspection arms!" hurriedly ordered Captain Orne, and every ramrod sprang in ringing tones upon the breech. No soldier had failed of his duty, every musket had been discharged. Pistol in hand the provost-marshal moved to the figure which still sat erect upon the coffin (for it was his disagreeable duty to despatch the culprit if the musketry failed); but Surgeon Thomas had pronounced life extinct, and the body was laid upon the ground with the others.

EXECUTION OF THE FIVE DESEIERS.



The masses changed direction by the left flank, and amid the enlivening notes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" broke into open column of companies, and marching by the bodies to see that the work of the executioner had been effectually done, the troops were soon back to their camps again.*

The bright, generous summer-time, and the unusual leisure at such a season, prompted an indulgence in various sports

* Captain H. K. Kelly furnishes the following amusing incident: Some very curious characters were found among the drafted men and substitutes furnished to the regiment. They presented an element entirely different from the patriotic volunteer, of which the regiment was originally formed. They required a different study of human nature and a very different treatment. This can be understood even by those who have never exercised command in the army. In requiring from the volunteer strict obedience and conformity to all the requirements of the service, it could not be forgotten that he was an American citizen.

Among the drafted men in one of the companies was a very curious specimen. He was a member of a sect that wore long hair, who believed in universal peace and abhorred blood-shedding, and entertained various other mild and gentle dogmas, pretty to contemplate in an Utopia, but utterly unsuited to the suppression of a rebellion organized with English shot and shell. This "soldier against his will" had witnessed the execution of the five deserters, and the sight had doubtless affected his mind unfavorably toward a little scheme of "dropping out," which he probably had in contemplation. At all events, he concluded that it would be safer and more polite, as well as more in accordance with military usage, to tender his resignation. Accordingly, still mindful of etiquette, he addressed the first sergeant of the company a note, of which the following is a copy:

"SERGEANT:—Please report me to the proper authorities that I do lay down my arms, feeling myself entirely unfit for duty on account of my health, and also contentiously pledged to my church not to take up arms to kill.

"I am willing to suffer the penalty that good Old Abe will inflict upon me.

"Yours truly _____"

The sergeant, being a military man of decided views, promptly forwarded the paper to the officer in command of the company. The private was sent for, the officer under a grave face which he had some difficulty in maintaining, and was asked a few questions as to whether he acknowledged authorship of the letter; whether he had not been impressed by the tragic scene of execution he had witnessed, and then, with some good advice as to duty, etc., the soldier was sent back to his tent, warned to so watch over his actions that a worse thing than being shot by a rebel did not befall him. His career, however, was short, for on the first day's fight in the Wilderness he was gathered in as a prisoner of war, not before his company commander had seen the man repeatedly violating the pledge to his church so far as shooting often and taking care to fire low could be construed into killing.

and exercises, notably horse-racing. Some valuable, blooded stock had found its way to the front, and when ridden by their owners an exciting race frequently drew together a notable assemblage of officers of high rank. General Griffin had a mare, noted for its speed, of superior build and excellent carriage. There were often appreciative gatherings at his headquarters, when he was tempted by repeated challenges to test the metal of his splendid animal. Other steeds were of equal reputation, however, and, regardless of the distinguished rank of the owner of this noted war-horse, not infrequently outstripped her in the strife.

Captain Crocker, anticipating a lengthy stay, built for himself a house of logs chinked and mortised, with boards for floors and a sash with panes for the window. This structure, pretentious beyond remembrance for a soldier's summer home, must need be dedicated. It had been christened "The Haversack." So Crocker summoned all the congenial spirits around him, and purposed with due decorum and fitting ceremony to open his mansion for the uses, purposes and intents of its construction. He had laid in lavishly of "beer on draft" right from the National capital, and there was abundance of edibles from the small stores of the mess-chest. But his guests had assembled not to satisfy appetites craving to be appeased with substantials, nor were they to be hampered with the stilted ceremonies of a dedication. Beer from the keg was so rare a treat that these men of war, forgetful of the purpose of their coming, crowned Gambrinus king again. They set the mortised joints ajar with merriment, and loosened chinks and ridge pole with their boisterous, unrestrained hilarity. Song, loud and sonorous, rang wild and long.

"In eighteen hundred and sixty-three—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three

Abe Lincoln set the niggers free—

And we'll all drink stone blind,

Johnny fill up the bowl."

This was sung in tedious repetition until at last its strains ebbed away in sleepy languor. "Here's to Crocker and his house" was more than twenty times repeated. In imitation of a sitting at home, imaginary waiters were merrily summoned for "four beers," "two here," "zwi," "beers all around," and they apparently promptly filled the order. The festivities continued while the beer lasted, and "The dedication of the Haversack" was long remembered as a day of goodly ceremony. "Quarters" and "light duty" was the record made for some when the morning's duties summoned them, but the stalwart ones responded promptly, undisturbed by bodily or mental ailment.

While in the vicinity of Beverly Ford the picket details were heavy, and the scope of territory covered was considerable. Nor did the brigade details always occupy the same line. At one time they were protecting and observing the river front. At another they were thrown off to the left a mile or two.

Much of the new material sent to us since the campaign of General Grant was worthless as fighting material. "Substitutes," "bounty jumpers" and conscripts replaced the brave men who had fallen in battle and whose terms had expired. Many had enlisted under fictitious names, and during roll-call it was not uncommon to see some of them look in their hats to see the assumed names, that they might correctly answer "Here!"

On one of these three days' tours—the distance from camp necessarily lengthened the term—Captain Donegan and Lieutenant Kelly were on duty together. An odd irregularity befell Donegan, and an amusing incident growing out of it happened to Kelly. Donegan was in command of the entire division picket by virtue of his rank. Assigned to cross-country duty, his left was to be refused, his right was to rest on the river. Establishing his right, by some oversight he threw the 1st Brigade detail so far out of position as to bring it well inside the true line. The other brigade details arriving on the ground and Donegan not having yet had opportunity to post them,

they, discovering a wide gap between their right and the river, extended their intervals and closed it. The captain shortly became acquainted with the situation, but apparently satisfied it would not be detected, and believing it not worth while to disturb the posts, now comfortably fixed for the three days' work, permitted the error to continue, keeping both the outer and interior lines in ignorance of their relative locations. This ignorance continued until after the tour was completed, and no one would ever have known aught of it if Kelly had kept silence concerning his amusing incident. Donegan never intended to disclose the irregularity.

Kelly confined himself closely to his own line and ensconced himself, when at leisure, in the parlor of a vacant mansion hard by his right centre. He quaintly posted on the door his prescribed "office hours," and closely observed them. A number of new men were of the detail. Kelly, unusually busy with instructing these men, having succeeded in making them fairly understand, had just relaxed his vigilance when General Sykes, with his staff, appeared on the line, approaching it from the outside, in front of where it was covered by these recruits. He had finished a tour of inspection of his entire corps pickets, and was returning to his head-quarters when he was suddenly confronted and abruptly halted by this improperly posted and to him wholly unknown interior line.

"Who goes there?" harshly came from the post toward which he was advancing, and the man holding it stood ready to meet the emergency. "I am General Sykes," said he quietly. "I don't care a d—n who you are," was the prompt response; "dismount, every one of you, and be lively about it, too." The general, somewhat incensed, threw open his overcoat and, pointing to his shoulder-straps, said, sharply, "Now do you know me?" "No," again insisted the soldier, "get down off that horse d—n quick, or I'll put a ball through you." Seeing no other way out of the dilemma the general and his staff dismounted. His anger was increasing, he was berating the ignorance of men in their failure to recognize a corps com-

mander who for several months had been among them almost daily, when the adjoining post, concealed by the timber, incensed him beyond endurance by a new line of inquiry: "Hello, Billy," said the other vedette, "what kind of a looking fellow is he? has he got big black whiskers?" "Yes," said Billy. "Then hold the ——: you've got Moseby; call for the corporal of the guard." This Billy did lustily, and he, hurriedly coming upon the scene and recognizing the general, ordered him to be passed immediately. "Who and where is your officer?" demanded Sykes, and he was immediately conducted to Lieutenant Kelly's quarters, who, notwithstanding it was not his "office hours," most graciously received him. "What in the name of —— are you doing here?" he asked. The inquiry of course referred to the position of the line. Kelly, wholly innocent that he was heroically maintaining an interior picket, had no other notion than that the general's interrogation was intended to stand him up for examination on his instructions, and in a vain attempt to display his proficiency he fluently replied, "To arrest all persons outside the lines, to be watchful during the day, and extremely vigilant at night; to keep a sharp lookout after Moseby and other guerillas; treat all persons outside the lines as enemies," and so he continued, the general's astonishment increasing as he proceeded. For a moment General Sykes remained speechless, his staff meanwhile indulging in suppressed laughter, and then, too disgusted for other comment than "Great Heavens! what infernal stupidity!" rapidly rode away. Lieutenant Kelly, slightly amazed at the risibility and indifference with which his pretty speech was received, in no way conceived that the lamentable ignorance to which the general so energetically referred was attributed to him, nor did he learn how "infernally stupid" he was until he returned to camp and related his experiences. As no disaster followed Donegan's inadvertence, and as General Sykes upon reflection was probably more amused than annoyed at the incident, the matter was never investigated.

An unjust impression had gone abroad that General Sykes

had no kindly side toward the volunteers. It gained credence from his apparent association with the regulars alone. On the march he was generally seen riding with them, and in camp and bivouac his head-quarters were usually nearest them. By reason of these unfounded prejudices, though he had the merited confidence of the corps, he never secured their affections. He was ever mindful of the needs of his soldiers, and his recognized skill, ability, high attainments, eminent courage and soldierly bearing fitted him for the leadership which he so successfully maintained. Because he seemed to fail to reach the hearts of his people, they would never admit that he was likely to be enrolled among the great men of his day.

The brigade had come to know Colonel Hayes, of the 18th Massachusetts, from the frequency with which at intervals its command fell to his keeping. He was a man of culture and address, a soldier of distinction, well calculated to sustain the splendid reputation of the sturdy men whom the New England States so wisely selected to officer their volunteers.

From the 4th of August to the 16th of September the regiment had remained continuously at the same camp near Beverly Ford. On that day it broke camp, crossed the Rappahannock and bivouacked in the vicinity of Culpepper Court-House. The next day it moved through Culpepper and encamped a short distance beyond it, near the residence of Colonel George Smith Patton, the colonel of the 22d Virginia Infantry. Here it was destined to remain for several weeks. The 1st Michigan and 18th Massachusetts were detached from the brigade for provost duty in the town.

Culpepper was eminently a "deserted village." Its dwellings were all closed and apparently tenantless. No resident, male or female, was seen on the highways, and of the twenty stores and groceries none seemed to be doing business. Two hotels, the Piedmont and Virginia, still pretended to accommodate travellers. There were four churches, a large institute for girls, an academy for boys and several other schools. The buildings

were of brick and frame, the latter largely predominating. Of course, as a shire town, the usual public building was not wanting. The population had numbered about 1500.

On the 28th of September the corps was paraded for review by Major-General Corterge, of the Mexican army.

Another military execution in the division followed close upon the one which has been described. An enlisted man of the 12th New York, convicted of desertion, proven a bounty-jumper, was shot to death by musketry. He refused to be bandaged, and, calmly gazing down the barrels that were to rattle his death-knell, received their volley with Ney-like heroism. His still, cool, impressive courage aroused a thought that he was not of the criminal class with which his crime associated him. An involuntary sigh, audible as the volley rolled away in the distance, swept over the division for the fate of such a stalwart.

The Patton House was a fine old-time massive Virginia mansion. Its wide hallways, commodious chambers, grand old porches, picturesque avenues, were evidences of ancient thrift, indicative of old-time hospitality. Abandoned property is an incentive to pillage, deserted dwellings are prompters to vandalism. Hasty inferences are drawn of the burning, personal hate of their occupants, and the demon of destruction, roused by a spirit of resentment, prompts the best of men to deeds of rapine and plunder. The Patton House was not exempt from the rack and ruin attendant on all such "derelict" property. It was soon a wreck of its former self. Its fine porches were all destroyed, doors, windows and floors were carried away. Everything movable found its way to the flames or was temporarily utilized in the quarters of the neighboring soldiery. The large, old-fashioned brass knocker on the front door, bearing the ancestral arms and the honored aristocratic name of its ancient founder, "Patton," in bold, distinctive lettering, had adorned it for a century. Torn from its place, this venerable ornament was used to adorn a temporary door which a rude Northern mechanic had constructed for an entrance to his

canvas quarters, for no other earthly purpose than to find a place for the accommodation of this insignia of the Patton aristocracy. Brass heads from ancient bed-posts, lambrequins, andirons, fenders, shovels, tongs, spittoons, pitchers, basins, were put to use or ornamentation as the taste or inclination of the despoiler happened to dictate.

A survivor of the Culpepper exodus, probably not from the walks of its most prominent citizens, surrounded by a bevy of shapely daughters, occasionally opened his doors for hospitality and entertainment. Once only an invitation to his receptions, which had grown to be generally appreciated, reached the camp of the 118th, and then but two of its officers were favored with a recognition. Such an opportunity to taste of social sweets amid these rude alarms of war was seized with avidity. Arrayed in the best attire from a sparse and well-worn wardrobe, these officers hastened on the given night to the scene of the festivities, cautiously concealing their absence and its purpose. It was a goodly company, and the ladies, attractive and fairly well clad in such garb as the limited Southern market afforded, were unusually gay and entertaining. Officers of the staff, cavalry, and artillery predominated. In boiled shirts and white collars they outshone the plain service garb of the practical infantryman. A little envious, our representatives subdued their tender sensibilities and permitted in the early evening their more gorgeously robed fellows to absorb the attentions of the fair ones. Merrily the dance went on, and the bottle, which had frequent calls from the male portion of the assemblage, began to enthuse its votaries with a strengthening and boisterous merriment. The delicate appetites of the ladies were appeased by frequent and light potations of sherry. One of the infantrymen—the only two representatives of that branch of the service were the officers of the 118th—apt of tongue and glib of speech, had nursed his early envious promptings for a fitting and favorable opportunity to overcome the all-absorbing domination of his rivals. The fairest of all these attractive maidens, the special friend and pride of a dapper little

fellow of the staff, had caught his cheery, penetrating laugh, been entranced by his captivating gaze and at last yielded to his winning ways. She let go the little fellow of the staff and surrendered to the big, burly, generous infantryman. This drew the lines tightly, and all these mounted heroes only awaited slight provocation to satisfy their jealous ire against these two lonely representatives of the foot service.

Alcohol and jealousy had done their work. Slanderous stories were carried to the father that the doughty soldier who had so successfully captured the "belle of the ball" was excessively familiar. The intimation was sufficient for the old gentleman. He, too, had not failed to linger long over the frequent passages of the bottle. Without investigation or inquiry, he planted himself in an attitude of attack immediately in front of the offending officer. The lady pled with the angered parent to contain himself, that nothing had been said to disturb even her most delicate sensibilities, that her friend had conducted himself most decorously. He would not be appeased, and, attempting to plant an illy-aimed blow at his stout, well-proportioned adversary, was himself caught before it landed and planted with his lower extremities in advance on a bed of hot coals in the large old-fashioned fire-place. This was a signal for a general assault. Begrimed with ashes and cinders, the old man rallied for another attack, and to his aid came those of the boiled shirts and white collars. The odds were against the two infantrymen, but strong arms, quick blows and some science laid one after another of their assailants aside. Their assailants worsted, with no disposition to renew the fight, the two soldiers escaped to the road and hurriedly made their way to camp, not, however, without fair trophies of the fray. One had a handful of boiled shirt and the other had seized a well-filled brandy-bottle from the table as he dashed through the hallway.

The two participants in this escapade had so well concealed their movements and identity that their participation in it was never discovered. Failing to announce their intended absence

from camp, inquiries at the head-quarters of the 118th brought the response that it was none of their officers, as on the night in question they were all at home. Personally, they were unknown to all the officers at the ball save one. He, a cavalryman, disgusted with the discomfiture of his fellows, refused to disclose his acquaintanceship. The provost-guard of the 1st Michigan and 18th Massachusetts, who had made but a half-hearted attempt at arrest at the time of the disturbance, glorying in anything that added to the prowess of the brigade, if they had any suspicions, never announced them.

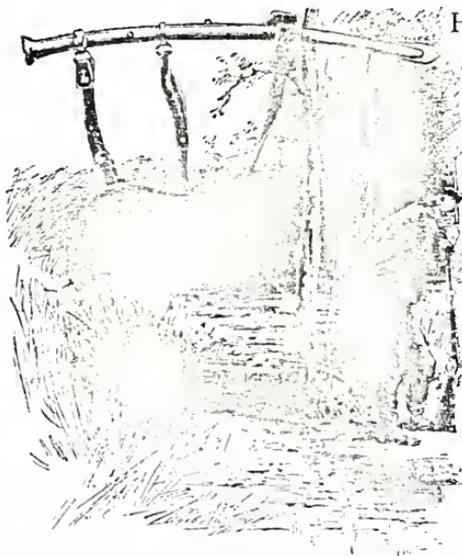
Cool, clear, bracing autumn weather prevailed. Routine camp duties and heavy picket details monopolized the time until Lee began his celebrated movement around the right, with Warrenton, Centreville or Washington for its objective, which hurried the Army of the Potomac off on its mad race to intercept him.



SERGEANT HIRAM LAKE.

CHAPTER XII.

LEE'S MOVEMENT AROUND OUR RIGHT FLANK—BRISTOE— BROAD RUN.



WHILE the army remained in the vicinity of Culpepper and the Rapidan, the signal officers, who had caught the key of the Confederate code, were in the habit of intercepting messages from the enemy's signal station on Clark's Mountain.

These despatches, however interesting or amusing, had never proved especially instructive until, on the

afternoon of the 7th of October, a despatch to General Fitz Hugh Lee from General J. E. B. Stuart, directing him to draw three days' bacon and hard bread, was caught on the wing, and on being sent forward to head-quarters of the army aroused General Meade's attention to the coming movement.*

The impending movement referred to at the conclusion of the last chapter culminated in hostilities at Bristoe, and terminated when Lee found his way back to the Rappahannock again,

* Walker's "History of the Second Army Corps," p. 321.

tired from a wearisome march, disappointed with his fruitless errand.

The intentions of General Meade did not seem to actively manifest themselves within 5th Corps limits until the 10th. Then the tendency of the movement indicated an expected cavalry demonstration as the objective. Camp was broken at 3.45 in the morning and the march directed to the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan. Here the column arrived at 8.30, after a short march of some four or five miles. It passed through a recently abandoned picket line, well back from the Ford, which evidently had been occupied for some time. Beyond it the brigade halted, nearer the river. The skirmishers were deployed, with instructions to advance as near as possible to the Ford without attracting the enemy's attention, who it was believed were still upon the other side, and then after a short interval to fall back gradually. The division pioneers accompanied the skirmishers and were deployed with them.

They were instructed to fell timber along the roadway and obstruct it at intervals with trees and such other material as was available. The purpose of such obstruction seemed to be to retard a cavalry advance. It was a laborious job, and the skirmishers and pioneers made slow progress. The main body moved back some miles and the detail did not join it until about two in the afternoon.

The road led in the general direction of Culpepper. Captain Donaldson, as the brigade officer of the day, was charged with the execution of these details.

At one point in the line of march there was no timber for a considerable distance, except a fine grove of old maples in the grounds of a large, well-appointed mansion. The fence rails in this vicinity had long since disappeared, and as no other material was at hand, it seemed evident that these trees must be sacrificed. The captain tried to attract the attention of the inmates of the mansion, and at last a window was raised, and a lady asked the captain, in not very gentle terms, his business there. He stated his orders were to cut down the trees. She

asked his name; and when he replied, "My name is Donaldson; I am from Philadelphia"—

"From Philadelphia!" she exclaimed. "And have you relatives in *our* service?"

"Yes," said he. "I have a brother."

"And to what regiment does he belong?"

"The 22d Virginia."

"Is his name John? and do you remember his watch and anything about it that could specially identify it?"

"Yes," he responded. "He carried an open-faced, old-fashioned gold watch, which, when I last saw it, bore the name of his father, John P. Donaldson, engraved on the inside."



CORPORAL BENJ. E. FLETCHER.

With this she hurriedly left, and, entering the house, called to another lady, whom she afterwards presented as her sister, to come down-stairs at once; that there was a Federal officer upon the porch whom she was satisfied was the brother of Captain Donaldson, whom they knew.

The captain wanted to know more of his brother, who, a resident of Charleston, Kanawha county, West Virginia, when the war began, had drifted into the enemy's service and of whom he had since heard but little.

The lady told him his brother had been severely wounded in one of the recent engagements, and, fortunately, had fallen

into their hands. He had been an inmate of their home for many weeks, and but for their care might have died.

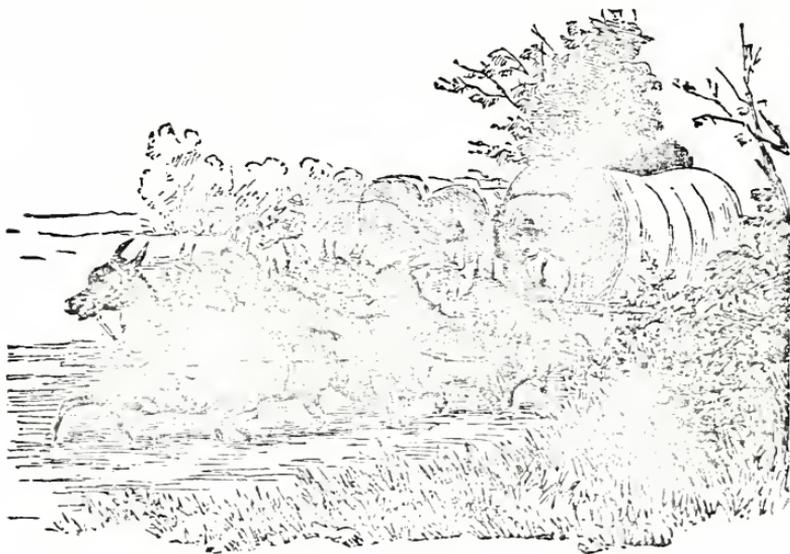
She stated that Lee's movements would not be delayed by blocking or obstructing the Federal rear, as Lee's plan was to move completely around, and, if possible, envelop the Federal right, and she felt that the movement had probably now so far developed itself as to show to the Federals something, at least, of the intent of the operations. The captain, without waiting to exchange a courteous farewell or even inquire the family name, hurried to his horse, and leaving directions to assemble his skirmishers and stop work, dashed off rapidly to place his information where it would be transmitted to head-quarters.

Whether it was this information thus unexpectedly acquired that first developed to General Meade General Lee's purpose was not known to the regiment then. It is probably too late to assume it now, but certain it is that Meade did not become aware of Lee's movement with any certainty until late in the day on the 10th. The interview at the mansion was before two o'clock; several hours necessarily elapsed ere the knowledge gleaned from it ultimately reached army head-quarters. No general movement, guided by an understanding of Lee's intended operations, took place until evening. The conclusion that at least some of the credit of securing this important intelligence should enure to the enterprise of an officer of the 118th is rendered not improbable by General Walker's statement on p. 322 of his "History of the Second Army Corps," in which, in the course of his narration of these same events, he says: "At last, on the evening of the 10th, it was deemed sufficiently manifest that General Lee was in fact moving on Warrenton, to require the Union army to fall back behind the Rappahannock, which was accomplished during the 11th."

To resume the direct narrative. The skirmishers and pioneers having rejoined the brigade at 2.30, it moved back again over the four or five miles it marched in the morning, and halted at its old camp. There, under orders to move at a moment's notice, with trains hitched ready for immediate start, the troops

secured that indefinite and uncertain rest that follows an attempt at repose while under orders to march.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th there was a hurried departure. The column passed through Culpepper. The gait maintained was more than usually rapid, and after a continued stretch of ten miles, made without a rest, the column reached the neighborhood of Brandy Station. Here the troops deployed and faced to the rear, remaining in line of battle to support the retiring cavalry and protect the withdrawing trains.



TRAINS TO THE REAR.

Down through the ranks by this time it came to be pretty well understood that this movement comprehended an avoidance of something initiated by the enemy, and visions of Bull Run, Manassas, Thoroughfare Gap, Pope's retreat, and other names and localities suggestive of disaster were so rife in the imagination as to eventually culminate in audible and ominous expression.

The country about Brandy Station is well suited for observation. There was considerable artillery practice at long range,

principally from the enemy, who were closely pressing our retreating squadrons. The infantry remained in support, occupying rifle-pits that had been constructed before. Over the plain in front there were repeated charges and countercharges, with varied success as the one or the other side was in heaviest numbers. Presently the enemy appeared in considerable strength, bearing down hard upon our severely pressed horse. General Griffin, standing beside an idle battery unlimbered and "in action front," evidently concluded that the best way to relieve this pressure on the discomfited horse was to try some effective work with the guns. He stood in their midst and personally directed the fire. The first shot was too high, knocking off the branches of timber in the woods in front of which stood a large body of the enemy's cavalry. This practice did not suit him, and he directed the artillerymen to depress their pieces, remarking with considerable emphasis, as he had done once before, "You are firing too high; just roll the shot along the ground like a ten-pin ball and knock their d—n trotters from under them," practically illustrating his instructions by stooping and trundling his hand and running smartly as if in the act of bowling. Better work followed, and after several discharges the enemy disappeared entirely and the cavalry, infantry, artillery and trains continued the march without further interruption to the Rappahannock. The brigade crossed at Rappahannock Station about four o'clock, and marching well into the evening "went tenting to-night on the old camp ground" near Beverly Ford, where it had spent so many pleasant weeks in the late summer and early fall. There was no disposition to "give us a song to cheer." It had been a weary, tiresome day, with a prospect of a heavy tug on the morrow, and the soldiers sought a much-needed rest.

On the 12th the brigade was back again to the Rappahannock, and about noon the corps recrossed at Beverly Ford. An unusual and impressive martial display followed. The sky was cloudless. The sun shone in all its autumn splendor. Beyond a timber belt, at intervals lining the right bank of the stream,

the country for almost the entire distance to Brandy Station is an open, level plain, broad enough to accommodate almost the entire Army of the Potomac deployed in line of masses, and wide enough to permit its march in that formation for a considerable distance. Three great army corps, the 2d, 5th and 6th, arrayed in serried lines of masses, with battalions doubled on the centre, concealed by bluffs or timber, burst suddenly, as if by word of command, out upon this wide expansive plain. It was as gorgeous a pageant of real war as the Army of the Potomac ever saw, and it was the firm belief of all that the occasion was one of business, not of show.

For the first time the soldiers realized the sensation of entering battle with the grandeur attending a full view of masses of men prepared for action. There were no inquiries for the supports, no thoughts of exposed flanks, no anxieties for a sufficient reserve. The scene aroused an assurance of strength, stirred a commendable spirit of competition, and was such an incentive to valor and determination that the actual combat was earnestly looked for with no doubtful convictions of its results.

The artillery accompanied the movement, and at proper intervals, reserved for their accommodation, the batteries moved parallel with the advanced lines. The division moved in echelon by brigades. The breeze from the front was just stiff enough to flutter the colors at right angles with the staff. At no time during the entire advance did the troops seem to vary from an almost perfect alignment along the whole of this extended front. The short autumn daylight faded out and the splendid pageant was lost in the early darkness. The anticipated fight was not at hand, there was no enemy to bar the progress of this mighty host, and the prospective glories of the rout and ruin of the foe were lost in the fading shadows of a brilliant October twilight.

When it was discovered that the operation had failed to bring on an engagement, it was the conviction of those who did not know its purpose that this splendid show of force, threatening Lee's communications, was meant to tempt him back again,

and, failing of its purpose before night came on, the intention was abandoned. Such conjectures were wrong, however; a fight was really expected. Generals Sykes and Pleasanton had both reported that a heavy infantry force had been uncovered near Brandy Station, and Meade turned his legions back again to meet it. Sykes and Pleasanton were mistaken. A small body of cavalry had deceived them. It vanished on the appearance of this huge array, and the whole affair materially aided Lee in the better accomplishment of his intended operations.

It was well into the night before the troops made a stop indicative of rest, and at midnight, their appetites satisfied with a very rough meal, they were ready for slumber. The men had scarcely passed into forgetfulness when shrill bugle notes broke the still midnight air, and the "general" brought them all to their feet again. One broad-chested fellow, of stentorian voice, violently shook his sleepy companion who had lost himself for just ten minutes, yelling vociferously, "Get up, you lazy lubber, you; do you want to sleep all the time?" Shouts of laughter greeted this absurd speech, and made the men more cheerful. At one o'clock in the morning of the 13th the column turned upon itself, marched back and again crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, resting for the second time at the old camp ground. There hurriedly breakfasting at six, starting on again at seven, trending eastward and striking the Orange and Alexandria Railway at Warrenton Junction at noon, a halt was made for the night's bivouac at Walnut Branch near Catlett Station at 5.30 in the afternoon. This concluded what was really the continuous work of one entire night and two consecutive days.

It was a busy day for the flankers. In more than usual strength, extended well to the left, they continued on the alert, anxiously apprehensive of an attack from Lee's columns moving by parallel roads only a mile or so to the northward. At intervals during the day the enemy's trains, where the distance between the two armies narrowed and where prominent ridges

afforded opportunity for observation, appeared in full view. In the early morning it was known at army head-quarters that Ewell's corps was moving by the Warrenton turnpike, and Hill's by Salem and Thoroughfare Gap. In a "confidential circular," published at half-past ten o'clock, corps commanders were advised to this effect, and those in the rear, the 5th and 2d, were instructed to spare no precaution against attack, as the enemy's intention, whether to make a desperate lunge at the left flank and rear, or throw himself on Centreville Heights before the Union army reached there, had not yet been fully developed.

General Griffin evidently anticipated battle, as he directed the release of private Thomas Sands, of Company F, who was under arrest awaiting execution, and ordered him to be equipped and returned to the ranks ready for the coming engagement.

The 14th, with a four o'clock reveille and a nine o'clock start, was to be a busy day for the 5th Corps, and a memorable and anxious one for the 2d, the rear guard of the army. In the ranks it was mistakenly believed that the 5th was bringing up the rear. The 3d, 5th and 2d Corps, the three rear corps of the army, had been directed not to move from the points they might from time to time respectively occupy on the 14th until the corps following had come up. These directions should have held Sykes at Bristoe, which his rear division, Griffin's, reached at about one o'clock, until Warren had undoubtedly appeared or he had actually got into communication with him. But Sykes, bent only upon reaching Centreville, anxious concerning the long interval between him and the 3d Corps, and more than impatient at what he considered Warren's unnecessary delay, was ready to receive any information that brought the 2d Corps in sight. Receiving such a report, made by an officer of his staff in undoubted good faith, without waiting to communicate with Warren or to verify the report, Sykes put his own troops in motion for Centreville. As a fact, the 5th Corps had had time to stretch itself out, except its rear division, before A. P. Hill's corps, which had been directed on Broad

Run at the railway crossing and not on Centreville, appeared in sight.

But Warren had had a day of incident and anxiety. He awoke to find Stuart between two of his divisions, a position of which Stuart was as ignorant as Warren. Caldwell's division, preparing its morning meal, was startled by vigorous shelling from the very direction in which it was about to move. What force or who it was was not apparent. It was sufficiently ominous to place the division of the corps in battle array to meet an attack. Stuart, willing "to be let alone," after a few shots, disappeared. This unavoidable detention, with other stoppages, Ewell's skirmishers thickening about the rear and flanks, with occasional shelling of the timber on the left, necessarily delayed Warren until about three, when, at the rear of his columns, he was startled by firing two miles or more to his front. It was the enemy's artillery on the west of Broad Run firing on Griffin's division lying in innocent repose on the east bank. This digression is introduced, as the movements of the 5th and 2d Corps were, or should have been, during the day, intimately connected.

Griffin's division crossed Broad Run near Bristoe, a village, big or little, but of which but a "few lonely chimneys remained to show where it once stood," about one o'clock, apparently secure from pursuit. With no evidence of the likelihood of disturbance, the men betook themselves to the preparation of a noonday meal, and little individual fires soon began to show themselves along the high bluff lands lining the stream.

The impression that the corps was the rear of the army had been strengthened by the cutting of trees along the line of march so that they could be readily pushed over when the last of the troops had passed, and by the urgency of General Patrick, the provost-marshal-general, who was directing the operations, that the work be expedited.

Crocker, Thomas and a number of other officers were seated upon the bluff enjoying their coffee, and overlooking and discussing the features of the country over which the column had

just passed. From the west bank of the run the ground rose gradually and the country was open and unobstructed to a belt of timber some distance off. The soil was pretty well used up, and the early frosts having blighted every vestige of verdure, the grass was the color of the earth. Crocker suddenly jumped to his feet and startled his associates with the decidedly penetrating interrogation of: "What is that coming across the fields? look!" and then in answer to his own interrogation continued, "a reb skirmish line, by heaven!" The close resemblance of their uniforms to the color of the ground was confirmatory that they were the enemy, and still more convincing evidence of the character of the advancing body was the appearance of several guns (Poague's) which, rapidly emerging from the timber, unlimbered and went into battery. Shot after shot, well directed, was sent in quick succession into the confused mass so illy prepared for such a demonstration.

The division was hurriedly withdrawn. A mounted officer dashing through the troops had his arm torn off by a shell. The men moved in good order, but it was manifest that there was a general feeling that the appearance of the enemy was wholly unexpected and unprepared for. As an illustration of the great confidence that the men had in the courage and generalship of General Griffin, who had recently returned to the division after a short absence, it may be mentioned that the officers could do nothing better to reassure the troops than to say: "Men, General Griffin is in command." The movement continued until the division reached Manassas Junction. Here, after a few moments' halt, the division, with a good gait and in excellent order, started back whence it came, to the sound of firing that by that time indicated a heavy engagement. It reached the field about four o'clock and went into position on the east side of Broad Run, where the batteries shelled the enemy on the other side. The infantry did not attempt to cross and was not engaged. The loss in the brigade was slight.

While the pace of the rear division of the 5th was quickened

from the place which it had so quickly abandoned, the 2d Corps was hurrying to what was to be its glorious field of Bristoe. Before the first of its men had come upon the field, the last of the 5th Corps had passed out of sight. It seemed strange that the rear division, instead of being permitted to hurry along to Manassas, had not been retained in the position in which it was first attacked. When the affair was over and the officers and men understood it, such was their conclusion. But soldiers never care to investigate such matters and let them remain for their superiors to settle, or history to discuss. General Sykes asserted, and his assertion must be accepted without challenge, that he never heard the sounds of battle at Bristoe; did not know his rear division was attacked, and supposed General Warren was moving on Centreville, until he received the intelligence of the engagement with Hill. General Walker, "History 2d Army Corps," who would naturally be Sykes's severest critic, attributes his conduct to the fact that he had wrought himself up to the single conception of reaching Centreville; that he believes warning of the danger of a flanking column had fallen "idly upon his ears"—so idly that when he first heard Warren had been engaged and captured guns, he insisted it could not have been with anything but a very small force.

One of the head-quarter clerks tells the story of the day: "Not being obliged to carry a gun or keep in the ranks, I took to the railroad tracks, running parallel to the road on which the troops were marching. There were a good many stragglers on the track, and, with a view to opening conversation for sociability, I asked one of them, who had no letter, figures or badge on his cap, to what regiment he belonged. His answer was prompt: 'We belong to the Royal Standbacks, last in and first out.' I took the hint, and for the rest of the day minded my own business.

"At the big water-tank at Bristoe's I sat down on the track and ate my grub, and while sitting there the column opened on the rebels in lively style. I was just far enough away to

be out of range, and yet near enough to be included in the racket if there was change of position; and so after watching the fight for awhile, I started on towards Centreville, where I had orders to report that night. It was a beautiful day, and to be able to travel unencumbered as I was it was very pleasant, but for the troops in the dusty road it was hard enough. I crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and as I waded through the shallow water I trudged on to the heights, and there beheld a glorious spectacle. There seemed to be five roads leading through the woods below us. At the left the smoke and noise of the battle at Bristoe was seen and heard, the contending parties apparently occupying two roads. On the right two lines of wagons, on roads perhaps half a mile apart; and on a third road, about the same distance away, a rebel column. The wagoners were making all haste to bring up their trains safely. The rebels were straining every nerve to reach the junction of the roads and cut off the trains.

"General Meade was on the hill, observing and directing the fight, sending off and receiving messages in rapid succession. One staff-officer after another was dispatched, and then his orderlies, and at one time he was reduced to the company of the signal-officer, who was kept hard at work waving his mysterious messages to some distant point."

Warren's day of anxiety and vicissitude closed in a bitter punishment to his adversary. Ewell's activity, the distance from supports, turned his consideration solely to the suggested precaution for the safety of the rear division of the army and when Poague's guns summoned him to the right of his corps his quick intelligence caught the railroad cut as the only point from which to throw off the attack, now imminent from rapidly gathering forces. The movement was executed none too soon; Hayes's division reached it, Owens's brigade coming up amid a shower of balls, just in time to repel a determined onslaught of Heth's division. Again it was renewed, but, better prepared and with a more extended front, Warren's men again threw it off. Several hours of daylight yet remained and the



Chas. Henning

Major 118th Regt. P. V.
Brevet-Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.

2d Corps might yet be crushed amid the gathering masses of Ewell and Hill, assembling, it was believed, to avenge the repulse of Heth. But night came and there was no renewal of the assault from either side.

The troops of the 5th Corps that returned and took position on the bluff were on the flank of the enemy, with only the run, fordable at all points in column, between them. It was their conviction that an opportunity was lost in not utilizing them for a flank movement. Their presence doubtless served to hold back the forces of Ewell and Hill. Meade's policy seemed to have been one of resistance only. Some critics have referred to the situation at Broad Run and Bristoe as a lost opportunity for an open field fight that had been so long sought for. Pretty much all the enemy had gathered there, and by the next morning the whole Army of the Potomac might have been. Quiet criticism among the thinking ones at the time was to a like effect. Correspondence is yet extant where this view was maintained in a respectful soldierly tone, by line officers disposed at times to think out the situation with the limited opportunities then at their command.

Warren gathered trophies of guns and colors and prisoners and added to his accumulating laurels. Such success as a temporary corps commander could not make it long doubtful that he must soon find a place among those who should be permanently assigned to high command. Before many months rolled by he succeeded Sykes in command of the 5th Corps.

Monaghan, of I, was a recruit of '63. He was a constitutional growler at everything and against everybody, yet withal a good-natured, open-hearted, witty fellow, always ready for duty when he was up. His besetting sin was straggling. He had been a sailor in the merchant service, beyond the age when the habits of life can be conveniently changed. Tempted by the large bounties offered at the time he forsook his calling and entered the infantry. Of all the arms of the service his early training least fitted him for, was that of the foot soldier. To lug his pack was a harder job than to march. He fell out on every occasion

and was never up until everybody else had comfortably disposed of themselves. Twitted with his delinquencies, he styled his associates a lot of land-lubbers, pack-mules, fit only to tramp and no use to furl sail or climb the ratlines. He would show them how to march if they'd give him the deck of a gunboat in a heavy sea for his parade-ground. The movement from the Rapidan had taxed his greatest energies. Aware of the proximity of the enemy, he had strained himself beyond his ordinary capacity and crossed Broad Run with the usual column of stragglers some time after the main body had been upon the other side. He had been up so little during this march, and his associates having seen nothing of him, they had given him up as "missing." He managed, however, to work himself along with the "stragglers' brigade," a body which had learned from long experience how to care for itself.

This body, true, tried and brave, reaching the grounds later, had not progressed so far with their meal as had the "règular" troops, when they were startled by the appalling sounds of cannonading behind them. The rear, the place of their choice, the spot of their own selection, selected from its more than usual safety, had at last been assailed. Nearest the bank they caught the heaviest punishment, and some were killed. This so increased their gait that Monaghan shortly afterwards, going at a pretty active pace, found himself near the limits of his own command. His companions first recognized him, the new part he was playing bringing him into more than usual prominence. With a number of his newly made acquaintances of the "stragglers' brigade," he had secured the services of an enervated and abandoned cavalry steed, improvised a bridle, and three of them had mounted the animal and were making reasonably fair progress in their flight. Just as Monaghan was recognized they were approaching a ditch which in the days of his youth, when the hinges of his knee-joints were supple, the poor war-worn steed would have cleared with a slight effort. The three sons of war who bestrode him urged him forward, first with oaths and then with kicks, but he did not understand their bad

English, and paid no attention to their other hints. Then, in the compassion of their hearts and their desire to get him across the ditch, they dismounted. But the horse had arrived at an age when he knew his own mind, and cared not for the views of others. The three valorous knights, by dint of pulling and pushing, got him to the middle of the ditch, and there they were obliged to leave him. Monaghan, who had been shouted at and guyed by his comrades during the performance, joined his company and poured forth such a stream of sea-phrases that the air around seemed to grow salt. He got on as far as the Junction, but disappeared on the return to Bristoe. He evidently quickly comprehended this deflection as a temporary affair and concluded to await the return of the regiment before he should attach himself to it permanently.

The 2d Corps, with but the three hundred yards between it and the enemy, silently, without an audible word of command, with no hum of voices or buzz of conversation, began its withdrawal in the very early evening. Stretching out its columns over the broad plains of Manassas, after sixty-nine hours in which it had been continuously in column on the road, or fighting and skirmishing with the enemy, it found rest from its toil between three and four o'clock in the morning near Blackburn's Ford, on the left bank of Bull Run. General Morgan, Inspector-General of that corps, says of that campaign: "Short as it was, it was more fatiguing than that of the seven days on the Peninsula, since the marches were much longer."

The Confederate army was still arriving long after dark. The arrival of each new brigade was indicated by the bursting out of fresh camp-fires from the locality of its bivouac. The enemy's fires covered the entire slope of country within the vision in front of the 2d and 5th Corps. The lines of the 2d Corps were so close to the enemy that conversation was audible and the words of command could be distinctly heard. Its withdrawal was therefore a delicate manœuvre. The enemy were evidently concentrating for a purpose, and upon discovery of our attempt to elude them could have subjected us to a ter-

rible artillery punishment. Hill's and Ewell's batteries controlled both the ford and the railway bridge, and the light from the bursting of the shells would have revealed the line of march for some distance beyond.

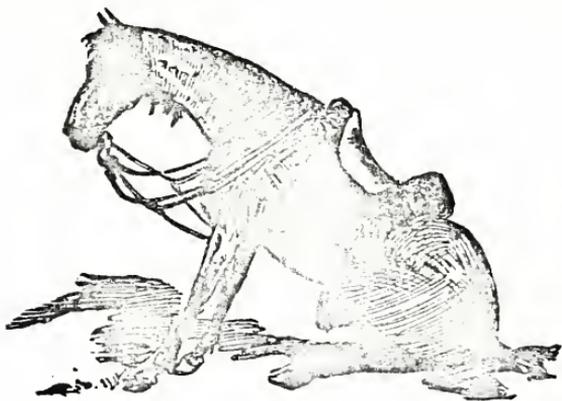
That the weary, jaded troops of the 2d Corps might have some relief if such contingency had happened, the 5th Corps was left in position until ten o'clock, that its batteries might divert the attention of the enemy's artillerists should they attempt an interference with the withdrawal of the 2d Corps. Then, at that hour, it quietly stole away. In the matter of actual rest, the 5th had had but little advantage over their comrades of the 2d. They were in no sense prepared for strong, orderly exertion, when the nervous strain attending the presence of an active, watchful enemy had ceased, so when the column had stretched out to the Junction, and the men knew they need no longer be wary of the foe, with the broad, familiar plains of Manassas before them and Centreville Heights their known destination, they betook themselves to the gait that best suited their temperament, the strong and energetic to hurry through and complete the journey, to secure the most they could of rest out of what would be left of the night; and the weary and weak to move by slow and easy stages, snatching here and there a moment of repose by the wayside.

It was three o'clock when division head-quarters went into bivouac in the locality of Centreville. That the scattered commands and straggling soldiers might be directed to their proper bivouacs, division and brigade head-quarters at intervals well on until daylight sounded their respective bugle calls. A tedious search was thus avoided and the sleeping soldier saved the use of profane imprecations in response to inquiries from his roving companions, and the latter were not misled by the sulphurous directions usually given them under such circumstances.

It was rest the soldier needed, not subsistence, and as soon as he found the place indicated for it, he dropped down to sleep satisfied the morrow would afford ample opportunity to answer all consistent demands of the most exacting stomach.

October 15, 1863, we started for Fairfax Court-House. On the 16th and 17th we made two short marches for position. Marched on the 18th to Fox's Mill.

On the 19th we crossed Bull Run and went to Groveton, camping on Benjamin Chinn's farm. A detail was sent out to cover the ghastly reminders of the Second Bull Run. On the 20th we marched to Gainesville. The year before two valuable horses belonging to Captain Davis, of General Tilton's staff, disappeared at the same time. Captain Davis had a bridle and breastplate made for him by the brigade saddler different from anything in the army. When we arrived at Gainesville, some troops were halted there, and among the horses was one seated on his haunches like a dog. On the



horse was the identical bridle and breastplate belonging to Captain Davis. At once our boys exclaimed: "Captain Davis, there's your horse and bridle." This sitting down was a trick of the horse that was lost by Captain Davis, and the writer has never seen any other horse do it of his own motion; but this horse would always rest that way. The officer who claimed the horse told a plausible story of how he acquired the animal; but Captain Davis appealed to the officer's division commander, and in the course of a few days his property was restored to him.

Such is the picture of the rear guard. If you were ever on the rear guard of a retreating army you know how tedious it is. You do not move more than ten feet at farthest before you have to halt, and then ten feet again a few moments afterwards, and so on all day. You have not time to sit down a moment before you are ordered to move on again, and the rebs dash up every now and then and fire a volley in your rear.

This practically closed the marches and manœuvres incident to Lee's flanking operations. The frequent shifting between the 15th and 19th was due to "indications" that failed to indicate. The enemy, mistakenly reported to be advancing first from here and then from there, in fact never crossed Broad Run in any numbers. Lee, disappointed of his purpose to absorb a few of the nearest divisions of the Union army, returned and occupied the country between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, leaving a strong advance party well fortified on the left bank of the former river near the railway crossing. This force and the well-appointed work it occupied subsequently fell into the Union hands in one of the most spirited and brilliant affairs of the war.

On the 24th of October the brigade moved up to Auburn, and on the 30th to "Three Mile Station," near Warrenton Junction, on the Orange and Alexandria Railway, a section of country with which the troops had long before become quite familiar. Here it remained until the morning of the 7th of November, when it moved out to take its part in the memorable assault on the works at Rappahannock railway station.

Illustrative of the general worthlessness of the substitute class, a necessarily severe case of discipline administered to break one of the most notorious and disorderly among them occurred about this time. Shields, of H, inflamed with liquor, was a fiend. Sober, he was quiet, inoffensive, tractable. He was a soldierly appearing, muscular, brawny fellow, of a height to entitle him to the right of his company. Liquor he would have if within reach, no matter the cost or consequences. At Cen-

treville the sutlers had found opportunity for a thriving business. Shields, refused permission to leave camp, eluded the guard, and returned in a state of roaring, disgraceful drunkenness. His loud, abusive profanity promptly brought the guard down upon him. On his way to his place of confinement he broke from them, seized a musket from a neighboring stack, and, thus armed, defied his captors to retake him. His strength had doubled with the stimulants he had poured into him, and for a moment the detail hesitated to approach him. Finally he was dealt a blow that levelled him to unconsciousness and was eventually removed to the hospital, for his injuries for a time seemed likely to prove fatal. He ultimately recovered, was tried by court-martial, and, suffering an ignominious punishment, subsequently returned to the ranks. But his punishment was of no avail; all his confinement to no purpose. Time and again he returned to his cups; again and again he repeated his offences. Believing that the discipline of the regular army was best suited to his composition, an application to transfer him was favorably considered and he was assigned to the 4th Artillery. Some months afterwards on the march the regiment passed his battery in park. Shields had not yet been conquered; spread out, with a quarter turn, on the fifth wheel he was undergoing that severe and trying ordeal that should have broken the rebellious spirits of the most hardened offenders.

The Bull Run battle-field, where the short afternoon halt was made, near the Henry House, on the march to New Baltimore, still bore striking evidence of the fierce work of death that twice waged so severely about that dwelling. The exposed remains of an officer of the 1st Michigan, who fell there, recognized by his teeth, were given more decent sepulture and the grave properly marked for subsequent identification. Near it the rain had uncovered the body of a cavalryman. He had been buried, booted and spurred, with belt and sabre. His uniform and accoutrements were in an excellent state of preservation. The flesh had slipped from the bones, and in at-

tempting to lift the body by the belt, the skeleton fell in a confused mass of bones and clothing. The grave was dug deeper and sufficient earth thrown over it to construct a mound, and, with that alone as a mark of recognition, it was left as another one of the still unnumbered and forever unknown dead. Numbers of unburied Confederates still lay about, notably, as recognized by the insignia on their uniforms, of the 11th North Carolina and 18th Georgia.

The grave of Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of the distinguished Massachusetts statesman, killed whilst gallantly leading his regiment in the second battle, had received more considerate attention. Identified by a suitable head and foot board, the withered grass upon the mound was ready to bloom again when the season should come.

Captain John P. Bankson, acting as Brigade Inspector, whilst on the march to Gettysburg, had lost a pocket album, containing a few mementos and photographs of his family, somewhere in this vicinity. With no thought really of its recovery, he rode over the locality where the brigade had bivouacked on that occasion, and, much to his surprise and satisfaction, found it. The contents, sadly injured by the exposure, were still recognizable and worth preserving.

On the line of the same march, occupied by a few old men and women, lay a hamlet of twelve unpretending dwellings, known to the neighborhood—it was unknown elsewhere—as Buckton. A haggard and worn specimen of the men stood by the roadside with a cynical and contemptuous expression of countenance, indicative of a wholesale condemnation of the entire Union army and its cause. An officer of the regiment, seeking information as to his likely destination, respectfully interrogated him as to the direction of the road. He framed his interrogatory to afford opportunity for a sharp and curt reply, of which the old fellow was prompt to take advantage. "Where does this road go to, my good man?" said the officer. Promptly came the facetious response: "It stays right here where it is and don't go anywhere." But the old man quaked

somewhat under the stern chorus, for all who heard the inquiry and answer seemed to be of like thinking: they responded in unison—"Beware, old fellow, beware, there are Massachusetts men behind us; an answer such as that to them will bring down upon your hoary head and shrunken shoulders the dire vengeance of all New England."

Major Herring received his just and well-deserved promotion to lieutenant-colonel whilst in camp near Auburn, and shortly after, forced by severe illness, and at the urgent insistence of the surgeon, left for a few weeks on sick leave. At the same time Lieutenant Kelly was promoted to the captaincy of G, 2d Lieutenant Bayne to the 1st lieutenantcy of A, and Sergeant Joseph Ashbrook to the 2d lieutenantcy of K.



COLOR-SERGEANT SAMUEL F. DELANEY.

Captain Dendy Sharwood was relieved from his detail as acting brigade commissary, and, as the ranking officer present, the command of the regiment devolved upon him.

Late October and early November were cold, chilly times and frequent and drenching rains added to the discomforts. In a region so prolific in timber, huge fires blazed continually and their cheering warmth was a fair substitute for the more desirable and attractive winter-quarters fire-place. There was but little opportunity for visiting, the prevailing inclemency making camp-life at home a necessity. Road-building and picket-duty,

outside of the usual routine of drill, parade and instruction, occupied the time, and enjoyments and amusements were not wanting within regimental limits to fill up the leisure. The "Joe Hooker retreat" was not forgotten. Antidotal against dampness, moisture, depression and despondency, an exhilarating excitant for fun, merriment, wit and wisdom, it was in unusually active demand.



CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR ALBERT H.
WALTERS

CHAPTER XIII.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

EVENTIDE on the 6th blazed in the golden glory of a November Virginian twilight, and the setting sun "by the bright tracks of its fiery chariot gave promise of a goodly day the morrow."

The unsuspecting soldiers had no knowledge of the presence of the enemy; no intimation of the work cut out for them to do on the following day. It was the general conviction that after a few more days of inaction they would build winter-quarters and rest on their laurels until spring. They turned in that night happy in the thought and slept the sleep of the lazy. They turned out the next morning at half-past four to the sharp, clear sound of the division bugle-call, hastily followed by the reveille and "general." Amazed, disappointed, drowsy, life seemed to them, for the time being, a failure.

The brilliant sunset of the 6th kept its promise, and the morning of the 7th broke sharp, clear and cloudless. No rations had been ordered to be cooked, nor extra ones given out; no ammunition had been issued beyond the usual sixty rounds; no enemy was lurking near. From these facts the men concluded that, notwithstanding the early start and the apparent haste of the movement, it could have no other object than a change of ground, to the vicinity of the river, where wood and water were more plentiful and available.

The regiment led the brigade and the brigade the corps, and at six o'clock was out on the well-trodden road that ran beside the railway, forging ahead, amid clouds of dust, directly towards the river.

General Griffin, temporarily absent, had been succeeded for

the time by General Joseph J. Bartlett, an officer distinguished for his splendid fighting qualities, a former brigade and division commander of the 6th Corps. Rumor had the 6th Corps also on the move on a road well to the right and far in advance.

Invigorated by the cool, bracing autumn morning, alert and active, the men stepped out smartly and willingly, yet wholly unsuspecting that the day would close in the glories of a successful and well-fought fight.

The route, familiar from repeated marches, had no new or fresh attractions. Bealton Station had entirely disappeared. Its buildings burned, railroad track, ties and telegraph-poles destroyed, it was a wreck of its former self. Destruction and ruin of all telegraph and railroad facilities had, as far as possible, followed the track of the Potomac army when Lee so recently hustled it back unceremoniously from its late advanced position on the Rapidan.

About noon the right of the column ascended a wooded ridge which rose abruptly from and terminated the level plain, over which the march of the morning had been conducted. On the left of the railway the ridge descended again to another plain, which extended to the river. Here the column halted with the right (118th Pennsylvania) resting on the railroad, the division deploying in line of battle to the left, the other divisions of the corps as they arrived extending the line in that direction.

The 6th Corps was already on the ground, in position to the right of the railroad, which here for some distance passed through a deep cut. In front of the 6th Corps there was a slight ascent, the base lightly timbered. It rose gradually until it terminated at the river in quite an eminence. On this eminence, out of sight of our line of battle, was a lunette work manned by a strong force of infantry supporting a battery of brass twelve pounders. The garrison were not aware of our approach. The work covered the high trestle railroad bridge spanning the river at Rappahannock Station and a pontoon laid above it. This was apparently the enemy's extreme left, his right extending

by a heavy skirmish line on the left bank of the river in the direction of Kelly's Ford.

The sun glistened on the long line of stacks to the left, and the men lay behind them in blissful ignorance of the near approach of battle. Prompted by the cravings of an appetite but poorly appeased with an unsatisfactory and hurried breakfast, the soldiers betook themselves to the preparation of a little coffee. Soon the smoke of individual fires curled upwards, and as they were observed from the different head-quarters, staff officers dashed off rapidly in every direction and ordered their immediate extinction. Disappointed, the men yielded complacently to the inevitable and, quieting their hunger with hard bread, reflected that if a fire could not be built at high noon there must be somebody pretty close whose purposes were unfriendly.

A sergeant whose inquisitiveness was only equalled by his bravery—and he was very brave—slipped out of the lines and ascended the hill in front, cautiously. He soon returned, and told those nearest to him that the enemy were in force and fortified some distance beyond. While he was yet speaking, the stretcher-bearers and ambulances passed through the line from the rear to the front, and the presence of these forerunners of suffering made it plain to all that a fight was imminent.

Soon the order to "fall in" brought the men to attention, and the officers were ordered to the front and centre for special instructions from the commandant. Captain Sharwood informed them that the enemy was strongly entrenched just beyond the ridge on the left bank of the river, and that General Sedgwick, who had been assigned to the command of the 5th and 6th Corps, had already given directions to carry the works. The officers rejoined their companies, adjusted the alignment, and after a further delay to permit the left of the corps to swing around and if possible envelop the enemy's right, at about three o'clock the order was given to "load," followed immediately by an advance.

Descending the further slope of the ridge, the line halted. A

wide, extended plain, without tree, bush or knoll, was in view in every direction, terminating on the right in the slope and eminence on the other side of the railway. The extensive and formidable works, a mile to the front, were plainly observable. The guns in the work that crowned the crest to the right commanded the entire plain. A line of rifle-pits extended from it towards Kelly's Ford. The plain was covered with a heavy growth of dry, thick grass, above which, as they knelt or lay prone at their posts, the heads and pieces of the skirmish line could be distinctly seen. It was the intention to carry the works with the skirmishers if possible, and with that in view the line had been doubled. Beyond, some five hundred yards, were the enemy's skirmishers. The lines lay watching each other without exchanging shots. It was not intended ours should open, unless forced to, until the general advance began. The guns, too, remained silent, apparently awaiting opportunity for a better range.

It was a stirring sight. The sun, slowly sinking, glistened on the bright barrels of the muskets far away to the left as the line swept around in graceful curve almost to the river. Both regimental standards were unfurled, and there was wind enough to float them even when the line was not in motion. With all this taunt the enemy still maintained silence.

The right of the regiment, which was still the right of the corps, rested on the railway, without crossing it. General Sykes now rode to the front of the regiment and, inquiring for the commanding officer, gave Captain Sharwood, in a tone to be heard through the command, specific directions that under no circumstances was he to cross the railroad; that the other side was reserved exclusively for the troops of the 6th Corps who, charged with some specially delicate duty, must under no consideration be interfered with, and with some severity concluded with an intimation that the consequences of any failure to fully comply with these instructions would personally fall upon the captain. He pluckily accepted the responsibility—it was his first essay with a regimental command in action—and

expressed his willingness to bear the brunt, should he fail to discharge it. The color sergeant was charged not to swerve from his point of direction, and it was no fault of the sergeant that the instructions subsequently failed somewhat of complete fulfilment.

The left brigade of the 6th Corps, on the other side of the railway, in which was our sister regiment, the 119th Pennsylvania, and upon which subsequently fell the heaviest work of the day, was commanded by Colonel P. C. Ellmaker. As General Sykes rode away for better opportunity for observation, he took his position for a time immediately in front of it.

"Forward, guide centre, march!" now rang out simultaneously along the entire line. The skirmishers, the 20th Maine, rising from the tall grass, began their advance with a vigorous volley, to which the enemy lost no time in replying. It was a glorious pageant of real war. Rarely is the sight seen of an advancing line so extended, all in view, and under fire at the same time.

Upon the other side of the railroad were the heavy masses concealed from the enemy's view, arrayed in charging columns, while upon ours was the single line of battle stretched out for a mile or more in full sight, evidently intended to draw the fire while the charging columns concealed by the timber assaulted the earthwork. The setting sun flung a mellow glow over the landscape, and the mica dust covering the uniforms sparkled in its golden hues, and the gentle beauty of the scene made it impossible, for the moment, to believe that a battle was beginning.

A puff of smoke appeared from a single gun on the crest, and a well-directed shell, striking some twenty paces in front of the regiment, ricocheted, passed over head and burst well to the rear. Another and another quickly followed, all aimed well and bursting in such uncomfortable proximity that dust and gravel stung the faces and sprinkled the clothing of the men. Steadily, and with as perfect an alignment as if on parade, the regiment moved forward towards the forts. The brightly

gleaming musket barrels, the men with their bronzed, determined faces, shoulder to shoulder, the firm step of the moving line, the visible defiance of danger, formed a part of the grand picture not to be forgotten. The colors seemed the point on which the gunners drew their sights. They were repeatedly struck, but stanchly the bearer bore his standard nobly onward. Both solid shot and shell hurtled, whistled and flew about in a reckless way. The fragments of exploded shells brought to mind the bitter experiences of other fields.

McCandless, of K, was the first man struck. A piece of shell took off his foot at the ankle-joint. McCandless meant to do well, but he was getting old, and his years and ailments would not allow his body to respond to his will. He had lost so many muskets, when missing from the ranks, that Crocker, his company commander, to teach him a gun had value, ultimately charged one against him on the pay-roll. As the stretcher bearers bore the poor old fellow to the rear, he still clung vigorously to his piece and seemed content to lose his leg if he could keep his musket.

The firing was now telling disastrously on the left, and the pressure from that direction was so great that Davis, a corporal of the color guard, severely wounded, was carried along for some distance before the ranks could be made to yield sufficiently to let him drop out.

It was clear that unless relieved from this continued pressure the right must lose its line of direction on the railway and be forced across it, which presently occurred. Sharwood was vexed. With earnest gestures, in a loud voice he called out again and again, "The guide is left! The guide is left!" Finally some one in the ranks, who could not restrain his propensity even at such a time, replied, "No, he isn't; he's being pushed right along with the rest of us." It was neither the fault of Sharwood nor of the regiment. The pressure began from a point beyond their control, and when it reached them was irresistible. But unchecked, the advance continued in the face of a still more rapid fire of both large and small arms.

The colors never left the plain, never swerved from the point of true direction.

A ditch hidden by the tall, rank grass lay directly in the path of the advance and, without a warning of its presence, the line was floundering knee-deep in its green and slimy water. The disappearance of the skirmish line, as it passed through it, had not been noticed. The men were soon upon the thither side and the obstruction forgotten.

But the enemy's gunners were not to have it all to themselves. They had had time enough to severely punish the infantry. From the rear, at a rushing gallop, with drivers lashing their steeds at every jump and gunners mounted on the limbers, came a battery of brass twelves. Unlimbering in an instant, its rapid, well-directed fire threw up the dust on the earthworks at every discharge, and for the moment the enemy's gunners fell back. When they resumed firing, their fire was directed not toward the line of infantry, but upon the offending battery; but the fire soon subsided. The line of battle of the 5th Corps halted, and now the attention of the enemy was wholly directed to an effort to repel one of the most brilliant, sweeping, spirited and successful assaults of the war.

Covered by the timber, the assaulting column had been formed of the 5th Wisconsin and 6th Maine as a double skirmish line, supported by the 49th and 119th Pennsylvania in line of battle. These regiments composed Russell's 3d Brigade, 1st Division, of the 6th Corps, temporarily commanded by Colonel Ellmaker, of the 119th Pennsylvania. General Sedgwick's assignment to the two corps had advanced General Wright to the command of the 6th and General Russell to the division.

The skirmishers, who had been concealed by the same ditch which had astonished the men of the 5th Corps, now deployed. From the ditch the bald slope rose rather boldly until it terminated in the eminence on which were the guns which had so severely pounded us.

To the scolding skirmish fire was now added desperate vol-

leys from the infantry garrison; canister and grape were sub-



"GOING INTO ACTION."

stituted for shot and shell, and guns and musketry poured their

deadly charges into the advancing line. It was the work of a moment, but the line suffered severely. The deadly effect of the fire materially thinned the ranks of the heroic men who bore the brunt of the assault. Closing the intervals in the skirmish line and the gaps in the line of battle, the advance swept forward until the abandoned works and the deserted guns were in their possession. But the works were not wholly deserted. An officer of the 6th Maine despatched a little Louisiana artillery lieutenant, who was lingering after the others had gone, and was just about to pull the lanyard of a shotted howitzer.

“Drop that lanyard!” shouted the 6th Maine officer. The Louisianian refused, and his life paid the forfeit. Many brave fellows into whose faces the muzzle of the gun was pointed were saved from wounds and death.

This was probably the bright, smooth-faced youth, with skin as clear and blood as pure as one in early infancy, who lay dead beside a gun trail. Some rude creature had promptly removed his boots. His foot wasn't the size of a fourteen-year-old boy's, and what practical purpose those boots would serve was certainly doubtful.

The 20th Maine, still flushed with the memories of its gallant deed at Round Top, not to be outdone by the better opportunity for distinction offered its brethren, were by the side of the others the instant the works were taken.

The garrison, driven from their works and cut off from their pontoon, retreated, still in goodly numbers, to a thick copse of timber to their left and our right. From there a persistent and destructive fire told severely on the flank of the troops, who, yet unsupported, held the captured works. But Upton's brigade was speedily upon them, and men and guns and standards were all yielded as the trophies of the fight just as the evening twilight shimmered into the shadowy darkness.

General Russell and Colonel Allen, of the 5th Wisconsin, were both wounded. Line officers and enlisted men were killed and disabled in numbers largely disproportionate to the force engaged and time employed in the operation.

The results of the affair were 1,500 prisoners, four guns and seven battle-flags. Congratulatory orders from army and corps head-quarters suitably recognized the gallantry and efficiency of the storming party. General Russell was specially assigned to deliver the captured colors to the War Department. With his usual modesty and indisposition for display, it was currently reported that, finding the secretary employed, he bundled up his sacred treasure and, noting its contents upon the outside, hurried to the front again in spite of his wound, and left without even presenting himself in person to the head of the war office.

It was quite manifest after the struggle had closed that the martial line and fluttering, defiant standards of the 5th Corps, so prominently displayed upon the plain, were intended to attract the enemy's attention while the columns meant for the deadly work of the assault were massing concealed by the hill-side. It was rough handling for a parade occasion, but the honors achieved by the daring and determined action of our brother soldiers compensated for the inconvenience.

The prisoners were of Early's division, Ewell's corps, the famous Louisiana Tigers and Hoke's brigade of North Carolina troops, all commanded by a Colonel Godwin.

The Louisianians, consulting largely a prospective improvement of diet, did not seem to be seriously discomfited. "Boys," shouted one, "we are all going to Washington to live on soft bread and fresh beef," and thereupon, with happy unanimity, the rest chorused his sentiment with approving cheers.

General Sykes, after the fight, took Captain Sharwood to task roundly for permitting himself to be forced across the railway. The captain, greatly elated over the result of the fight, responded: "General, if the devil himself had been in command he could not have prevented the men yielding to the overwhelming pressure from the left that forced them from their position."

"Well," said the general, smiling at the odd way in which the captain relieved himself from his responsibility, "if that

powerful personage could have done no better, it certainly exonerates you from censure or reproof."

Captain Sharwood had conducted himself heroically. He managed his trust with a skill and sagacity that fully compensated for his lack of experience as a regimental commander. He had secured the unbounded confidence of his soldiers and won a respect and esteem that would have followed him through what promised to be a most successful military career; but his race was nearly run. Shortly after the fight, typhoid fever seized him in its most virulent form. Hurried expeditiously from the front,

he died as he was being borne unconscious into his residence, on the 21st of November, 1863. Captain Sharwood entered the service prompted solely by a pure spirit of patriotism and had endeared himself to a large circle of military friends. His superiors trusted him; his soldiers admired him. He was a man of culture and refinement, and with his bright intelligence he had promptly grasped and discharged the new and trying duties of his soldier's life.



CAPTAIN DENDY SHARWOOD.

It was indistinguishable darkness when everything was over. Too late or tired for supper, moved to a patch of adjacent timber, the weary soldiers promptly sought in sleep the rest they so much needed.

A visit to the captured entrenchments when the morning

dawned showed the usual *débris* found on all *baule*-fields. Canteens, haversacks, muskets, harness, cannon, limbers, and other articles not military, such as trinkets, mementos and diaries, lost by the wounded or abandoned in the hurry of a sudden and forced departure, were the silent witnesses of quick work and unexpected retreat. The earthwork itself gave evidence of a severe pounding. The view from the parapet was complete over the entire plain. The most indifferent artilleryist could not have failed of effective practice.

An adjutant of one of the regiments in the assaulting column had his horse killed in this action. The ball had entered the stomach and bowels. The adjutant had heard the thud, but as the animal did not stagger, he could not conceive that it was his horse that had been hit, and rode him through the rest of the engagement and well into the darkness. In the act of dismounting, in the rear of his regiment, the horse rolled over and kicked out as if suffering from some internal disorder. It so happened that this occurred in rear of a company composed entirely of Pennsylvania Dutch, all of them farmers and well acquainted with horses. Summoning one of them to his aid, the adjutant gave instructions to bleed the horse for the colic. The Dutchman, more skilful than his officer, before executing the directions, began a diagnosis. Feeling around the body of the horse in the darkness, he came across the wound, and inserting his finger its full length, announced the result of his investigation by remarking: "Odjutant, dot horse no colic got; vot ails him is he is dead; dere vos a ball gone clean through." The trusty brute had kept his feet to the last, and then rolled over and expired.

A general officer of division of the 5th Corps, with whose habits in battle his staff had not yet become fully acquainted, was out upon the skirmish line, while the skirmishers were actively engaged, closely observing the enemy through his field-glasses. The group receiving more than their fair share of attention, one of the staff ventured to remark: "General, are you aware you are on the skirmish line?"

“Fully, sir, fully,” was the general's quick response. “Gentlemen, you have my permission to retire and seek whatever cover or protection your tastes or inclinations dictate. Come, orderly, you and I will attend to the rest of this business.”

The cut was keen; of course they did not retire, but stuck it out manfully, each one vying with the other as to which could expose himself the most recklessly.

The next day after Rappahannock Station General Bartlett brought the entire brigade under discipline. Rations had become lamentably short. It was not unusual on such occasions when any mounted officer appeared to set up a universal shout of “hard tack.” General Bartlett happened in the vicinity of the brigade. He was mistaken for the commissary, and piercing yells of “hard tack, fresh beef, coffee,” followed him out of hearing. He remembered it though, and for this little innocent amusement the punishment was that each regiment should be drilled in battalion manoeuvres until the division commander ordered a cessation. A “hard tack” and not a “Hardie” drill the men styled it. The general was in such a mood that he would have continued the exercises into the darkness if a sudden order to move had not prevented. By the time another opportunity was at hand for resumption full rations had arrived, well-lined stomachs created a better feeling, and the old offence passed into forgetfulness.

The effect of this Rappahannock Station success seemed to have worked some little enthusiasm into the now non-demonstrative army. Within a few days General Meade, or “Old Four-eyes,” as he was still familiarly called in his absence, appearing in the vicinity of one of the divisions of the 5th Corps, was received with rousing, approving and appreciative cheers.

On the 8th the brigade moved to Kelly's Ford, crossed the river there and bivouacked some five miles beyond. On the afternoon of the 9th it returned to Kelly's Ford, recrossed the river during the evening and went into bivouac in the vicinity of the wagon-train park. On the 10th position was shifted to a more favorable site in a neighboring belt of timber. It had

snowed on the 8th, and cold, bitter winds followed the storm. This camp was not distant from that spot of pleasant memories and associations, in the vicinity of Gold Farm, where the regiment had remained for a week or so just preceding the Gettysburg campaign. On the 19th the camp near Kelly's Ford was broken, the river again crossed and a camp established at Paoli Mills, on the banks of a stream which appeared to bear the neighborhood designation of Mountain Run. It empties into the Rappahannock just below Kelly's Ford, and the mill is situated a few miles from its mouth.



MAJOR AND BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY O'NEILL.

ture, which had been removed, they were as complete as when occupied.

At this camp Captain Charles H. Fernald met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. It necessitated his withdrawal from the front temporarily, and he was sent home for treatment.

And here Major Henry O'Neill, returning from his detail to

Here the Confederates had been for some time encamped, with the evident expectation of a winter occupancy. Their quarters had been substantially constructed. The workmanship was good; shingles covered the roof instead of canvas. Hinged doors and window sashes, with glass, were decided improvements on the winter homes of the Union soldiers. It was rather surprising that when the enemy abandoned these homes they had not destroyed them, but with the exception of what had been probably a very scant supply of furni-

the Philadelphia draft rendezvous, with his commission in that rank, assumed, in the absence of the other field-officers, command of the regiment.

The major was somewhat elated with this new and prominent rank. With a courage that never flinched, and distinguished for bravery, he lacked some of the requirements indispensable to the proper discharge of the high responsibilities of his new station. He had been advanced by virtue of his seniority. His promotion received no distinctive announcement of approval. There was no outspoken complaint, but many serious mutterings of apprehension. His known inaptitude for command, except in courage and willingness, was a source of much anxiety. His readiness to accept suggestions, his profound respect for his superiors, it was conceived would carry him with reasonable success through the campaign which it was then pretty well understood would shortly open. Nor was the major disposed to be rigorous, overbearing, offensive or dogmatic. He felt that he was in some measure lacking in military qualifications, and except where his personal prejudices carried him beyond propriety was ready to receive advice and counsel. He had not forgotten the quaint pronunciation of the land of his nativity. His Celtic speech was quite apparent, and his mode of expression, whether meant to be humorous or intended to be serious, was always provocative of laughter.

The major was the feature of the Mine Run campaign. The many mistakes he made, the narrow margin he at one time left for his entire command between freedom and captivity, and his ultimate displacement with his full acquiescence by the lieutenant-colonel of another regiment, make it essential that he should be fully and fairly understood as a man and an officer.

O'Neill has long since been gathered to his fathers. He served his country faithfully. Absolutely without fear, he was a striking figure in every engagement, from none of which save two was he absent. He remained with his colors to the very end, and, upon his return to civil life, was appointed to positions of trust and confidence. He died with the esteem and respect

of those whom he served, and with the affection and regard of his surviving military associates. He had only failed as a regimental commander. This place he never sought, and when it was thrust upon him at a trying moment, he gracefully conceded his inefficiency and cordially yielded to the necessity for his withdrawal, but insisted upon his right to still measure swords with the foe. "Do with me," said he, "what best suits your judgment. You may deprive me of any command, but not of my right to fight, and that I will do wherever you may place me."

The major's first public appearance in the garb of his increased rank attracted considerable attention. It was flashy and gaudy, of a style apparently his own, and new and bright, strangely in contrast with the rough, well-worn garments and insignia of his brother officers. His cap, on the top and around the brim, was braided with rows of gold tinsel, and broad gold stripes adorned his trousers. A tight double-breasted jacket, mounted with most gorgeous shoulderstraps, with the sleeves braided to the elbow, fitted his body jauntily. The enormous legs of his boots extended almost to his hips, a bright scabbard, fine Damascus blade, and shining spurs completed his appointments. The officers gathered about him in amazement at such magnificence, and mildly suggested that he had violently abused the "bill of dress" in arraying himself in such unusual raiment. He insisted that it was "rigulation," and defended his taste for display by reference to his early training whilst on duty with the British Indian contingent.

"This was the way we used to dress in Injee," said he, humorously, with quaint Celtic accent, "and it was a beautiful sight entirely to see the 'callants'"—a term of his own for the British officers—"paraded on occasion of state. I disremember just when it was, but it was when the governor-general made a Mason of the rajee. The lieutenant-general in command was kivered with his medals and his medallions and his sash and his plumes, and the foot and the horse and the artillery were out in full regimentals. The rajee came down with his camels

and his aliphants and his whole ratinew, and there was bowing and scraping and damn humbugging over the owld divil, until our regiment was reached, and then at command they let out of them such a screech that it made the aliphants cock up their trunks and trumpet like the divil, and made the camels and the whole ratinew fooster and fumble and tremble at Her Majestie's Foot. Och! there was a divil of a time," and so he dismissed all the adverse comments, seemingly conscious that his happy illustration had conquered the prejudices of his American associates. The ridicule which for a while everywhere greeted his appearance sorely taxed the patience of his brother officers, but in their attempts to criticise him they were likely to wind up with explosions of laughter.

About this time a review of the battalion was ordered, at which the major constituted himself both commandant and reviewing officer. He appeared mounted, his trousers hidden almost completely by his "seven-league boots" and with his sword at a right-shoulder-shift, his favorite way of carrying that weapon, he dashed madly to the right of the regiment. All the earlier ceremonies of present arms, opening ranks, stirring music, the personal observation of front and rear rank, were omitted. The major's habit was to run his commands together with such rapidity that the words were scarce distinguishable, concluding with the command of execution—that he always had right—in a high and piercing key. Better probably that he did, for that alone indicated the movement. The cautionary directions were altogether of his own manufacture. He disdained to be cramped by adherence to the tactics. Familiarity with his methods, and general knowledge of what he proposed to accomplish, extricated the battalion from staggering difficulties. On this occasion he had announced the review, but continued himself in command. From the right he began the ceremony with: "Break into open column of companies right in front the kivering sergeants will be responsible for the distance—'march,'" and then seeing the column properly in motion, hurried off to take his place as the reviewing officer. Having passed in

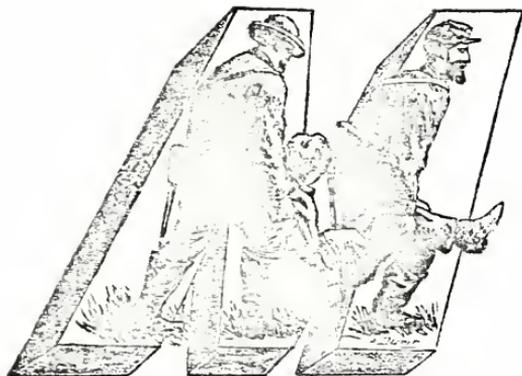
credible shape, the leading captain was conducting the column to its place preparatory to the formation of line for the concluding "present," when, tired of the operation, or believing that it had really ended, O'Neill suddenly broke up the affair with the startling and unheard-of command in stentorian tones: "Halt! disperse, and be d——d to you! Every man to his quarters at once."



OFTEN SEEN AFTER A
HARD MARCH.

CHAPTER XIV.

MINE RUN.



MINE RUN is an inconsiderable stream flowing northward and emptying into the Rapidan at Mitchell's Ford. Its precipitous, rocky, wooded banks are themselves formidable, and strengthened, as its left bank

was, by strong earthworks, the dislodgement of the enemy by direct assault from that position, in a season of biting cold, long nights and short days, was soon determined to be wholly impracticable except at a loss disproportionate to the results expected.

The enemy's works faced east and extended to the southward. His left rested near the Rapidan; his right in the vicinity of Hope Church. It was designed to draw him into action before he was secure in the occupancy of this position. With this in view, the army was divided into three columns, the first or right column, consisting of the 3d (French) and 6th Corps (Sedgwick), the former leading, was to cross the Rapidan at Jacob's Mill Ford; the second or centre column, consisting of the 2d Corps (Warren), was to cross at Germanna Ford, and the third or left column, composed of the 1st (Newton) and 5th Corps (Sykes), at Culpepper Mine Ford. The march of this left column, directed towards Parker's Store, a name which

grew to greater familiarity in the next campaign, was necessarily the most extended. The right and centre columns were to rendezvous in the vicinity of Robertson's Tavern.

The 2d Corps was at the rendezvous at the appointed time, but French, who was leading the two right corps, stumbled on the wrong road, struck the enemy in some force in the vicinity of Locust Grove, and after something of a tussle, in which both sides suffered considerable loss, finally straightened himself out and reached his rendezvous twenty-four hours too late.

Foiled by French's blunder in what bid fair to be a real surprise, a change of plan was necessitated and Warren was sent to strike beyond the enemy's extreme right near the head of the run. Too little of daylight was left to attempt the assault after the columns were disposed for it, and the operation was suspended till the dawn. Meantime the enemy had not been idle. During the night he so strengthened and extended his fortifications that when daylight revealed their increased and formidable proportions General Warren deemed the enterprise too hazardous an undertaking to warrant his attempting it. The nipping cold had become intense. Every soldier hit would have probably died on the field, and Warren, believing that his commanding officer would sustain his action, heroically declined to fire the guns which were to announce the general assault, and so with a few indifferent skirmishes, and the affair at the Grove and Robinson's Tavern, and an occasional artillery duel, the Mine Run lines were abandoned, and what promised to be a fairly successful campaign passed into history without a battle.

And now for the narrative as it chiefly bears upon the performances of the 118th Pennsylvania in this the last of its field operations in the waning days of the stirring and eventful year 1863.

The camp at Paoli Mills was broken at seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th of November, and rationed for ten days, and with ammunition trains only, the column commenced its march towards the Rapidan, crossing it at Culpepper

Mine Ford. It was a lonesome, dreary tramp. Save where the route lay along the Stevensburg Plank Road, it was by narrow roadways through dark, dense forests so thick with undergrowth as to be impenetrable to the eye beyond a few yards from the roadside. It was a tedious and wearisome day, and its work was not completed until ten at night, when the tired troops were halted, as far as their limited geographical advantages permitted them to judge, somewhere in the vicinity of the Wilderness Tavern.

On the 27th the regiment was detailed as flankers, a duty which threw it well to the left of the column, and devolved upon its commanding officer a delicate, important and critical responsibility. This the major sufficiently realized to administer to his officers before the movement began a few words of caution, advice, and instruction. "This," said he, "is an important 'juty:' the enemy may be upon us at any moment. We are far out in his country, and there are no troops to the left of us; it behooves you, gentlemen, therefore to 'look sharp' and not be 'marking time;'" and turning to Captain Kelly, which intelligent officer had unhappily fallen under his dire displeasure, he continued: "Kelly, you'll just be after keeping on the line, and not be prancing about picking out dry places—but mind and look sharp, Kelly." Captain Kelly, neat and dapper in his appearance, had been in the habit on the march of avoiding, if there was opportunity, pools of mud and water that interfered with his notions of personal cleanliness. It was a knowledge of this, probably, that induced the major, who was of opinion that a soldier should shun nothing, to be unduly severe on him.

To Donaldson was specially assigned the centre, to Donegan the left, while the major assumed the control and supervision of the right. The deployment was effected with some irregularity, and the march began at seven o'clock. Slow progress was made through the dense and thick underbrush and timber until the road on which the main column was moving intersected the Fredericksburg and Orange Plank Road. Here the

column turned abruptly to the right into the Plank Road, the flankers conforming their movements to the new direction.

The centre of the flankers was well around in the change of direction, when loud noise and apparent confusion in the marching column attracted such general attention as to instinctively cause a halt. The column itself was not in sight, but the commands "halt," "front," "steady there," "load at will," "load," came from it in loud and distinct tones, and then away off to the right a single cannon shot boomed sullenly; then there was rapid musketry firing for a moment and all was quiet again.

The disturbance arose from a daring and partially successful attempt to steal the wagon train. The train was moving parallel with the troops. When the leading wagon reached the Plank Road, where it should have turned to the right, two expert fellows, who had adroitly concealed themselves, sprang from the timber and, mounting beside the driver, with levelled pistols compelled him to continue in the same direction. The others, who had not seen what had taken place, naturally followed. No one in the vicinity had any other instructions except to follow, and no one knew that the train was not pursuing the course marked out for it until Captain Bankson, the brigade inspector, observing it winding over the hills away outside of the lines, set himself about to inquire the cause, and return the straggling trains if possible to their place. Meanwhile the enemy, who lay concealed in small force awaiting the result of the ruse they had practiced, becoming alarmed at their own temerity, opened fire on the mules, killing them promiscuously, and then made their escape. This was the musketry that had attracted attention when the column and the flankers halted. There were no animals to bring the wagons back again. The delay in procuring others to replace those shot, and detaching troops to protect the wagons in the interval, was not deemed to be warranted by the small loss attending their destruction, and besides, as the enemy was believed to be near in considerable strength, Captain Bankson

assumed the responsibility, and by his direction some fifteen or twenty wagons were destroyed.

The enemy singly and in small detachments seemed to have worked his way close up to and occasionally inside our lines. He was evidently, at great personal risk, in search of information as to the purpose and direction of a campaign which had apparently so far baffled him.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwin, 22d Massachusetts, noticing a cavalryman closely buttoned in a Union great coat intently observing the column, rode to him and, not receiving satisfactory responses to his interrogations, demanded he should open his coat and expose the uniform underneath. His hesitancy confirmed the colonel's suspicions. He instantly drew his revolver, and with his other hand tore open the coat. Beneath was a Confederate uniform. Further parley was unnecessary; a well-directed shot brought the career of the spy to a sudden termination. His body lay where it fell, and many, as the column passed, to confirm the story which was soon abroad, dropped out to view it. This man had evidently been instructed among other things to count the numbers moving to the Union left. Unable to secure a satisfactory point of observation from a distance, and deeming the duty of sufficient importance to warrant the risk, he took his life in his hands, and ventured once too often within the Union lines. Scouts and spies on both sides had always at hand sufficient clothing to elude investigation, except when too closely pressed.

These affairs reflected materially upon the vigilance and sagacity of the flankers, but the major could not conceive that he was in any way responsible. Referring during the day, while the march still continued, to the capture of the wagon train, he said: "Where's that old woman Donegan, and what in the divil did he let the wagon train be captured for?—the ould pirate." An officer ventured the reply that the blame could not be attached to Donegan, but the entire line was more or less directly involved in the blunder. This aroused the major. He considered that personally he had

been charged with delinquency and, turning abruptly on the officer who had ventured this wholesale condemnation of the management of the morning, said: "On me, is it? to the devil with them; do they think I was bothering about a lot of bush-wackers?" and then subsiding a little and drifting off to his ever-paramount animosity to Kelly, continued: "And when did you see Kelly larst? Och! that Kelly is an ould devil; tell him I want him; I want to keep my eye upon him." And so, with an apparent complacent conviction that wherever blame might subsequently fall it must be upon Donegan and not upon himself, he dismissed the subject entirely.

Quiet restored, the march was resumed, the column still moving on the Plank Road. The flankers preserved the requisite distance, more alert from the events of the morning, until they were suddenly plunged into the bed of an unfinished railway which ran parallel with the road. The cuts were in many places of a continuing depth of six feet and upwards, and along the entire route the banks rose high enough to practically cut off all opportunity for observation. What purpose flankers would serve, instructed to be vigilant, in such a place of concealment, was beyond the ken of those who had a reasonable comprehension of the duties of troops who were to be, for the time, the "eyes and ears of the army."

When this had continued long enough to satisfy those in the rear that this path had not been taken to avoid obstacles and obstructions, several of the officers essayed to push forward and find the major. To move afoot along a column of flankers in motion requires many long and rapid strides. Eventually the major was reached, and when it was respectfully intimated that he was pursuing a most unusual course in conducting his troops by a route where they were wholly useless for the duties allotted them, he seemed to be decidedly of the opinion that it was the enemy's business to find him and not his to find the enemy. Remonstrated with seriously and besought to move his flankers to the rising ground upon his left, he persisted in continuing them where they were and could not be moved from his deter-

mination. It was while moving in this same cut, two days afterwards, a short distance beyond Hope Church, that Miles's division of the 2d Corps stirred up quite a skirmish.

Darkness was now fast approaching and the column had not been seen or communicated with for some hours. O'Neill had failed to keep up his communications, but had been permitted, nevertheless, to wander along without being looked after, notwithstanding the direction had been changed to a point not intended when the march began in the morning. During the afternoon of the 27th the 1st and 5th Corps were withdrawn from Hope Church, on the Plank Road, the point to which the march had been directed, to Robertson's Tavern, on the Turnpike, some miles to the north of it. Of this O'Neill was not advised, and it was a long time before he discovered that the column had left him, to make the Tavern, at some of the by-roads which connected the Turnpike with the Plank Road.

Still in the cut, the flankers were halted and Thomas sent to communicate with the column. He travelled in the direction he supposed the right one, a mile or more, but his search was ineffectual. He saw nothing of the troops, heard nothing to indicate their whereabouts; saw, in fact, nobody. Receiving the report of Thomas and his failure to discover either the troops or whither they had gone, the major immediately faced his flankers to the left and moved them as a skirmish line to a rising knoll about a mile distant. The location was near Hope Church, as was subsequently ascertained, and not far from the point where Warren two days afterwards formed his columns for the intended assault on the enemy's right. It was by no means a comfortable position; a single regiment exposed without support, with no communication with other troops, nor a knowledge even of where they were, with a long winter's night before them.

A prospect of a hard fight or wholesale capture in the morning was certainly not conducive to the quiet repose to which a weary march had entitled the soldiers. Most commanders so situated would have utilized the hours of darkness for a means

of extrication before the break of dawn should reveal their weak and exposed position. Instead, O'Neill was determined to rest where he was and take his chances for withdrawal in the broad light of day. His better judgment may have been swerved by the very comfortable quarters which presented themselves in the shape of a cosy old house located on the top of the knoll and near which the right of his skirmish line rested. This he promptly announced, for that night at least, should be devoted to the uses and purposes of a regimental head-quarters. Taking no thought of the gravity of the situation, with apparently no anxiety at the dangers attending his exposure, leaving direction to have the line remain as it was, and to be wakened in case of alarm, and remarking that he was very weary, after a light bite, booted and spurred, he rolled himself into the best bed in the house and never awoke till the dawn of day aroused him.

The house, locked, bolted and barred, had been apparently but recently abandoned. This conjecture, from these superficial indications, was subsequently confirmed by actual investigation. Kelly and Walters proceeded to a closer examination. With a bayonet they pried open the shutter and Walters, raised on the shoulders of a couple of strong men, hoisted the sash and jumped into the total darkness that prevailed within. A sudden crash followed. Feeling his way cautiously to the front door he succeeded in unbolting it, and with the aid of the little daylight still left and a bit of candle fortunately at hand, Walters discovered the obstruction that impeded his progress from the window-sill to the floor. An old-fashioned spinning-wheel was just beneath it, and his heavy jump had smashed it to a useless mass of rubbish.

The house had indeed been but recently vacated. Upon the sideboard was a chicken, freshly cleaned, picked and ready for the fire. The table was set with bread newly cut, cups filled with coffee, or what had the appearance of it, and the family were evidently just about to sit down to their evening meal when the coming of this small body of troops, which they



CAPT. JOHN R. WHITE.

1862-1872.

doubtless mistook for the advance of the army, abruptly terminated their preparations. It was from what was spread upon the board O'Neill took his little bite. The presence of the fowl was concealed from him, and the dainty morsel cooked and disposed of later on, when he had wrapped himself in slumbers. All present promptly applied themselves to the bread and coffee, heedless of the remark that insidious poison might lurk within, promising, however, an investigation and analysis when there was more leisure and less hunger. The kitchen ceiling was hung with strings of dried fruit. The floor of the loft was covered with walnuts, chestnuts, shellbarks and hickory nuts. The beds were neat and clean, well covered with quilts, upon which lay quite tasty blue and white counterpanes. Glowing embers still flickered in the old-fashioned fireplace; fed with fresh logs and stirred with expert hands, they soon lightened into a ruddy, cheerful blaze.

Relieving each other occasionally from their duties on the line, the officers utilized the opportunity the house afforded for enjoying its fire and partaking of its supplies. The situation seemed too perilous to warrant repose, and the night was spent about the roaring, blazing fire, cracking jokes and nuts and lunching at intervals on stewed fruit, chicken and the balance of the soft bread. Serious thoughts occasionally found utterance as to the careless content of the commanding officer, who snored away lustily, totally oblivious of his grave responsibilities.

And so the night passed, followed by a dark and gloomy morning. Threatening clouds hung low, promising a heavy and early rainfall.

It was not yet daylight when a good-sized pig came wandering along. He was sat upon instantly by one man, who held his feet as well. Another put both his hands firmly around his snout, that he might neither enter a protest nor make an appeal to the officers. Still another vainly endeavored to cut his throat with a jackknife that had been dulled by long use upon salted portions of the porker's relations. Captain Wilson made his

appearance. The trio suddenly remembered that the eating of pork was forbidden in the Scriptures. They rose quickly to their feet, and, kicking the pig, to signify their intense loathing, sent him off as a scapegoat into the wilderness.

Off on the edge of a piece of timber, along a ridge of high ground in front, daylight revealed the enemy's cavalry deployed on a fairly strong skirmish line. Each side watched the other intently, neither seemingly disposed to press their investigations beyond what might be gleaned from distant and close observation. A line of infantry skirmishers evidently deceived the enemy into the belief that it must, as it should, have had strong and available supports behind it. It was this belief that ultimately permitted us to move off unmolested. The men were anxiously watchful; to their minds a determined dash of the enemy, although met by a volley that would empty a few saddles, must eventually result in our rout and capture.

"I'll be blamed if Owid Teddy hasn't been attempting to effect a connection with the enemy's line," said one of the men, and so it did appear, for if any connections were to be made at all that was the only one in the neighborhood with which to connect. The officers, however, did not fear the dash so much as they did the probable discovery of the airy condition of the two flanks. It was quite evident from O'Neill's disposition he would have fought it out to a bitter end if he had been assaulted.

"Major," respectfully observed a captain, "what do you propose to do?"

"Observe the divils till further orders," was the very pertinent reply.

He would neither be cajoled, tricked or persuaded into doing anything, and there the line remained, anxious, watchful, impatient until towards noon, when, evidently concluding that something must be attempted to relieve the perplexities of the situation, he gave the order to retire as skirmishers, shaking his fist towards the enemy as he did so and styling them a set of "dirty blackguards." Rain now began to fall heavily.

The movement had scarce commenced when the major came dashing from the house in some excitement and commanded a halt. Some one had purloined a counterpane. He did not stop to inquire who, but, guided by his old antipathies, settled promptly on Kelly. "Bring it back, Kelly," said he, "and put it where you got it; do you want them to think us a set of thieves and divils? Put it back at once." It so happened he was not mistaken. Kelly had taken it. Prompted by the threatening weather or with the prospect of adorning his winter-quarters with more than usual splendor, he thought it very proper to levy a small contribution on the enemies of his country.

"But, major," expostulated Kelly, "it is not wantonness, it's not thievery; I am not marauding or pilfering; I really need the thing."

But the major would not be appeased.

"Put it back, Kelly; do you mind? Put it back, sir;" and then aside: "that Kelly is a divil; I would not be surprised if he had a flat-iron in each pocket, the thief of the world."

Nor was the major disposed to favor Kelly by remaining long enough to give him opportunity to execute his directions. He started the line in one direction just as Kelly went off in the other, and by the time he had deposited his bundle and commenced his return he was forced to a decidedly rapid gait that he might not be left alone in very uncomfortably close relations to the enemy, now astir at the withdrawal.

The storm, the good luck usually attending an Irishman's blunders, ultimately removed all the difficulties which for the time surrounded him, and, stumbling upon the right road, by three o'clock the major found himself safe within the limits of the brigade lines near Robertson's Tavern.

The experiences of the past twenty-four hours, the gravity of the crisis in the affairs of the regiment, the eve of an impending battle, had turned all thoughts to a serious comprehension of the situation, and there was a manifest desire to seek in consultation some way to meet the difficulties. With one accord,

without any preconcerted movement, the officers gathered about the bivouac fire for advice and counsel. There seemed but a single solution—O'Neill must be superseded. Respected for his courage, admired for his daring, the lingering hope that he might be guided safely through a crisis had wholly disappeared with the experiences of the previous night. They recognized the official peril in which they placed their commissions by harboring such mutinous suggestions, but they resolved to face the responsibilities and assume the attendant risk by boldly and freely presenting the case for the earnest consideration of the brigade commander.

At their solicitation Colonel Tilton, who had been partially advised of the pending difficulties, consented to hear the story of their grievances at their own bivouac fires, that nothing might be done or said in the absence of the major. He rode to where the group was in consultation and in encouraging, kindly tones inquired the cause of the disturbances. Crocker took up the story and fully and fairly told of the recent occurrences. He was unstinting in his commendation of the major's courage, energies and endurance, but with all that there was such an inaptitude for intelligent direction as to essentially unfit him for the high responsibilities of his office. Speaking for his fellows, Crocker earnestly urged that a field officer from the brigade be assigned temporarily to the command of the regiment until the one or the other of the major's superiors should return. O'Neill was present and received what had been said in meditative silence.

"Well, gentlemen," said Colonel Tilton, who had listened patiently and attentively, "I recognize your difficulties, but I cannot refrain from an allusion to the very delicate and dangerous ground upon which you are treading. Of this you were no doubt aware when you assumed to go so far as you have. I am satisfied the only motive that prompts the action you have taken is the maintenance of the excellent reputation your regiment has hitherto borne. Upon the eve of an impending battle the situation is certainly a critical one. I am therefore disposed

not to view the matter in the strict military sense in which it might deserve to be construed, and as I recognize the efficiency and excellence of the 118th, I am willing to lend my authority to relieve you from your embarrassments. Whom have you in mind as your choice for a commanding officer?"

A unanimous response pronounced the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Throop, of the 1st Michigan.

Colonel Tilton then withdrew and shortly returned accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Throop. It was with great reluctance Colonel Throop left his own command. He could only be induced to do so in obedience to positive orders that he recognized were promulgated to meet a grave crisis in the affairs of a sister regiment, which did not seem to be otherwise controllable. Colonel Tilton permitted a condition to be attached to the acceptance of his detail, that Colonel Throop's assignment must be accompanied by unanimous acquiescence on the part of the entire body of officers of the 118th, and when Colonel Throop was presented his first inquiry was to that effect. To the united, hearty, affirmative response of all the rest, Major O'Neill added: "Certainly, sir, certainly; I don't care under whom I serve so that he gives us a chance to fight. Certainly I will serve under you, and with pleasure, too, sir."

This happy relief from anxiety, this satisfactory solution of difficulties which had reached such serious proportions, though the night was well on and the enemy quite close, was suitably recognized in exhilarating stimulants which a provident officer had fortunately at hand. Colonel Throop declining to participate retired to his own bivouac, and those whose defty hands were apt with the "Joe Hooker" formula were soon engaged in the concoction of its stimulating ingredients. Limited supplies forbade a free indulgence, and by midnight all fatigues and anxieties were forgotten in restful slumber.

The morning broke clear and cold; everything seemed quiet. One of the men, whose eyes were wandering around in search of anything that might appear, detected a persimmon tree

loaded with the frosted fruit some distance in front, between the Union and Confederate lines. To see was to desire. To desire was to attempt to obtain. Sneaking along under shelter of the bushes, the discoverer and another adventurer quietly and stealthily approached the tree. A careful scrutiny from its foot assured the pair that the Confederate pickets were quite a distance away. The discoverer silently climbed the tree and shook down a quantity of the fruit, which his companion hastily stowed in a haversack provided for that purpose. Another shake was given to the tree. It attracted attention. A single report rang out on the crisp air, a single zip flew past the occupant of the tree; he dropped on the ground like a flash. None too soon, for a volley crashed through and sent twigs and persimmons scattering down upon two prostrate figures who seemed to be not more than a couple of inches thick as they flattened themselves out on the ground. After a while the firing ceased. Then while one, on hands and knees, peered through a bush ready to give the alarm in case of further danger, the other gathered the persimmons, that had been shaken down and shot down, into the haversack, and then, in the language of that old chestnut of a quotation,

“They folded their tents like the Arabs,
And silently stole away.”

Doubtless they would have stolen away as soon as the balls began to fly, but it was a question of discipline. The soldier without discipline is like a musket without a barrel, a pail without a bottom, a fish without fins, and a great number of worthless things. Now it was a serious breach of discipline to go beyond the lines without orders, and rendered the offender liable to a severe reprimand, or even a trial by court-martial for desertion. When the firing commenced, the enterprising pair were in a fix. They had hardly secured persimmons enough for their own consumption. There would be inquiries as to what had caused the firing. Under these circumstances their affection for their officers would not permit the men to return until they had obtained a fair share for them.

On reaching the lines safely, they offered up a couple of quarts of persimmons to discipline; that is, the captain. He wisely asked no questions. His thoughts probably ran somewhat in this fashion: "Those fellows have been outside of the lines again. They give me no end of trouble. I'll send the persimmons back and make an example of those two men. I might as well eat one or two, just to see how they taste. By George! They're good! A handful of them wont be missed. It was thoughtful of them to bring me these, and generous, too, to give me so many. Poor fellows! they don't often get a chance to get anything like this. Oh, pshaw! (or something stronger) I'll eat the persimmons up, and let the men go this time, but the very next act of disobedience must be punished." Discipline is a wonderful thing.

The bullets from the volley caused by the persimmon hunters caused the regiment to scatter in every direction for shelter, but in a few moments they reformed in the railroad cut. De Ville, a member of Company K, who had been adjutant of a French regiment, remarked: "Ow queekly you make one, ven you ave broke all to pieces. If ze regiment vas French, one week would not zem togeter bring again."

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th the brigade was advanced some two miles across country, until it reached the easterly ridge of the swale or valley through which flowed the run from which the campaign derived its name. Upon the thither ridge, distant some fifteen hundred yards, nearest to which was the stream, was the enemy, already strongly entrenched upon the series of slopes of which it was formed. His work was not yet complete, and uninterrupted by the presence of the Union troops he continued with axe and spade, dirt and timber, until what were first most formidable field fortifications were made almost impregnable. He also demolished a few small houses which apparently interfered with the range of his guns. The enemy's ridge had a better elevation and commanded ours. Both were wooded; the ground upon the other side of the run at the base of the western ridge was open, and

appeared at a distance to be soft and marshy. When the task was finished, the soldiers on the other side, on the parapet and the ground in front of the works, played at ball with a sportive vivacity that equalled boyhood energies.

Again within the year since Fredericksburg, the Potomac army faced its whilom foe behind intrenchments dark, gloomy, formidable. The recollections of that field, its fatalities and sad disaster would not down. Though with serious convictions that the task was hopeless, there was still a high resolve to do and dare for the best.*



Contrary to precedent the skirmishers were decidedly less active than was usual at the opening of an engagement. The early nightfall closed upon the scene, each side confident the business that brought them there would be settled on the morrow.

With the darkness, there was a decided fall in the temperature. It was a bitter, nipping cold, so intense that upon portions of the line, more exposed than others, the pickets were

relieved every thirty minutes, and instances were reported of men being frozen to death.

*General Morgan, Inspector-General of the 2d Corps, relates the following incident: "While on the picket line reconnoitring, my uniform concealed by a soldier's overcoat, I asked an old veteran of the noble 1st Minnesota, on picket, what he thought of the prospect. Not recognizing me as an officer, he expressed himself very freely, declaring it 'a d—d sight worse than Fredericksburg,' and adding, 'I am going as far as I can travel, but we can't get more than two-thirds of the way up the hill.'"—Walker's "History of Second Army Corps," p. 383.

The combinations for the assault had been perfected during the afternoon. Warren, with his own corps and Terry's division of the 6th, had been moved to the vicinity of Hope Church, near the head-waters of the run. Here the enemy, though securely posted, was in inconsiderable strength, and a little more of daylight would have permitted the formation of assaulting columns with which his right might have been effectually turned. Night setting in before the arrangements were consummated, the attack was necessarily postponed until dawn.

In the meantime, during the night there were numerous changes on our right for co-operation with Warren's morning assault, and two of French's 3d Corps divisions were sent to aid him. Bartlett's (our) division was withdrawn from its position about 2 A. M. on the 30th, and moved some distance towards the right, forming on the left of the 6th Corps, in column doubled on the centre. The men were stripped for action, and the knapsacks, piled upon each other arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe, were left in our former position in charge of Sergeant Stone with a detail. Some of the men, heedless of the bitter cold, also left their great coats. No fires were permitted and, with no means to raise the temperature, the men painfully awaited the break of day in that zero atmosphere anxious to accord a generous welcome to the genial rays of the morning sun. It was clear, and every star shone in all its winter brilliancy against a sky deep in its cold, cerulean blue.

Chaplain O'Neill remained with Sergeant Stone and the knapsacks. The Confederates, probably to keep the watches awake, sent a shell in their direction. The chaplain had made a pot of coffee. He was sipping it from a tincup, when the shell skimmed through the air, burst against a tree near him, and a fragment of it knocked the cup out of his hand.

The troops were on the edge of a thick growth of pine. Dawn revealed a position more formidable than the one from the front of which the division had just been withdrawn. The distance between the two lines now was not over five hundred

yards. All through the hours of darkness the sound of falling timber gave evidence of increasing strength to the enemy's works. The run had been dammed towards its mouth and its banks were flooded to river-like proportions. The ground upon the summit of which was the line to be assaulted, with the water extending to its base, ran at an angle of some thirty degrees, rough and bare and entirely barren of tree or timber of any sort.

As yet there had been no specific directions for the advance, no formal announcement of the hour for the charge. To fix a time alone was needed. That the works were to be charged, and who were to do it, had long before dawned upon soldier intelligence, previously whetted by other calamitous military experiences.

The plans perfected and the troops at their stations, the moment was at hand to give the signal for beginning. Colonel Throop assembled the officers in front of the centre division, and with convincing earnestness thus announced the work before them: "Gentlemen," said he, "the orders are that at the sound of two signal guns from Warren's position on the left, we are to move forward and charge the enemy there"—pointing to his intrenchments. "Do you see those works? we either sleep to-night on the other side of them"—and then, with a significant pause—"or else on the slopes leading to them."

In adding his own words to the directions for the assault there was no semblance of an attempt at ostentation. Colonel Throop's fine soldierly abilities were a sufficient earnest that what he said was prompted by his conceptions of the stern requirements of duty.

Then came one of those times when the hearts of the bravest men stand still. The frowning heights, with lines of breastworks on its slope and strong earthworks on its crest; the flooded, icy creek, between our men and the height, which must be crossed under fierce fire; the steep ascent up which they would have to toil, while shot and shell and grape and canister and bullet were doing their deadly work—the sight of these were enough to chill the heart of the most reckless.

We could see the Rebs. If they had not been so busy building fortifications, they could have turned us into confusion with shot and shell, we were huddled so close together. We were not allowed to build any fires during the day or night. Some of our pickets were frozen, and had to be brought in on stretchers. The rebel position in our front was worse than at Fredericksburg. We were told that we were to attack those works in the morning at 8 o'clock. That night there was fought in men's hearts the hardest battle of the whole war. The next morning our artillery was in position. There was but little said. There was not a man who felt that he had any business to find himself alive next day. Rumor soon spread that the plan of attacking had been abandoned. Many a man pinned his name on his coat, "Mustered out at Mine Run this day." Some gave their home address. Warren had declined, without he should be directly ordered, to inaugurate a movement so doubtful of success and which would certainly be attended by great fatality. This indeed was the situation. The general assault, as the country subsequently accepted it, was wisely and judiciously abandoned.

Meanwhile General Meade, yet unacquainted with the cause and impatient at the delay, ordered the great guns—a battery of 20-pounders—about the centre to open. A prompt reply stirred up a pretty active cannonading from the centre to the right, which continued until Meade, apprised of Warren's action, ordered the gunnery to cease. The enemy, courteously accepting the invitation, soon stopped firing, and the hostilities for the rest of the day were left to the bickerings of the skirmishers.

Two English officers, guests at army head-quarters, stood in rear of the big guns when their fire provoked the enemy's reply. Behind the ridge a sharp Yankee was preparing a hot morning bite for some head-quarter mess. The Englishmen, not disposed to take the risk of exposure attending their observations, sought cover below the knoll, near where the Yankee was cooking. He had watched the close interest with which

the Englishmen had for some time noted the enemy's position, and rather astonished at their hurried withdrawal at a time when their observation would have produced more practical results, unconsciously or purposely remarked: "That's the way you Englishmen come to see an American fight, ha! run away when the guns begin to fire." Not overly respectful, but as the cook-house was not much of a school for the study of diplomatic courtesies, our foreign visitors, accepting the source from whence the reflection came, doubtless concluded it was not a sufficient cause for the disturbance of existing friendly relations.

James W. Hyatt, a private of H, not disposed to trust his knapsack to the custody of others, had taken it with him to the new position. It was not discovered in the darkness that he was still carrying it. Whilst the men were crouching low to avoid the heavy shelling the opening of our batteries had provoked, Hyatt rose from his position and, with his knees planted firmly on the knapsack, proceeded to tighten the blanket straps. No other reason was apparent for this action at this inopportune time, save that Hyatt was inclined to deliver himself of a boastful address of his desire to be valorous, and assumed this partially upright posture that he might be better heard. As he worked at his straps and proceeded with his little speech, a solid shot dashed into the ground some distance in front of him, passed underneath him and the knapsack and striking the root of a tree splintered it and sent up to the surface a piece which took the heel off his right shoe. He was raised a foot or more; his glowing address was interrupted as if a lightning stroke had paralyzed his organs of speech, and limp and senseless he fell to the ground. Stretcher-bearers straightened him out and bore him to the rear. He gradually recovered himself, survived the shock—for that was all it really was—to be afterwards made prisoner in the Wilderness, and subsequently died at Andersonville, Georgia, on the 3d of December, 1864.

Walters, who had been acting adjutant since Hand's absence, was of a venturesome, inquiring turn, and was disposed to in-

investigate the enemy beyond the opportunities afforded within timber, invited a captain of the regiment to accompany him upon a little personal reconnoissance. Walters, mounted on Hand's fretful steed, rode out to a position well down the slope towards the run, while the captain stepped out smartly afoot by his side. With the aid of field-glasses the enemy were distinctly seen moving about the works, and a group of them had evidently been attracted by the prominent exposure of these observers. The evidence was convincing when bullets began to throw up the earth in very close proximity. But Walters did not move; still undaunted, he held the glass intently on the foe, his companion, not so stolid as he, still remaining at his side. Again and again the bullets struck; now under, now alongside the horse, now singing and whizzing as they passed overhead and beyond; still Walters steadfastly gazed. The captain was becoming annoyed at the persistency with which Walters maintained this uselessly exposed position, when a voice from the line, calling loudly, "Come in here; don't you know you are making a target of yourselves?"

You see, the private had no right to know anything, and that is why generals did all the fighting, and that is to-day why generals and colonels are great men. They fought the battles of our country; the privates did not. The generals risked their reputation; the private soldier his life. No one ever saw a private in battle. It was the general that everybody saw charge such and such with drawn sabre, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils dilating and his clarion voice ringing above the din of battle. So we read in some of the histories.

I know to-day many a private who would have made a good general. I know of some generals who would have made poor privates. A private had no such way to distinguish himself. He had to keep in ranks either in a charge or a retreat.

Sergeant Stone's position with the knapsacks grew decidedly uncomfortable. He naturally sought cover and kept shifting

from one position to another in the hope of securing better protection. Not so with Dennis, a prisoner whom Stone had in charge, under an arrest for some trivial delinquency. Dennis stood erect with his hands crossed behind him, his head thrown back as far as his neck would reach, his eyes cast aloft towards the sky watching complacently the play of the fiery missiles as they passed furiously overhead. "Sergeant," said he, addressing him in an assuring, encouraging tone, "don't be alarmed; don't be disturbed; stand up and take it; they are perfectly harmless; they wouldn't break a glass."

But the sergeant declined to act upon the suggestion and answered: "I tell you, Dennis, they are dangerous; they should be avoided; such wicked creatures are not to be sneezed at."

Dennis, of course, spread the story abroad, and for weeks afterwards, "everywhere the sergeant went, a sneeze was sure to go."

About five o'clock, the darkness settling in the sombre pines, the division was retired from the point fixed for its intended assault and returned to the position from whence it had started to make it. Chilled to the marrow by the piercing cold, and the most cruel prohibition against fires, sluggish animation was soon returned by the generous warmth distributed in the glow of blazing timber.

The cold did not relax and December opened with every promise of a sturdy winter. The 1st passed in idleness, with the fixed conviction that under cover of night the troops would be relieved from the pressure attending the immediate presence of the enemy, and withdrawn to a location convenient and accessible to a base of supplies for a season of prolonged rest.

During the day the artillery was secretly removed from its place, and for the real guns batteries of logs were substituted.

With the earliest darkness the fires were increased in volume and piled so high with logs that their flames would skip aloft, until well on towards the break of day. The march towards the Rapidan was slow and tedious. Jams and halts incident to

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